

The Last Traffic Jam by Stewart Udall
How Norman Mailer Invented Norman Mailer by Richard Poirier

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That's a sort of Polynesian fish-in where the nets are hauled up—hopefully full—by everybody around. It's pretty informal, so don't expect to be waited on. (In Hawaii, we've had to learn to pull

together, if we want to eat.) Anyway, the final results are worth a little work. Savory, golden charcoal-broiled akule and papio and oama and heaven knows what all else. Cooked as quick as they're caught, then devoured steaming hot on the beach.

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Unless you've made repeated tries and you still can't catch a curl with a mini-board. Then ask the kid down the beach. He'll take the time to show you how.

Or you've decided that *nobody* can pick up that jiggly Japanese tofu with chopsticks. The girl at the next table can, and

she'll be glad to share her secret with you. She won't even laugh, unless you do.

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Hawaii

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THE EDITOR'S PAGE

First off, let it be confessed that the title for Stewart Udall's sobering forecast of the coming crisis in transportation (page 72) was inspired by a piece in another magazine. As Secretary of the Interior for eight years under Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, Mr. Udall was cochairman of the National Petroleum Council and administrator of the U.S. oil import program, and therefore was deeply involved in the economics and the politics of the oil industry. His manuscript came in to *The Atlantic* under the title "Growth Limits: The Oil-Auto Imperative." A perfectly straightforward title. But one of the literary pack rats here, after reading Mr. Udall's statement of the trouble we're facing when we have more automobiles than we can provide fuel for, rummaged through the drawer of memory and recalled a story that appeared twenty-five years ago in *Time* magazine. Written by a prescient man named Paul O'Neil, it dramatized (for an obviously unheeding audience) what the country was coming to or, if you will, driving toward. It traced the maggot-like proliferation of the motorcar and the advance of the asphalt glacier, told of the hapless efforts to control the catastrophe, and then went on to foresee the end: "Man steadfastly refused to see that nothing could solve the traffic evil but the fast-multiplying automobile itself. The problem would end for good on the day of the last traffic jam—at that shrieking moment when every highway, street, road, and lane in the nation was so clogged with cars that none would ever move again. Only then would man be free of the monster. But would he accept his freedom? It seemed doubtful. It would be too easy to lay boards across the tops of a billion sedans and start all over again with jet propulsion, foam rubber wheels, and special lighters for the motorist's neon-trimmed opium pipe." In bringing the 1947 forecast into 1972 perspective,

Mr. Udall's version of the Last Traffic Jam exposes a flaw in Mr. O'Neil's otherwise brilliant vision: jet engines need oil, too.

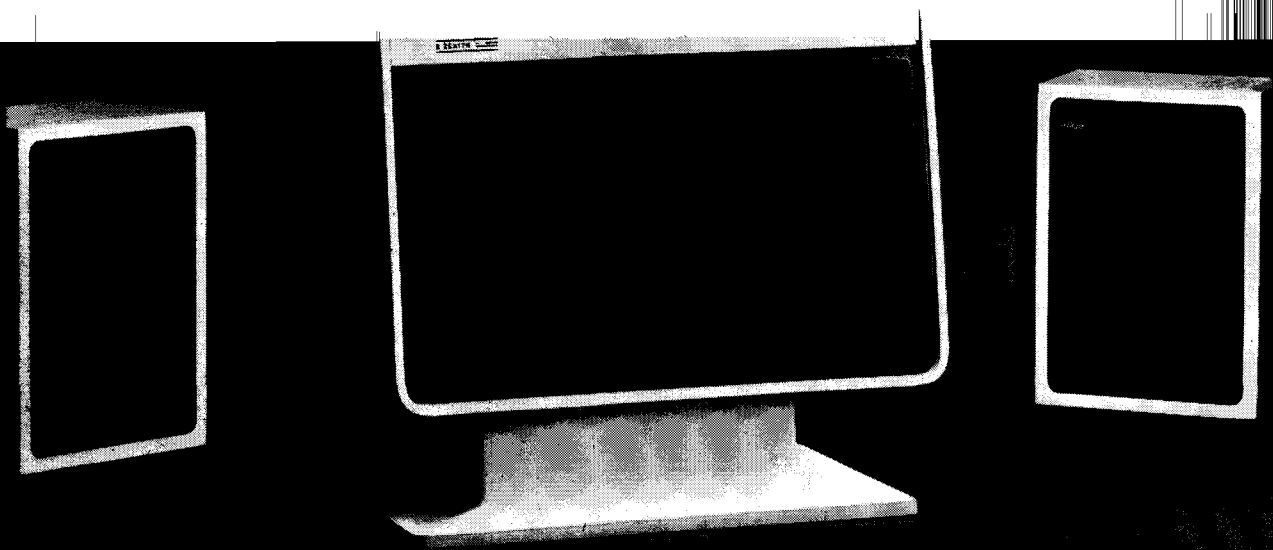
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Last April we featured James Alan McPherson's article about an important legal struggle between black homeowners in parts of Chicago and various real estate interests. The first installment of the case of the Contract Buyers League, *Clark v. Universal Builders*, went on trial shortly after the article appeared. Following six weeks of testimony, on May 22, 1972, J. Sam Perry, senior judge of the United States District Court for the Northern District of Illinois, directed a verdict in favor of the defendants and dismissed the Contract Buyers League complaint. "Counsel for the plaintiffs have not painted a pretty picture of the defendants," the judge told the jury, "but that picture is a picture of exploitation for profit, and not racial discrimination."

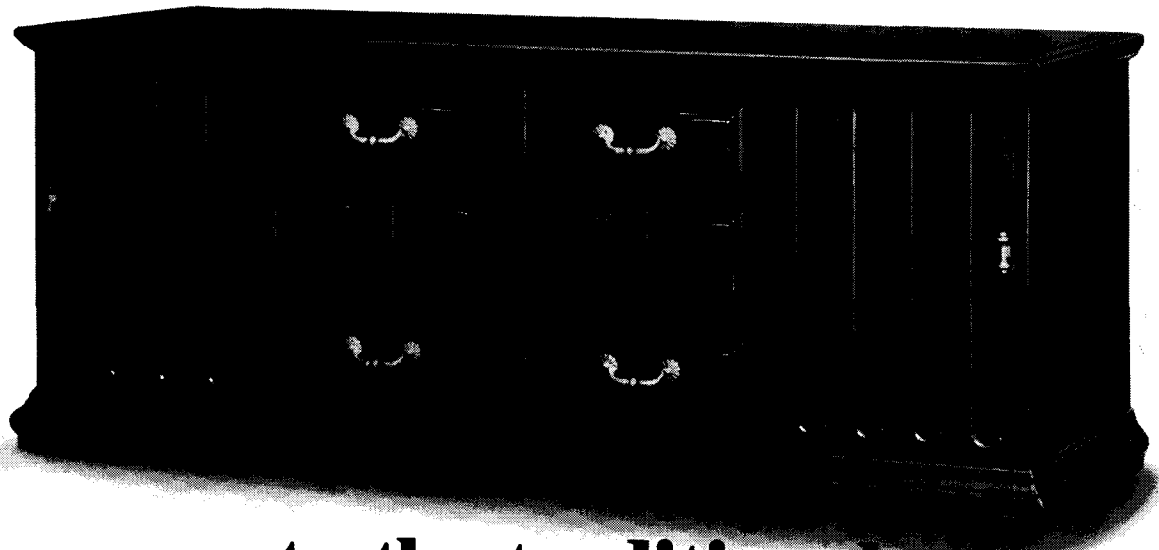
The many black families joined together in the CBL and their lawyers disagree with Judge Perry's ruling and insist that various real estate operators have exploited black homebuyers because of their race. On June 19, lawyers for the CBL filed their notice of appeal in the United States Court of Appeals for the Seventh Circuit. "We feel that the judge made a wrong decision," said the CBL. "The feeling among the people seems to be that of determination in seeing this fight through to the end."

It may take two or three years for the case to reach the Supreme Court.

Robert Manning



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D966, bottom) offers the ultimate in fine-furniture stereo. 320 watts of peak power driving eight air-suspension speakers, in a magnificent Mediterranean-styled cabinet with hinged front louvers that let you direct the sound to any part of the room. Plus a master control panel with professional slide controls for bass, treble, contour, and balance, and a full series of "Instant-Touch" switches that light up and activate additional functions at the slightest finger pressure.

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REPORTS & COMMENT

THAILAND

Though détente is Asia's order of the day, in Thailand there is tension and danger. Mr. Nixon's "era of peace" has not yet dawned over this enigmatic kingdom, which wants a placid life but is not permitted by geography to have one. Sabotaging tomorrow's hopes, the Vietnam War lingers on. Thailand's current troubles center upon two related issues: Can Thailand avoid paying a big price for its key role in the Indochina war? How can Thailand find a way to live with China? Beneath both issues lie U.S.-Thai relations, and some anxious questions for Americans.

In Thailand at present, one has a weird feeling of *déjà vu*, of anachronism. Is this really 1972, with prudent President Nixon trimming down open-ended American commitments in Asia, or is it still the mid-1960s, with President Johnson talking (and bombing) as if every second Asian land were mankind's linchpin?

It now seems macabre to read the worried remark of Senator Stuart Symington, Democrat of Missouri, last March, in his letter of transmittal of the staff report by the Senate Foreign Relations subcommittee he heads: "In fact, in the not too distant future, there may be about *half as many* American military personnel in Thailand as there are in Vietnam." Though Washington has not pointed it out, today there are in fact *more* U.S. forces in Thailand (some 50,000) than in Vietnam (43,500). The seven U.S. air bases which punctuate the dusty kingdom buzz with new life. The one at Tahkli had been closed but now swings again with Phantoms, bars, and brothels. An expanded base

mushrooms at Nam Phong. Thailand has become the mainland headquarters for American bombing in Indochina. Faster than the weapons of war leave Vietnam, they pour into Thailand: Phantom fighter-bombers, EC-121's, C-130 transport planes, B-52's, KC-135 supertankers, U-2's, and SR-71's (the most up-to-date reconnaissance plane). According to the State Department, there are 550 to 600 fixed-wing attack aircraft in Thailand now, and Thai military sources tell me the total figure for U.S. warplanes of all sorts is 800.

Three years ago, withdrawals of troops began from Thailand as from other East Asian countries. But in 1971, when the total was down to 32,000, the process stopped. During 1972 the tide has been reversed. Today there are more U.S. troops here, and far more planes, than before the withdrawals began in 1969. Not only is Thailand the place of origin of almost all air sorties over Laos and North Vietnam, and of many over Cambodia; it also provides vital troops for the anti-Communist ground war in Laos. The innocent observer might feel that something funny has happened on the way to implementing the Nixon Doctrine in Thailand.

To be sure, the doctrine never said that reductions of forces in East Asia would go in a straight line downward; and there were pressing reasons for the 1972 buildup of air power in Thailand. As the U.S. troop level in Vietnam got down around 150,000, military planners told Nixon that if further reductions were to take place there must be a buildup in air capacity outside but near Vietnam's borders.

In this way Thailand started to be-

come ransom to Vietnamization. The process continued as even middle-level officials made hasty decisions to move the Seventh Airborne Command, the Army's 131st Aviation Battalion, and other units from Vietnam to Thai bases. With the Communist offensive of last spring in Vietnam, the buildup in Thailand became quite frank and feverish. Planes came into Thailand from Asia and the United States, to make possible the staggering pummeling that Vietnam has been dealt these past months.

Each year Mr. Nixon seems to find it necessary to effect a sharp zag of escalation in order to provide a zig of withdrawal. In 1970 it was the operation into Cambodia. In 1971 it was the invasion of southern Laos. In 1972 it is the revamping of Thailand as a base for air attacks. The trouble is that the zags were not quite as neat and surgical as hoped. In some ways Cambodia and Laos are in a mess no less intractable than Vietnam's, as the recent reports by James Lowenstein and Richard Moose for the Senate Foreign Relations Committee suggest. As for Thailand, if there is a Vietnam settlement soon, we (and the Thais) will avoid any comparable mess there; but if there is not a settlement soon . . . ?

Tie-up

Does the buildup matter much anyway? American activity in Thailand cost the taxpayer about \$250 million last year (this is total U.S. outlay, including surplus equipment, Peace Corps, agricultural aid, as well as military and economic assistance, but not including the \$100 million or so which the CIA spends to send Thai troops into Laos). But there is a sec-

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THAILAND

ond aspect of the buildup: it poses grave problems for Thailand's international security.

The United States cannot expect to escalate the air war from Thailand, as during recent months, without a ripple of consequences for Thailand itself. In fact, the U.S. buildup has been accompanied, with a sad logic seen many times before in East Asia, by three other developments. Armed resistance to the authority of Bangkok has swollen in Thailand's three disgruntled neighborhoods. The Northeast: a poor area which has eight million Lao people and 50,000 Vietnamese refugees in it. The North: provinces bordering Burma and Laos where 250,000 tribesmen of the Liao, Miao, Shan, and Karen roam with small respect for international boundaries. The Southern peninsula: four provinces which contain a million Malay Muslims who do not respect Bangkok's authority. In addition, the government has over the past year become anxious about the loyalties of Thailand's three million Chinese.

No one in Thailand can tell you exactly what the relation is between foreign military presence and the insurgencies; indeed, no one knows just how many armed insurgents there are (there may be around 8000). But the Communist insurgent element uses U.S. military presence as a springboard for its case against Bangkok; and there has been for years a correlation between military buildup and the bubbling of insurgency.

The second development is that Peking (and Hanoi, too) has over the period of the buildup gotten tough with Bangkok. In articles by the authoritative "Commentator" in *People's Daily*, China has insistently denounced "the Thai reactionaries" for allowing their country to be used as an arsenal for U.S. air power. "Playing the jackal to the tiger," runs a typical passage (June 28), these "accomplices" of American war activity "will come to no good end." Down the years, Chinese attitudes toward Thailand have been various, ranging from a soft line to the current kind of veiled threat. The key has always been the degree of hospitality the Thais have shown at any point to U.S. military bases, because Peking's main aim in Southeast Asia has been

Is it true what they say about the federal highway program?

There are a lot of questions and opinions about the country's highway program. Here are some of them — along with the facts.

Q. Has our highway system caused "urban sprawl"?

A. No. Highways didn't *cause* people to move to the suburbs, they *enabled* them to, permitting them to enjoy the life-style which the vast majority of Americans prefer. In fact, the suburbs in every case have been built *ahead* of the road system they later required.

Q. Do highways use up too much land from the countryside?

A. As a matter of fact, a 300-ft. right-of-way running 225 miles between Washington, D.C., and New York City which would daily move 100,000 people and 100,000 tons of freight would require 9,000 acres. Dulles Airport, near Washington, D.C., contains this same acreage and the new Dallas/Ft. Worth Airport will require about *twice* as much land. And, of course, every one of these airports need access highways, too.

Q. How about air pollution in the cities?

A. Actually, freeways substantially reduce stop-and-go driving, which in turn greatly reduces the emission of air pollutants and undesirable noise.

Q. Do highway officials pay any attention to ecology and the environment?

A. The Federal Highway Administration

will process about 800 final environmental impact statements during 1972, far more than any other agency and about half the total of all programs. In addition, more than \$1 billion a year is spent on environmental considerations as a part of the highway program.

Q. Do highways cause traffic jams?

A. Except for the morning and evening rush hour, people can usually travel quite freely in their cars in all directions. The solution is to develop schemes that will speed the peak load. Rapid transit systems face the same problem. Ever been in the subway at 5 PM?

Q. Why isn't some of the Highway Trust Fund money used for mass transit?

A. It already is. Excepting a few cities, buses are the only really practical mass transit system. And good highways make for better bus service. The real question concerns *rail* transit. As a matter of simple justice, we do not believe that car, bus and truck owners should have to pay for another transportation system out of special taxes they alone have paid . . . taxes dedicated in *trust* to a highway system. Such funds should come from general revenues paid by us all.

Want more highway program facts? Write: "Highway Facts", Public Relations Dept., American Trucking Associations, Inc., 1616 P St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

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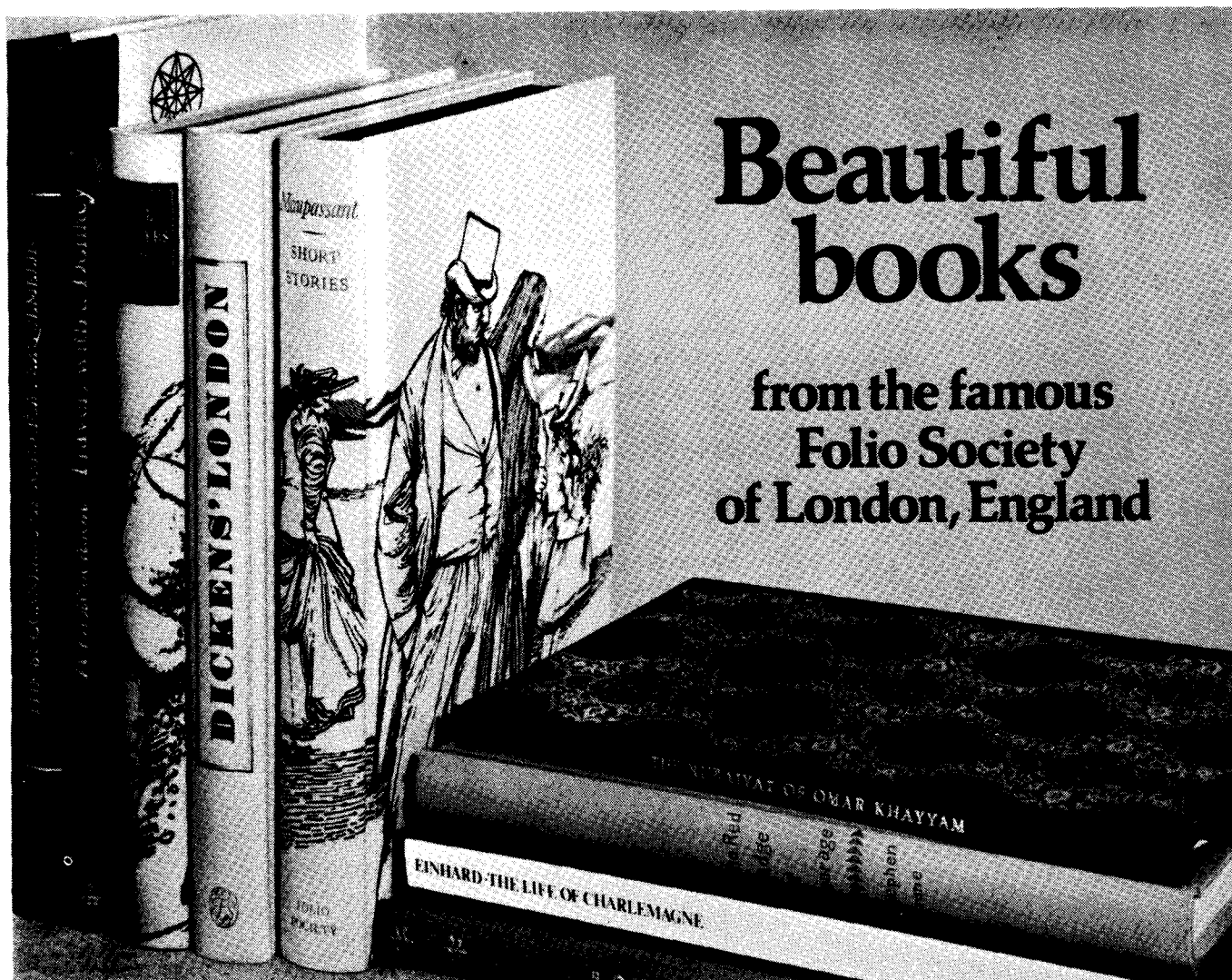
THAILAND

to ward off American military power. In the short term, this means forestalling any U.S. attack on China. In the longer term, it means an attempt to create a belt of nonhostile states on China's southeastern flank. In this light, the U.S. buildup in Thailand is fraught with significance for the problem of how Thailand can learn to live with its giant northern neighbor.

The third development is that over the past six months Thailand has, as nearly as any country can, ceased to have a foreign policy at all. The post of Foreign Minister is vacant; the Foreign Ministry has been put out to pasture. I asked a very senior figure in Bangkok which of the ruling military group takes most interest in foreign policy. He answered: "None do—Thai foreign policy is suspended." Thai ambassadors say frankly that they cannot give an official Thai view on current world events, because there simply is none coming out of Bangkok. All this is especially striking, because Thailand had until the end of 1971 been quite active diplomatically, and because if ever there was a year in Asia for active and creative diplomacy, it is 1972. How can this be, and what is the tie-up with Vietnam?

Nibbles

During 1971, Bangkok faced a fundamental foreign policy choice, and everything so far discussed has been shaped by the option taken by Thai chief executive, Thanom Kittikachorn, and his deputy and heir, Praphas Charusathien. Baldly put, two seductions beckoned Bangkok at about the same time. Both proffered answers to Thailand's quest for security. The United States sought bolstered facilities in Thailand to help hold things together in Vietnam; and with the requests, as usual, came increased aid and renewed informal promises to defend Thailand against any threat. China, in a mood to seek friends and influence people, offered, through secret messages till now little known, to establish state-to-state ties with Thailand, on the basis of Peking's Five Principles of Coexistence. The story of Bangkok's coup of last November, and of its aftermath in foreign policy,



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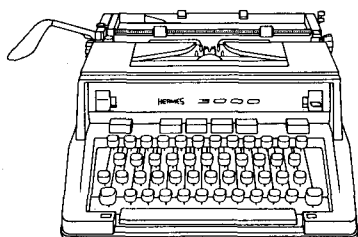
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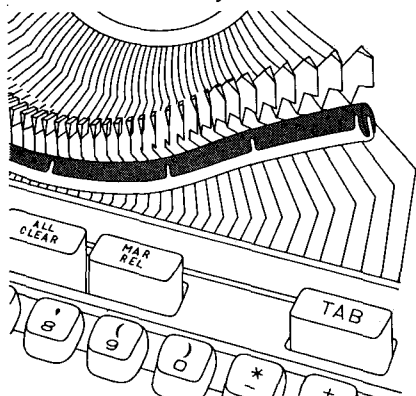
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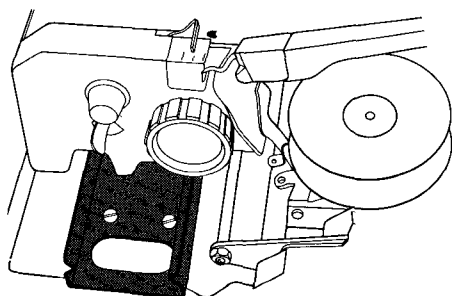
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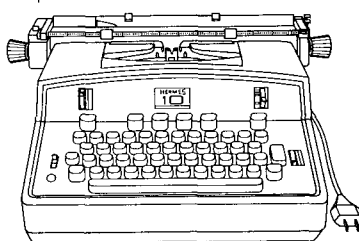
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THAILAND

is the story of how Thanom and Praphas took the first option.

Since 1969, when the Nixon Doctrine was announced and U.S. troop withdrawals from Thailand began, Bangkok's Foreign Minister, Thanat Khoman, had led a rethinking of basic foreign policy tenets. The Thai government called for a "dialogue with China" in 1969; here was one means of adjusting to an apparent U.S. pullback from the mainland of East Asia. Little clarity was given to this call, because of ambiguous feelings within the Thai government.

Some leaders, like Thanat, felt that the time had come to seek a live-and-let-live relationship with China. These "moderates" also wanted Thailand to pursue a vigorous role in promoting regional self-reliance through the Association of Southeast Asian Nations and other means. Certain more powerful figures, like Praphas, were doubtful, and allowed their general sense of inertia in foreign affairs to keep them noncommittal. These "conservatives" were skeptical that China would really coexist with Thailand. They feared the economic consequences to Thailand of American pullback. And they simply felt comfortable clinging to the pattern of dependence on the United States for as long as the checks keep coming.

Word of Mr. Nixon's impending trip to Peking shocked Bangkok, as it did most Asian capitals. It was salt in Thai wounds that, on his way to Peking, Henry Kissinger had stopped in Bangkok and blandly told the Thais that nothing was going to change in U.S.-Thai relations. Henceforth a new urgency entered Thailand's mini-debate over foreign policy. Even those Thai generals whose ruling passion is complacency had pangs of anxiety that Thailand might be left behind. In particular, developments over China policy thickened, but so did disagreement within the Cabinet.

It has never been announced, but during 1971 Bangkok and Peking exchanged views through a third party. By October, the two sides were ready to start direct talks aimed at normalizing relations. Speculation arose that Pridi Phanomyong, Premier of Thailand in the 1940s, long resident in China and now in France, was an intermediary. Though Thanat did

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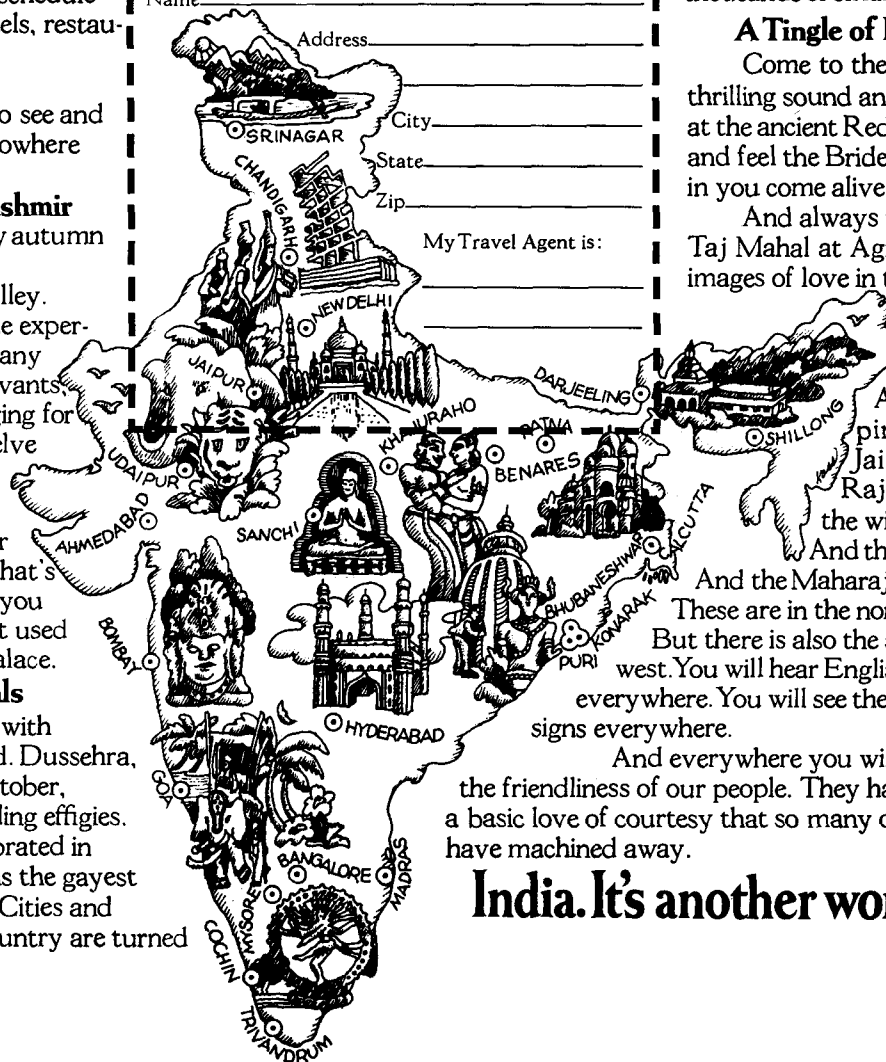
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THAILAND

speak with Pridi at an Embassy reception in Paris, the exiled Premier was unable or unwilling to act as a go-between. It was through the grille of French diplomacy that the Thais and the Chinese nibbled, particularly through France's current envoy in Peking, who knows Thanat well and visited him on his way to take up the China post.

Such contact was not unprecedented, though most past contacts have likewise never been mentioned publicly. Apart from the meeting between Chou En-lai and the Thai Foreign Minister, Prince Wan, at Bandung in 1955, and visits to China by opposition figures during those few relaxed intervals when Bangkok permitted it, Thailand now and then put out secret feelers to its mammoth neighbor and cultural ancestor. The Phibun government sent emissaries to Canton; and after SEATO was formed in 1954, a private secretary of Phibun's went to Rangoon and made a dramatic, but typically inconsequential, deal with the Chinese.

Phibun was nervous, as well he might have been, about Chinese reaction to SEATO, and the secretary bore a message that Thailand, notwithstanding SEATO, would never fight against China. As a seal to this pledge, the Thai official then sent his son and daughter to Peking to study.

Even the Sarit government, which replaced Phibun's and put up the shutters against any contacts or trade with China, and the Thanom-Prapas government, too, kept a back door unlatched to China while they threw open the front door to Uncle Sam. Amidst a series of gestures, notable for charming naïveté and spectacular ineffectiveness, the hand of Prapas could often be discerned. In 1961 the British in Hong Kong caught a Thai in conspiracy with Chinese Communists and arrested him. They found that he was a member of Prapas' staff. This was especially piquant, since the Thai government was at that time pushing a press campaign against the "soft on Communism" attitudes of the British. This campaign ceased, and Sarit told a visitor that the unfortunate Thai "conspirator" would be shot if he ever returned.

Thanat's 1971 contacts with China differed from past efforts in one minor and one major way. They did not rely on low-level officials, whose chances of surmounting logistical and political complexities were small. And they succeeded in clarifying the issues. In the past, Peking always had difficulty finding out just what Bangkok was offering. Thanat undertook the risky job of trying to get his colleagues to decide on terms for a possible understanding with China. He knew that not all his colleagues were keen. I found his enterprise in a tense state during a visit to Bangkok in the summer of 1971. Yet by October, the beginnings of a breakthrough in Thai-Chinese relations existed.

Jerk

Thanat wanted Thailand to undertake that, once the Vietnam War was settled, foreign troops and installations would leave Thailand. In return, the Chinese were ready to form state-to-state ties with Thailand, on the basis of the Five Principles of Coexistence, without any Chinese meddling in Thailand's insurgency problems. It seemed that Thailand was about to take Nixon's cue, and replace an "era of confrontation" with an "era of negotiation."

But it was not to be. A complex of explosive factors was building up around Thanom and Prapas. The China issue came to seem like a match that might ignite the powder barrel of their autocratic power. Several motives prompted last November's bleak coup, which abolished Parliament and annulled the constitution, but the central one was fear of a general loss of control. Legislators were "unruly"; voices other than the government's were speaking up unnervingly on public policy; a tide was rising, inside the Foreign Ministry and in the media and colleges, for a new China policy. At the same time, the United States was starting to make more demands on Thailand more heavily for the Indochina war.

In such delicately poised circumstances, the ruling group apparently decided to jerk Thailand back into the safe old pattern. The "coup against themselves" was sprung. Thanat was soon out of office, the Foreign Ministry effectively out of business. Justifying the demarche, Thanom cited the pressures on China

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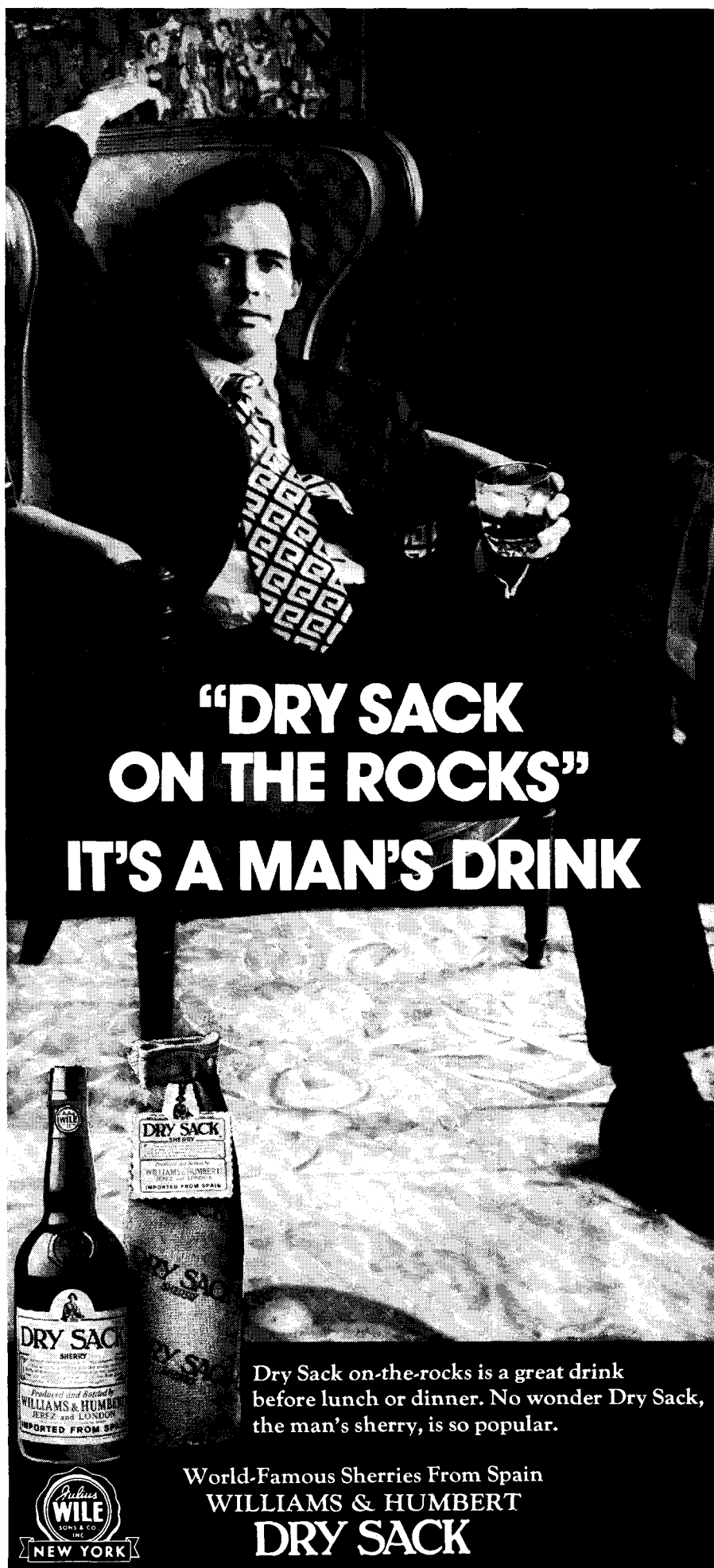
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THAILAND

policy, as well as certain other vaguely expressed concerns about "order."

The way Thanom chose to link the China issue with the general problem of ebbing control came out in his surprising attack on the Chinese minority. "We don't know which ideology these people favor," he said the day after the coup. "If they favor Communism, the internal situation may get more complicated because of the Communist insurgency in our country." A possible Chinese Communist Embassy in Bangkok evidently seemed too much. Thailand was already becoming a raucous household in the fearful eyes of Thanom and Praphas, and a Peking Embassy, like Casanova among virgins, might push it to the brink of licentious disorder. After the coup, the exchange of views with China effectively ceased. The direct working meetings that were planned never ensued.

In their report on Thailand for Senator Symington's subcommittee last January, Lowenstein and Moose concluded: "If the U.S. has decided that it has something to gain from a reconciliation with mainland China, it would be logical to expect that the Thai would reach the same decision. And if they do, then the American use of Thailand as a base of operations may well become an issue which could reveal a fundamental divergence in U.S. and Thai interests." Some Thai officials did reach just such a conclusion, but their views did not prevail, and Thailand missed an opportunity to readjust its posture. The coup, it seems, may have been a by-product of a Thanom-Praphas choice to continue seeking security through the U.S. military presence, rather than through a diplomatic adjustment with China, and the United States may have tipped the scales of that choice by choosing to lean more heavily on Thailand for the Indochina air war. Time and tomorrow's memoirs will tell.

Meanwhile, it is interesting to listen to what Thanat Khoman himself says about the past and the future. His standpoint—he calls the current government "blind and unimaginative" on foreign policy—is no doubt a biased one. But a man who was Foreign Minister from 1959 without a

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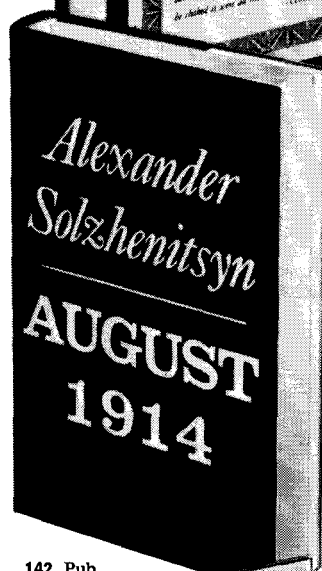
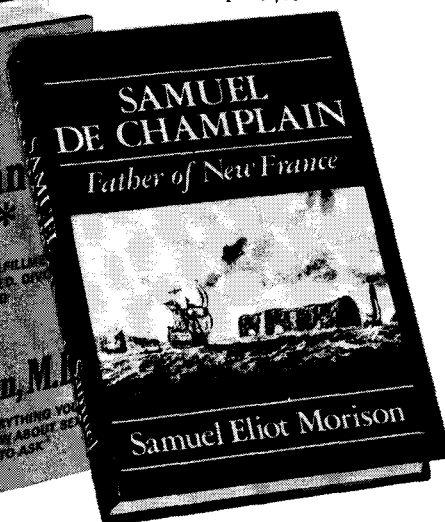
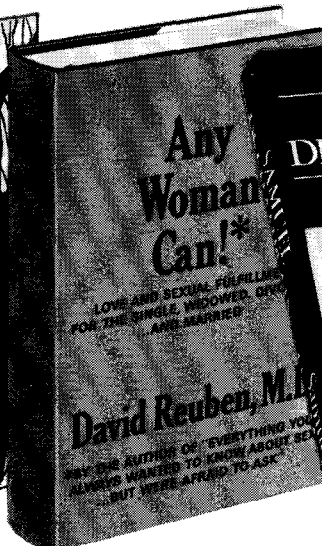
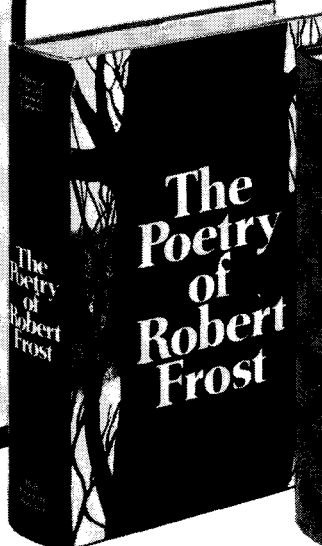
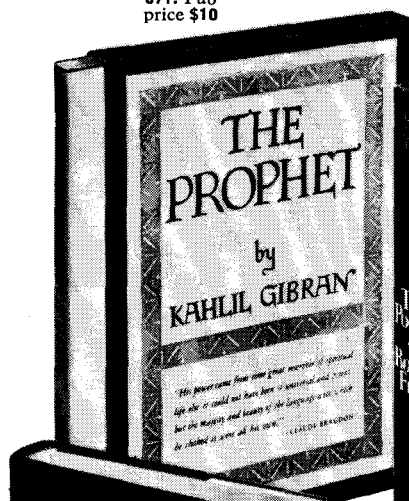
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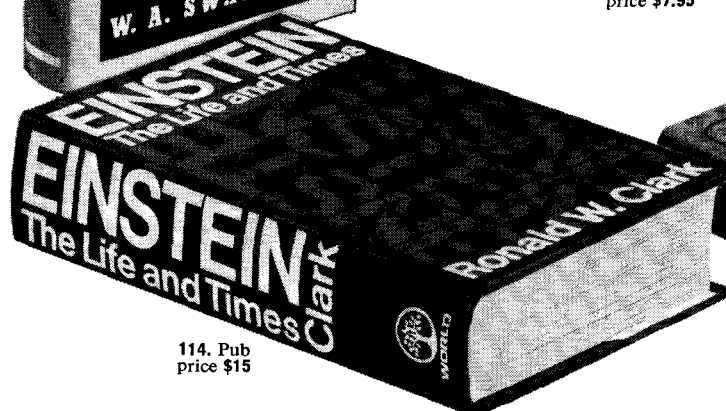
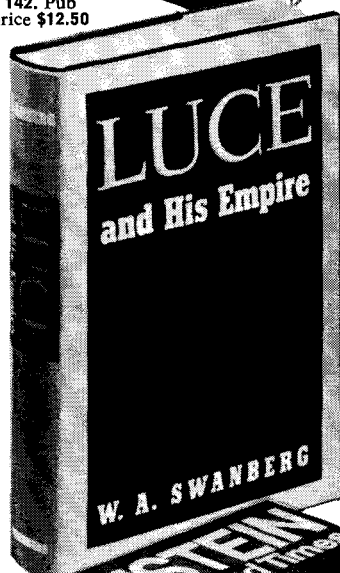
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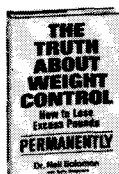
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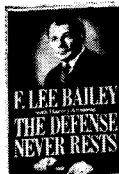
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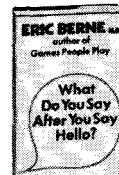
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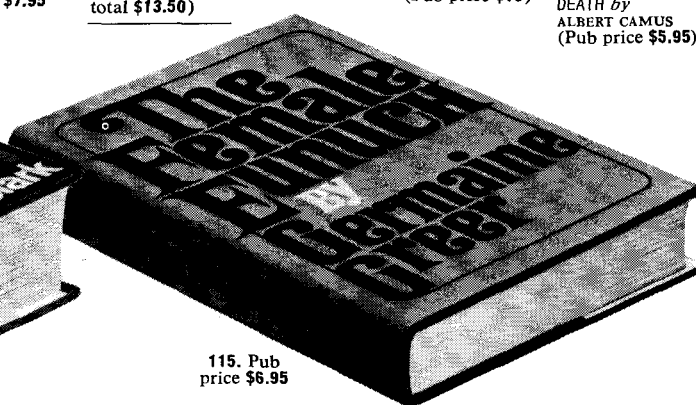
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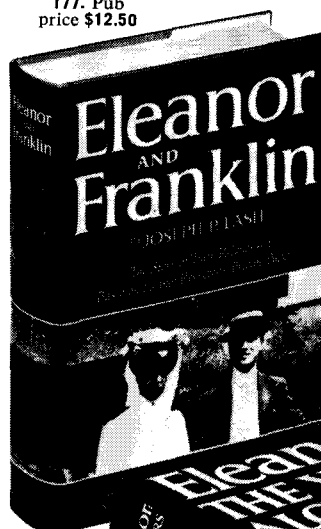
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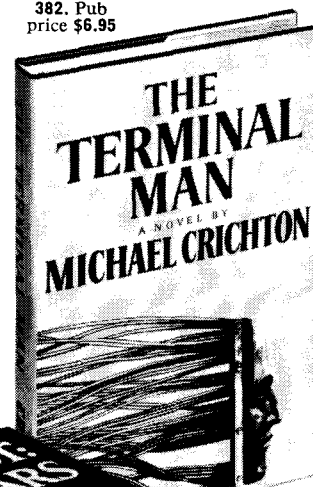
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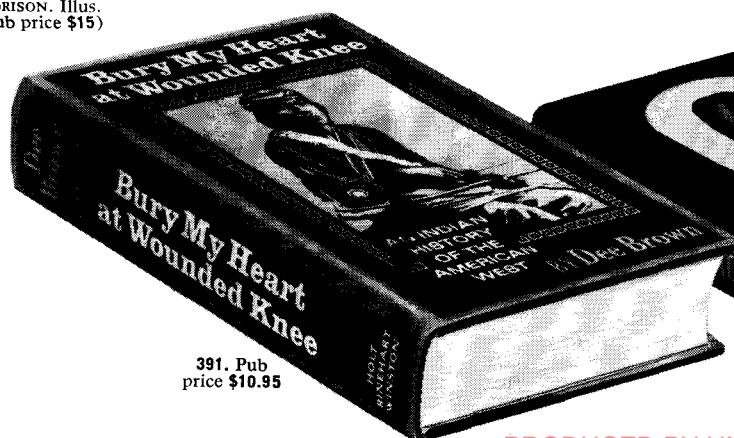
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THAILAND

break to 1971 is a key source on his country's policies.

Thanat sees Thailand acting like a mere "banana republic" and sliding down a dangerous slope of isolation from current Asian realities. In their messages to him, the Chinese objected to Thailand's role as a sanctuary for attacks on Indochina. They passed him stark details of exactly which Thai units were in Laos, in which areas, and with what equipment. Thanom Kittikachorn's answer is that China is also reaching over borders, to interfere in Thailand. Asked about this in a recent interview, Thanat told me, "I would always ask my colleagues for proof that China was behind the insurgency, but never could they give me one scrap of proof." It is a startling statement from a man who was a Cabinet colleague, for more than a decade, of Thanom and Praphas, in a government which justified its refusal to have ties with Peking and its readiness to have foreign bases in Thailand with a claim that China must first "stop interfering" in Thailand's internal affairs. "All they could show," continued Thanat, "was that the insurgents had AK-47's [Chinese rifles]. But since they had American weapons also, the point is not a strong one."

Even if China were interfering in Thailand, the former minister argues, Thailand should take an initiative to try and normalize relations with Peking. A nation of 35 million people is no match for one of 800 million. So the Thais have no choice but to circumvent by diplomatic means the hostility Peking shows to Thai governments which choose to rely for security on American planes and guns. "Thailand cannot even make a plane of its own," Thanat said in reference to Thai dependence on foreigners, "so how ridiculous it is for Thailand to refuse to talk with China."

The Thai diplomat said that the Chinese had indicated to him that it was all right with Peking if Thailand had close relations with the United States. "They only asked that we do not discriminate against China; that we have friendly ties with them as well as with America; and that we not 'collude' with America, by bases and so forth, to make war on other Asians."

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But what Thailand has done, Thanat laments, is to "turn itself into a pawnshop." Referring to the extraordinary lack of legal definition of U.S. rights to bases in Thailand, this doctor of laws from the University of Paris grew acerbic about the Thai ruling group: "They don't know a damn thing about international law, and the need to have agreements on paper to protect the sovereignty of our nation." Thanat claimed that, in office, he had labored to get such agreements. (Certainly transit is loose, as Americans hop back and forth between Udorn and Vientiane in CIA planes without showing a passport, or otherwise encountering any Thai or Lao official to regulate the sovereignty of either nation.)

Faced with insurgency and its tie-up with international problems, Thanat, who is no more a dove or leftist than is Barry Goldwater, insists that Thailand must *both* meet the rebels by force *and* act diplomatically to reduce the polarization of the entire situation. He notes sadly that Peking now addresses Bangkok harshly: "It's inevitable." He relates this to the Thai government's acceptance of a fresh U.S. military buildup. He also remarks that the government has edged back from the position—which he as Foreign Minister sought to crystallize, in part to prepare the path for a settlement with China—that the foreign forces in Thailand would leave once the Indochina war is settled.

None of this makes it impossible for Bangkok still to make a move on China policy nor for Thanat to come back into office and supervise a new China policy. It just makes the path rougher. But even now the Chinese stand ready to try and normalize ties with Thailand, and this fall Peking is receiving a Thai table-tennis team, and with it a high aide of Praphas' (not a Foreign Ministry man).

Beasts

American officials in Bangkok (readily) and in Washington (more tentatively) discount the buildup in Thailand because it is temporary. I have no wish to dismiss this claim lightly. The Administration is seeking to get out of Vietnam; its chosen means of doing so are subtle and delicate. But history warns that "temporary" is a tricky word in Indochina; the gap between intention and result

makes it wise to see if there are any flaws in the intended policy.

If Vietnamization is succeeding, and the Thai buildup has its rationale within the overall logic of a policy that is attaining its goals, the buildup need not be alarming—to Americans. But what if the Thai buildup is the consequence of the failure at a crucial point of Vietnamization?

Consider the possible reasons for this sober view. Vietnamization will have worked, this argument runs, only if three things happen: if Saigon can sustain itself without massive U.S. air power to bomb its opponents; if Washington backs up its faith that Saigon can do this by greatly cutting back the air power; if the U.S. government and people accept whatever outcome results from leaving Thieu to his own military resources (except for military supplies). If this is a fair picture, the buildup in Thailand is a sign that Vietnamization is not working properly. And if Vietnamization does not work well enough to enable us to leave Saigon to face the future helped only by American supplies (but not troops or bombing missions), can the buildup in Thailand be so temporary? Moreover, now that Thailand has become the key resource in Washington's effort to keep the Saigon government in power, Hanoi may soon turn its military attention to "Thai sanctuaries."

One conclusion of this line of thinking brings us starkly to some doubts about how temporary the buildup in Thailand will be: the United States will probably have to choose between either keeping Thieu in power (and retaining Thailand as a sanctuary for as long as that purpose requires) or risking a leftward lurch in Saigon (and winding down not only force levels but air attacks in and around Vietnam). Only if a risk is taken about Thieu's future, it seems, can the Thai buildup be reversed. It is not clear that Washington is prepared to put Thieu at risk; so it is not clear that the air buildup in Thailand is temporary. A pity, maybe, that Congress never thought to set a ceiling on U.S. forces in Thailand, as it usefully did in Laos and Cambodia.

So Thailand provides a test of whether the Vietnam War will really end, or whether, like wrinkles in a troublesome rug, the Vietnam violence will be pressed down only to rear up again in Thailand.

THE CREMIE DE MENTHE



say "pip-per-mint jet"



60 PROOF

This seems to put U.S. policy in Thailand at a weird tangent with the Nixon Doctrine. It was well said eighteen months ago:

For no nation has the wisdom, and the understanding, and the energy required to act wisely on all problems, at all times, in every part of the world. And it asks too much of a people to understand—and therefore support—sweeping and seemingly permanent overseas involvement in local problems, particularly when other countries seem able to make greater efforts themselves.

To read these words of Mr. Nixon's from his 1971 foreign policy report is to wonder if two beasts do not struggle within the breast of U.S. policy. The first is the mascot of military exigency. It views Thailand as a strip of real estate vital to the job of fighting Communism, which it conceives in militarized and simplistic terms no longer credible to the American public, and sees the U.S. Embassy in Bangkok as a military service center (and wants to speak softly about the drug traffic through Thailand, lest the Thais get angry and say the air bases must be cut back or wound up). The second is the legitimate offspring of the Nixon Doctrine. It wants Thailand to adjust to new fluidities in Asia, and make businesslike ties with its Communist neighbors, and thinks it counterproductive to overwhelm Thailand with a foreign military presence. In his 1972 foreign policy report, Mr. Nixon came up with a strikingly Delphic sentence about Thailand which signals that beast one is getting the better of beast two: "Our close consultations [between the United States and Thailand] on ways to achieve shared objectives in Indochina remain an important factor in the Nixon Doctrine's success in Southeast Asia."

Will Thailand itself escape unscathed from the present spiral of tension? There is little danger of "another Vietnam"; the kingdom is too stable and pragmatic for that. But nations can be sent tumbling by international pressures, as well as by uprisings from within; this is the risk which the opportunism of Thanom runs. And the two pressures—war and revolution—are ultimately connected, as Bangkok will discover if it goes on putting guns above reason, seeking security by outside force rather than by inner strength and independence

of action, refusing to come to terms with China, and spending on the baubles of a fake militarism the resources which could help the Thai people to achieve a better standard of life.

—ROSS TERRILL

JAPAN

Transitions are hard to perceive in Japan. Rhetoric shifts, adapts itself chameleon-like—yet underneath it all the inertia of tradition prevails. Or else pieties remain the same, while actual policies alter radically. In this pragmatic, omnitolerant society, where there is no compulsion to rationalize day-to-day actions into some grand pattern, articulated strategy is a poor guide to practice.

Furthermore, the haphazard linkage between public opinion and government response—and between politics and policies—makes trends hard to evaluate. Where citizens habitually respect authority, a powerful elite bureaucracy and a ruling party which has virtually monopolized government for a quarter of a century can insulate themselves against change for a long time. The Japanese establishment is probably the most cohesive and exclusive leadership to be found in any democracy.

Ferment and diversity

Economic and social cataclysms—the quadrupling of Japan's gross national product in the past decade, the crowding of a third of its population into the Tokyo-Osaka megalopolis, the shrinkage of the farm population to 18 percent, the growing size of families—are all absorbed, apparently without impact on the system.

On a more personal level, even the locus of decision is elusive in Japan. Formal institutions—and, more subtly, behind-the-scenes seats of power—draw undiminished deference, even as the center of gravity slips away from them. But here and there the evidence of fermentation appears.

Item: In the summer of 1971, the voices calling on Japan to forget its obsession with exports and GNP were prophets in the wilderness. Half a year later, with an expanded budget of \$18 billion for investment in social overhead (and after a hefty yen re-

valuation forced by the United States), the same voices sounded orthodox.

Item: Last February the opposition parties walked out of the Diet to protest funding of the fourth five-year defense buildup prior to official civilian approval of that buildup. The government worked out a compromise that gave the opposition a nominal victory but still allowed the Defense Agency to go ahead with planned procurement by roundabout means. Yet five months later the Defense Agency revised its own strategic thinking and cut out new procurement on a scale undreamed of by the opposition.

Item: Last March the director general of Japan's Environment Agency, Mr. Buichi Oishi, was opposed by businessmen and by his own party when he proposed legislation placing the burden of proof of innocence on presumed polluters in cases of pollution-induced disease. More than eighty Japanese had already died; more than six thousand were on the official lists of diseased. But establishment resistance to taking responsibility for pollution remained unbreached.

Yet four months later a major court ruling did place the burden of proof on six firms and held them jointly liable for pollution-related disease under old general nuisance laws. This time the same business and political establishment yielded. The guilty industries did not appeal the decision so as not to damage their public image. The presiding judge castigated the government itself for allowing a petrochemical complex in the area in question. And industries' staunch angel, the Ministry of International Trade and Industry (MITI), began a review of its industrial promotion policy. Within a week the Transport Ministry was drawing up restrictions on car exhaust to be enforced by the following spring.

Other examples of fundamental change are legion. Even though restrictions remain, the Japanese market has been liberalized swiftly in the past two years. Newspapers which a few months ago were complaining bitterly that Washington was breaking a moratorium on trade negotiations now take it as a matter of course that idle foreign reserves are a waste, and that Japan should import more to benefit the consumer. Foreign aid

is becoming less of a shoehorn for Japanese exports and more of a guarantor of Japanese imports of resources—and therefore of real development for countries receiving aid.

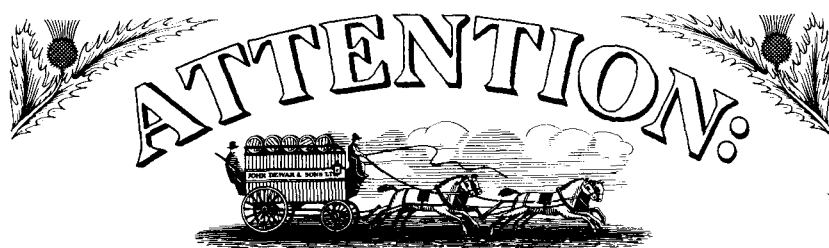
Institutionally, the influence of the international bureaus within MITI is waxing, while that of the export-oriented industrial bureaus is waning. With today's excessive liquidity, even the kingpin Finance Ministry is losing some of the peremptory powers it has exercised over Japan's low-equity, high-debt industry. Most important, with Japan's economic success has come diversification of industry; the once monolithic *zaikai* (business community) has lost much of its unity and, therefore, power.

In general terms, the sheer size and complexity of today's economy, plus its ongoing liberalization and internationalization, are demanding new policies. Something more flexible than the past's brilliant but essentially straight-line administration of the growth of secondary industry is required. Japan needs more pluralism—but also more authority that cuts across compartmentalized vertical bureaucracies—if it is to cope with the enormous problems of its dense population and industry, and with its acute land and housing shortage.

In external affairs, the scale of demands is equally compelling. Japan is now being forced to shift away from a kind of economic determinism to formulate a real foreign policy for the first time in twenty-five years. Some diplomats term even this perspective too short and say that Japan is groping for a foreign policy for the first time since the Anglo-Japanese Alliance of 1902.

Japan's surge of exports and President Nixon's dollar-defense program of a year ago have thrust Tokyo out of a passive client relationship with the United States and into a mixed partner-adversary relationship that requires Japanese initiative. This same success with exports has frightened Europe and is forcing Japan to relate to areas "west of Burma" as something more than exotica.

Outside the economic sphere altogether, Nixon's détente with China has cast the Japanese, who love few things more than certainty, out of a predictable world of cold-war bipolarity into uncertain multipolarity. And now, in a chain reaction that was swifter than either Nixon or the Japa-



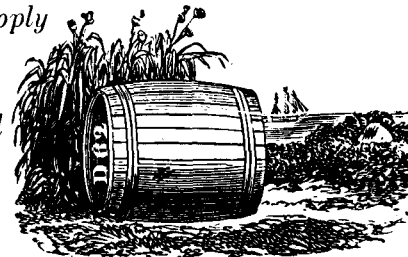
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JAPAN

nese expected, a tough and diplomatically expert China is already pressing Japan to restore relations with Peking at a faster pace than Tokyo seems able to respond to, as regards terms and consequences.

"Computerized bulldozer"

Where does all this leave Japan's new Prime Minister, Kakuei Tanaka, a poor farmer's son who never finished high school, a self-made millionaire in the construction business, an unlikely leader of this hierarchical, education-mad society?

In brief, it might be said that Tanaka is neither the originator nor the inevitable product of these historical forces. But the "computerized bulldozer," as he is nicknamed, sees the forces and responds to them, sometimes impetuously, often with a precise calculation of margins that ignores outdated myths.

Tanaka's accession to the leadership of Japan is a case in point. His rise properly began last January, at the San Clemente summit meeting between Nixon and then Prime Minister Eisaku Sato. Sato was to finish his final term and retire sometime in 1972, after seven and a half long years in office.

Tanaka, one of Sato's "pillars," was then MITI minister. He was, at fifty-three, a young aspirant to succeed Sato, but because of his background he was still an outsider to the power triumvirate of the bureaucracy, the *zaikai*, and the politicians. Even within that triumvirate, Tanaka, who entered politics in his twenties, was considered a politician, and no politician had been Prime Minister since 1957; all were former bureaucrats. Furthermore, Tanaka had never been Foreign Minister, a post that was an understood prerequisite for a Prime Minister.

Sato's other pillar, sixty-seven-year-old Takeo Fukuda, was then Foreign Minister, the heir apparent with all the right credentials as a graduate of Tokyo University and the Finance Ministry bureaucracy.

Sato intended, everyone said, to arrange a deal whereby Tanaka would support Fukuda this time around in return for a promise that the succession would go to Tanaka next time. If

Sato in fact did so, Tanaka, who was still a member of Sato's faction, would be under strong pressure to accede, out of personal obligation to Sato. But Sato, a meticulous bureaucrat, liked to have every eventuality pinned down before he acted. Tanaka's one chance was to demonstrate enough personal strength to make Sato fear a fight that would split the ruling Liberal-Democratic Party (LDP).

And so, at San Clemente, Tanaka studiously avoided getting caught alone with Fukuda and Sato, and went off to play golf whenever there was any free time. On the last day, according to Japanese reporters, Tanaka and Fukuda left their hotels at the same time, met at last—and, instead of discussing politics, went off to a burlesqued show. Sato arranged nothing.

On their return to Japan, Tanaka began the fight in earnest. He didn't declare himself a candidate or make any overt move that would place him in direct confrontation with Sato. But he began working one by one on Upper House councilors, who are more loosely aligned with LDP factions than their Lower House colleagues. Then he directed his attention to the even less organized prefectural delegates who would attend the party's presidential convention. At the same time, Tanaka kept his grip on the pro-Sato two-thirds faction in the Lower House that was already identified with him.

If Tanaka did not have the prescribed background, he was at least well situated to maneuver in a party where the road to the top is traditionally paved with money and promises of ministerial appointments. He had most recently been the LDP's supreme deal-maker as party secretary-general, and had managed liaison with the various LDP factions, *zaikai* financiers, and opposition parties. He had at his fingertips the detailed tactical knowledge that is power. He had a reputation for unstinting payment of all debts.

Furthermore, in contrast to Fukuda, Tanaka was himself independently wealthy. And he had financial backers among businessmen who were in construction, real estate, and other ventures outside the *zaikai* mainstream. Some observers steeped in LDP tradition drew the conclusion that Tanaka could never get the kind

of long-term funding that is needed for a full campaign without resorting eventually to the *zaikai* establishment. This establishment, they thought, would give Tanaka limited insurance money but would never quite trust the outsider and would quietly veto him in the end. They didn't realize, as Tanaka did, that money is more mobile these days than it once was, and the *nouveaux riches*, while they may lack prestige, do not lack funds.

During the months that Tanaka was running hard, Fukuda conspicuously did nothing beyond a little routine fence-mending. He was banking on the *zaikai*'s preference for him, it appeared, and especially on a Sato arrangement in his favor.

By the time Sato finally announced his retirement on June 17, it was too late for him to help Fukuda. Tanaka had successfully pre-empted him, and his supporters could not be budged. Sato did not intervene. On July 5 the LDP convention voted Tanaka in as the youngest party president in its history. On July 6 the LDP Diet majority elected Tanaka Japan's fortieth Prime Minister.

Pileup

The raspy-voiced man who now leads Japan is an extrovert, a pragmatist, an activist with a zest for being Prime Minister. He is blunt. He is self-confident. He can be rash in his machine-gun comments when he is not restrained by his staff. He has the mentality perhaps of a hard-driving Japanese businessman whose forte is cold-blooded figuring of profit and loss. He still meets dozens of petitioners at his house in the morning, fires off ideas about everything from highway construction to day-care centers at lunch with vice-ministers, and when time allows, sings the sentimental narrative *naniwa-bushi* over sake with his political advisers in the evening.

Tanaka, in his own way, is a man who is likely to accelerate the forces of change that are already in train in Japan.

First, however, Tanaka faces several urgent tasks. As one of his aides phrased it, "Problems which need to be solved right away are piling up like a mountain."

The original intention of Prime Minister Tanaka, and especially of

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JAPAN

his new Foreign Minister Masayoshi Ohira, was to start off by stabilizing relations with the United States, then go on to open diplomatic relations with the People's Republic of China for the first time since its inception twenty-three years ago. Peking has upset that timetable, however, with its eager courtship of the new Tanaka government. And the abundant surplus in Japanese trade with the United States has required emergency reflexes at the expense of deliberate, measured reaction.

Tanaka sees the United States, with its market for 30 percent of Tokyo's exports and its nuclear umbrella, as Japan's most important ally. Foreign Minister Ohira appears to go further, and to feel a genuine affection for the United States. Both want to give this alliance priority in concrete policies. Publicly and privately, then, Tanaka has sounded willing to help reduce this year's projected \$4-billion bilateral trade imbalance by making sizable short-term purchases from the United States.

To help correct this long-term imbalance, Tanaka has talked of a move that has always been taboo for the business-allied LDP: opening up Japan's archaic retail system to modern American chain stores. This, Tanaka has observed matter-of-factly, could also lower prices for the Japanese consumer (and voter). Opposition among LDP backers, Tanaka's aides suggest, could be neutralized by private initiative and by government adjustment subsidies.

All in all, Tanaka's staff appear to believe that the contest with the United States is manageable, susceptible to the solutions of reasonable men. They believe that further Japanese liberalization of its trade policies will succeed in blunting the edge of American protectionism. But they expect a chronic state of tension with the United States. "We're shaking right hands and jabbing and punching each other with our left hands," explained one Tanaka aide succinctly, and added, "This will be the normal condition between the two sides."

The Tanaka government does not seem worried about differences with the United States over China. Disagreement over the potential use of

American forces in Okinawa to defend Taiwan, however, could swiftly grow into a major clash between Tokyo and Washington. Washington holds that the "Far East" area where American troops stationed in Japan may be deployed under the Japan-U.S. security treaty still includes Taiwan. Specifically, Washington maintains that the 1969 "Taiwan clause" terming the security of Taiwan important to the security of Japan—an agreement Nixon extracted from Sato in return for the American promise to give back Okinawa—is still valid.

Tokyo, on the contrary, holds that after the Nixon-Chou En-lai Shanghai communiqué there is no longer any danger that China will try to possess Taiwan by force. Therefore any question of using American troops to defend Taiwan is only academic. Under these changed circumstances, the Taiwan clause, which never had the binding character of a treaty anyway, has simply lapsed.

In more general terms, Japanese officials suggest that Nixon, having gone to China once "over the heads" of the Japanese, can hardly expect to block subsequent improvement in Sino-Japanese relations over such an issue as applicability of the Japan-U.S. security treaty to Taiwan. Officials say they are confident that "wise American leaders will not feel too nervous in their heart" about Sino-Japanese rapprochement.

Taiwan, of course, is likely to be a sticking point also in normalization talks between Tokyo and Peking. Japan's current position is that this is an internal question to be resolved between Peking and Taipei, one that Tokyo has no right to comment on in any way. Tokyo is willing to let the Japan-Republic of China (Taiwan) peace treaty ending World War II be superseded by a peace treaty between Japan and the People's Republic of China, but it is not ready to abrogate the Taiwan treaty before opening diplomatic ties with Peking. Ideally, Japan would like to maintain its current trade with and investment in Taiwan, too.

If Peking is willing to be flexible on these points—and the Japanese are encouraged by the hints they have received so far—diplomatic normalization could proceed rapidly. Tanaka will probably make a dramatic trip to China this fall, to symbolize the start of serious negotiations.

Global strategy is alien to Tanaka, however, except as foreign countries impinge on domestic Japanese life. The United States has priority, as its policies have such effect on Japan's economic health. China has had a complex pull on the Japanese, who drew their whole culture from the mainland and who brutally conquered large portions of China within this generation's memory.

Other lands are less important. Soviet wooing of Japan, in rivalry with China, can be useful, however, in finally getting a Soviet-Japanese peace treaty, in diversifying Japan's crucial oil sources, and, Tokyo hopes, in securing return of the four northern islands that the Soviet Union seized from Japan at the end of World War II.

In security matters, in this new age of détente, Japan, an island nation, can and will continue with only modest defense forces, postponing all the tough strategic decisions for a few more years.

No strong overt nationalism or xenophobic move is likely, except possibly a moderate campaign to get the disputed islands back from the Soviet Union.

First love

With the most urgent American and Chinese problems out of the way, and with other foreign relations more or less under control, Tanaka will be able to turn to his first love, politics, once more. Prospects here are that he will call general elections while the public impact of his China tour and lowered import prices is still fresh, and possibly after a tax cut or an expansionist supplementary budget.

It is in the political sphere that the generally ebullient Tanaka Administration sees the most intractable problems. The LDP is far from losing its perennial majority in the Diet, but it has been in decline for years. It lost heavily in urban local elections two years ago. In national elections it is now attracting fewer than 50 percent of the votes of a politically apathetic public. It is only by skillful management of multiseat prefectures, by lopsided rural districts, and by the blatant electoral mistakes of the opposition Socialists that the LDP has continued to dominate politics as it has. As things stand now, Tanaka

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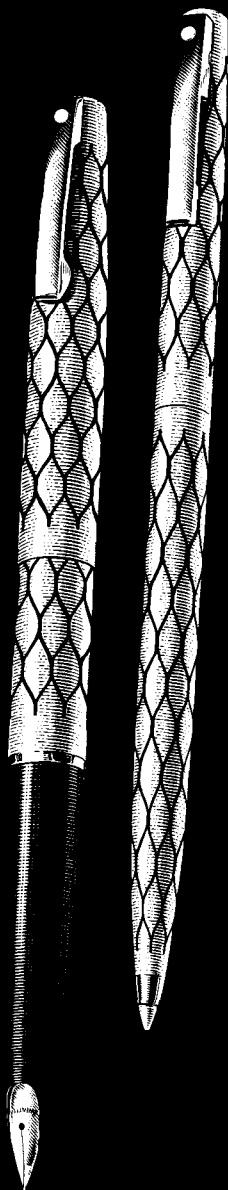
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aides expect to lose twenty-five or twenty-six seats (out of the Diet total of 491) in the next election.

Tanaka is very conscious of the fact that the LDP cannot survive forever on the support of the dwindling farm population and *koenkai* (quasifeudal personal support organizations). While going along with such rituals as a rise in the producers' price of rice (as he did in July), Tanaka may disregard past LDP consensus policies and attempt a deliberate remolding of the party to appeal to disgruntled urban voters. And he might even hope to reform the LDP from its current coalition of factions into a coherent unified party.

Once he gets past the election, Tanaka would like to address himself to the domestic transformation of Japan, which, after the game of politics, is his real fascination. Tanaka's best-selling book, *A Proposal for Remodeling the Japanese Archipelago*, sets forth his concept of a restructuring and decentralization of Japan's over-concentrated industry and population. It is the hope of Tanaka—and of the young bureaucrats whose ideas he has solicited over the past three or four years—that this reform could begin to cope with Japan's acute land, housing, and pollution problems.

Even a Japan that is hurtling into the future may not yet be ready for quite so spectacular a change. But if any country can carry out such a revolution—swiftly, smoothly, without anyone's noticing it—the master adapter, Japan, can.

—ELIZABETH POND

VIENNA

Recently two American visitors to Vienna were met at Schwechat Airport by a local host who asked them, "Were you ever here before?"

"Yes," said the man from Washington, "in 1955."

"Ah, so?" said his host. "Then you will find that everything here has changed."

"And I was here a year later—in 1956," said the man from New York.

"Ah, so?" the host responded. "Then you will find that here nothing has changed."

Nineteen fifty-five was the year that the Russians (and the Americans and French and British, but partic-

ularly the Russians) pulled out after the Austrian State Treaty ended the four-power postwar occupation. There was a brief spell of rebuilding and restoration, followed by the relative lull to which the host was alluding.

Reconstruction focused on the bomb-ravaged Inner City, bounded by the Danube Canal and the broad, looping boulevard called the Ring. The Vienna State Opera and the Burgtheater reopened in the autumn of 1955. There was a boom in housing renovation, and in building from the ground up, but this was undertaken within the limited framework of urgent needs. It was not modernization for modernity's sake. Then Vienna buckled down to a day-to-day struggle for self-preservation in what was then one of the poorest nations in Western Europe.

The Viennese used to apologize for their political neutrality and lackluster economy. But now, while their Western neighbors are enmeshed in shedding their cold-war trappings and cooling off the consequences of overheated prosperity—inflation, strikes, and manpower shortages—the Austrians are wondering whether making haste slowly wasn't perhaps the best misfortune that has happened to them lately.

Hush

Americans living in Vienna work for themselves or for the opera, for the United Nations Industrial Development Organization (UNIDO) or International Atomic Energy Agency (IAEA), or for various corporations which conduct their Iron Curtain trade from here (many foreign correspondents are Eastern European Kremlinologists). Sometimes we Americans in Vienna wish that the outside world would hush up about what we have going for us in this hospitable land, which offers sanctuary, work, and even citizenship to refugees from the East: from 1968 to 1970, many Czechoslovaks; lately, Russian Jews, not all of whom go on to Israel. We fear that publicity may trigger an influx of misguided Utopia-seekers from the West, bringing their problems with them.

Inevitably, all the items on urban civilization's problem list—crime, drugs, alcoholism, autos, pollution—are coming to Vienna. But the prob-

lems, like progress, are coming more slowly.

The tap water is not only drinkable but recommended, piped cold and clean from mountain springs. The closest semblance of a strike we've had in my year and a half here was a minor traffic jam one morning when some farmers blockaded the Ring with tractors, in quest of higher milk prices which they eventually won.

Traffic problems took a long time to build up, not because there was so much dynamic autobahn construction but because Austria's economic situation kept citizens to, at most, one car per family. When autos did begin to toxify the downtown air last year, Mayor Felix Slavik barred daytime traffic from the greatest part of the two most elegant shopping streets, the Kärntnerstrasse and the Graben, and from the busy plaza in front of St. Stephen's Cathedral. The mayor began cautiously by emphasizing that this was an "experiment" for the Christmas shopping season only. But when downtown pollution dropped by a rate of 70 percent and business volume increased 25 to 50 percent, this "temporary pedestrian zone" became a resolute first step toward an eventual ban of all traffic except city buses from 720 acres of Vienna's historic Inner City.

A new subway is being built to augment an excellent public transport system that remains a viable alternative to the auto, and to some hideous parking problems along the Ring. And, even nowadays, when the Austrians are just entering the two-car-family era, their attitude toward the auto remains in perspective. Where else but in Vienna can you be driving through a city park, approaching the autobahn, when a uniformed switchman flags you down for a kiddie railway called the Liliputbahn?

Secular law and order

Vienna remains a lilting, charming city, where people still have the time and manners to exchange such greetings and farewells as "I kiss the hand of your as-yet-unknown-to-me wife." Thus, it is conceivable that even when the problems and brutality we left behind do catch up with us, the Viennese will have better solutions.

Last November, for instance, Austria had a jailbreak that rever-

berated with echoes of our own Attica and Soledad tragedies. At gunpoint and knifepoint, three Viennese convicts took an examining magistrate, the young mother who worked as his court stenographer, and a police major as hostages to pry themselves loose from the maximum security penitentiary in Stein-on-the-Danube. They made their way home to Vienna, fifty miles away, by swapping hostages and hijacking autos; they terrorized the city for two days and took nineteen other hostages, including a news vendor, a taxi driver, a newlywed, and a mother of seven children (with an eighth expected). Surfacing in the downtown shopping area to seize new hostages and steal a car, they fired one shot which, luckily, hit nobody.

The police, who had the escapees under surveillance most of the time, didn't fire a single shot. Instead, guided by a local psychologist, the authorities concentrated on giving the convicts whatever they wanted—unmarked cars, money, coffee, cigarettes, cooler hostages in exchange for hysterical ones. Finally, worn down by kindness and fatigue, two of the criminals surrendered personally to the sixty-five-year-old Vienna chief of police, Josef Holaubek (the third was caught, peacefully, a fortnight later) in an absurdly cozy scene worthy of Act III of *Die Fledermaus*. It was witnessed live on television by virtually all of Austria. Chief Holaubek, in a Viennese dialect verging on baby talk, appealed to the hometown patriotism of the most desperate of the three desperadoes: "Walter, come to me. I am *your* chief!" Eventually, Walter Schubirsch (described by police as "a heavy psychopath") gave himself up by putting down his two guns and placing one arm around Holaubek's shoulders, saying tearfully: "I do this for *you*, Josey!"

The bravest figures in this episode, however, were offscreen: Minister of Interior Otto Rösch and Minister of Justice Christian Broda, who gave the original order ranking "human life—including the convicts"—at the top of our scale of priorities." Heckled on the floor of Austria's Parliament for not containing the incident within the prison at all cost, Minister Broda answered back bluntly: "We don't need the ideology of law and order here." He said "law and order" in English.

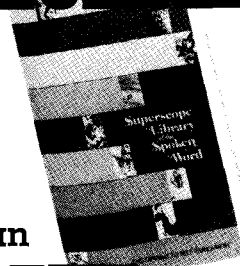
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VIENNA

plained to me: "In such a situation, you can't be a slave to *any* ideology. You have to stay flexible and pragmatic—to think from moment to moment and seldom more than five minutes ahead. Naturally, the Minister of Justice is *for* law and order, but that doesn't mean he must make a religion of it. Of course, our success in this case is now our biggest argument. But . . . we wanted to show the public that sometimes the white coat of a doctor can save more lives than the bulletproof vest of a policeman."

Public gratitude, however, was less than effusive, and this "success" may yet have its political repercussions. Criticizing the "soft wave" of "coddling born criminals," one elderly lady on a TV interview program said, quite accurately, that "this never would have happened under Hitler." And an official of the justice ministry's prison administration told the following "horror" story of "what kind of leaders" he worked under:

A young boy, who had escaped from a reformatory several months

earlier, phoned Chancellor Bruno Kreisky at home one night to tell him that he knew that the police were on to his whereabouts, but that he would kill himself before ever going back to the reformatory. First, though, he wanted Kreisky to know the conditions that made him feel so strongly.

Austria's first Jewish Chancellor listened, and made the snap judgment that if this boy had enough initiative to look up "Kreisky, Bruno, Dr." in the phone book and call him, then he also had something in him that could be salvaged. He told the boy to call him back in half an hour.

Kreisky spent fifteen minutes locating the unlisted number of the bureaucrat who subsequently told me this story. The Chancellor notified the bureaucrat that he was going to tell the boy to give himself up by midnight at any police station in the land, and that in turn he would be sent to a less severe, more educational reform school. If the police gave him any argument, the boy was to tell them to call Dr. Kreisky's or the bureaucrat's home number.

Here, the official took a deep breath of outrage before continuing.

"I registered my official objection to this procedure and, before I could even argue against divulging my private phone number to criminal elements, the Chancellor told me: 'Better get your number listed in the next directory. I only managed to get hold of it because I'm the Chancellor. If it had taken me fifteen minutes more, a boy might be dead.'"

"Did the boy give himself up?" I asked.

"Of course he did. How could he resist a bargain like that?"

"And are you going to be listed in the next telephone book?"

"Certainly not! I will have put in for my retirement by then."

The old order changeth, albeit cantankerously. When I sought the other side of this "horror" story, I obtained neither confirmation nor denial, just a bland observation that "it's the kind of story that is better told *about* oneself than *by* oneself." But a younger Ministry of Justice aide told me:

"It's no accident that the Chancellor and Minister Broda and most of the other ministers are listed in the phone book. When Kreisky's Socialists took office two years ago, they inherited a bureaucracy which dates back to the Habsburgs and might take another hundred years to reform. So, for the time being, they've concentrated on making our highest officials visible and accessible to the public. They want people to feel that—in desperation, at least—there is some other answer besides crime or suicide after you've batted your head against this frustrating and inflexible wall of middlemen. You can make contact with the man at the top. And maybe the first dent is being made."

On the grass

What is going on in Kreisky's Austria may have been overshadowed by the Nobel peace offensive of his friend and neighbor, Willy Brandt. But Kreiskyism does, in fact, bear a superficial resemblance to the philosophy of another neighbor: Alexander Dubček's idealistic "socialism with a human face" of the 1968 Prague spring. Austria today is being run quietly by hard-boiled but humane socialists.

Though Kreisky's Socialists took national office only in 1970, their party has been running Vienna's Rathaus (city hall) for generations.



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And it was at Rathaus level that their responsiveness to grass-roots reactions was demonstrated last autumn.

In the fall parliamentary elections, the Socialist Party's predominant four-color campaign poster—its image of youthful incumbency—depicted some finger-snapping, neatly long-haired young people romping on the green, green grass. This image was so appealing that the conservative People's Party borrowed it. Their posters showed short-haired young executives and important-looking Kurt Waldheim types, all armed with briefcases, hurrying across the grass on their way to the office.

The trouble was that once the Viennese started to think about it they recognized the posters' appeal of forbidden fruit. For treading on the public grass of Vienna has long been strictly *verboten*. It dawned upon the politicians that these grassy posters could be construed as either a Socialist hypocrisy or even an implicit People's Party promise. Thus, on the eve of the election, Socialist Mayor Slavik declared that the grass was on limits to children in five of Vienna's city parks.

The Socialists won, but the grass controversy, Austria's *only* grass controversy, continues to this day. According to the Vienna press, the lines are drawn strictly generationally: young adults and students are *for* the grass reform; older people *against*.

"Pensionopolis"

This brings up the matter of Vienna's population decline, which some have hailed but others deplore as a symptom of blight: "Too damn many old people." Such were the ravages of war and the hardships of occupation that at least a generation was lost, and one quarter of today's Viennese are over sixty. "Pensionopolis" or "the geriatrics capital of the universe" are epithets the Viennese young scornfully toss off in talking of their city. For they in particular are victims of a society heavily structured with old-fashioned hierarchy and bureaucracy which traps its most ambitious and imaginative young people in labyrinths of tradition and red tape, whether they want to create without a doctorate or incorporate *Das Drugstore*.

They used to leave Vienna in droves for West Germany—though

many returned shaking their heads over the rampant materialism and frantic tempo of life in *Deutschland*. Nowadays, their destinations are South Africa, Canada, and Australia, even though, since 1965, the Rathaus has been offering low-interest loans of up to \$5000 to citizens under thirty-five who want to establish their own business in Vienna.

One night, I rode a taxi driven by a young man with a handlebar moustache who spoke excellent English, having "emigrated four years ago to South Africa. I liked it fine there and I even fell in love. But we had to leave because I married the girl and she's part colored." He showed me snapshots of his wife and baby daughter before adding: "But we're just hanging around Vienna until the baby's old enough to travel. Then we've got to get out of here."

"I guess you're running into a pretty bad color problem here, too," I said, thinking I knew my Austrians.

"Not at all," he replied. "Everyone finds my wife interesting because she's foreign. And she gets on fine here because she speaks good German. We live with my parents and even *that's* all right. But there's just no opportunity. I work all day in an auto body shop. The owner has three sons, so there's no future for me and not much present. I have to drive a taxi at night just to make ends meet living with my folks! Vienna is no place for a young man without connections."

It is, however, a grand place to grow old in, and a decent place to grow up in. Tyrannical though old people can be in a city which they rule, Vienna's senior citizens tend to be benign despots. This spring, half a year after Mayor Slavik's grass reforms were enacted, I took my two daughters a mile from home to frolic freely in the nearest "newly authorized" park. They were on the turf for five minutes, and as they came off, a chorus of eleven pensioners, some pointing canes, had collected to chant: "*Verboten!*"

I intervened, saying in my best German: "No, it's not. For six months now it's been legal."

My words, or rather my American accent, had immediate impact. Comprehension, even tolerance, dawned as the old people said to each other: "Ah, so? Foreigners!"

—ALAN LEVY



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Innocent Bystander



Plastic English
by L. E. Sissman

A couple of us old foreign-car nuts, who remember the long-gone era of aromatic leather interiors and burl-walnut facias—dashboards to you—with some respect for the craftsmanship they implied, broke into recent titters and guffaws when we read the results of a *Road & Track* owners' survey in which the partisans of a certain Japanese make agreed that its best features included the *interior*—a miracle of mass-produced plastic, undoubtedly untouched by human hands. This led us to further not-so-ridiculous conjectures on the rising tolerance, even appetite, for plastic in all our artifacts and ways. In the elevator and the supermarket and the airport waiting room, we are lulled and stupefied by plastic music; on the Interstates, we ingest plastic food; when we read a magazine or newspaper or watch TV, a flood of plastic English assaults our eyes and ears.

I am using "plastic" in an exact sense here; let me quote from a dictionary definition of the word written some years before the introduction of what we now call plastic itself: "plastic, *adj.* . . . 6. *Physics.* Capable of being deformed continuously and permanently in any direction without rupture, under a stress exceeding the yield value." Under the stress of an unholy impulsion to power and wealth, far exceeding the yield value in humanitarian terms, the pace and tone and environment of our life, and especially the language we speak and read, have suffered a sea change into something cheap and strange, something alien, something continuously and permanently deformed, something, in fact, plastic.

There is not a single heathen

tongue; rather, there are many, a babel of multicolored plastic languages under the general rubric we call English. They are the jargons, or argots, of many disciplines, if I may use the noble word "discipline" in such a laughably antithetical way: science, scholarship, advertising, journalism, politics, and many more. They have one thing in common, though; all of these debased and isolable forms of the mother tongue attempt to paper over an unpalatable truth and/or to advance the career of the speaker (or the issue, cause, or product he is agent for) by a kind of verbal sleight of hand, a one-upmanship of which the reader or listener is victim.

I am not in the least embarrassed that this jeremiad over the imminent dissolution of the language has had many earlier prophets than myself; specifically, I am proud to revive a protest made so tellingly, some twenty-six years ago, by George Orwell in his essay, "Politics and the English Language." Orwell concerned himself with the "swindles and perversions" of the language of his time on the grounds that imprecision of thought leads to sloppy, self-indulgent language, which leads in turn to even sloppier, lazier thinking; to make his point, he adduced several horrible examples of writing current in the England of 1946. I'd like to do the same, citing some samples from the America of 1972 and adding notes on their pathology.

1. "A Toast to a New Breed of Brides. Elegantly individual. Stark with savvy. Inclined toward the sublime simplicity of an exciting new designer, Michele Piccione of Rome. Above—a bow'd belle of wool and silk . . . beyond—a marvelous wool mood-maker with soft wedding hood. Lean, lovely ideas, both. . . ."

The first thought is, how *can* they, in this day and age? But this emetic Bergdorf's ad, in the Sunday New York Times, is perfectly representative of thousands of its kind, running daily and weekly hairless cheek by bloody jowl with reports from My Lai, Attica, Jackson State, Watts, and the streets a few blocks to the north of Bergdorf's. Surely no member of that "new breed of brides" is so anchoritic as to swirl through life like a deb of the twenties? But, ah: light dawns. This particular ad is addressed to their poor, rich mothers, still hoping for a swatch of grace and harmless

flummery in a darkening hour of muggings in tower elevators. That doesn't, however, explicate all the other sick, tired fashion ads aimed at their dancing daughters. Is there a conspiracy between fashion copywriters and fashion consumers to shut out the rest of the menacing world? Perhaps; much plastic English is on the secret service of her majesty, nepenthe.

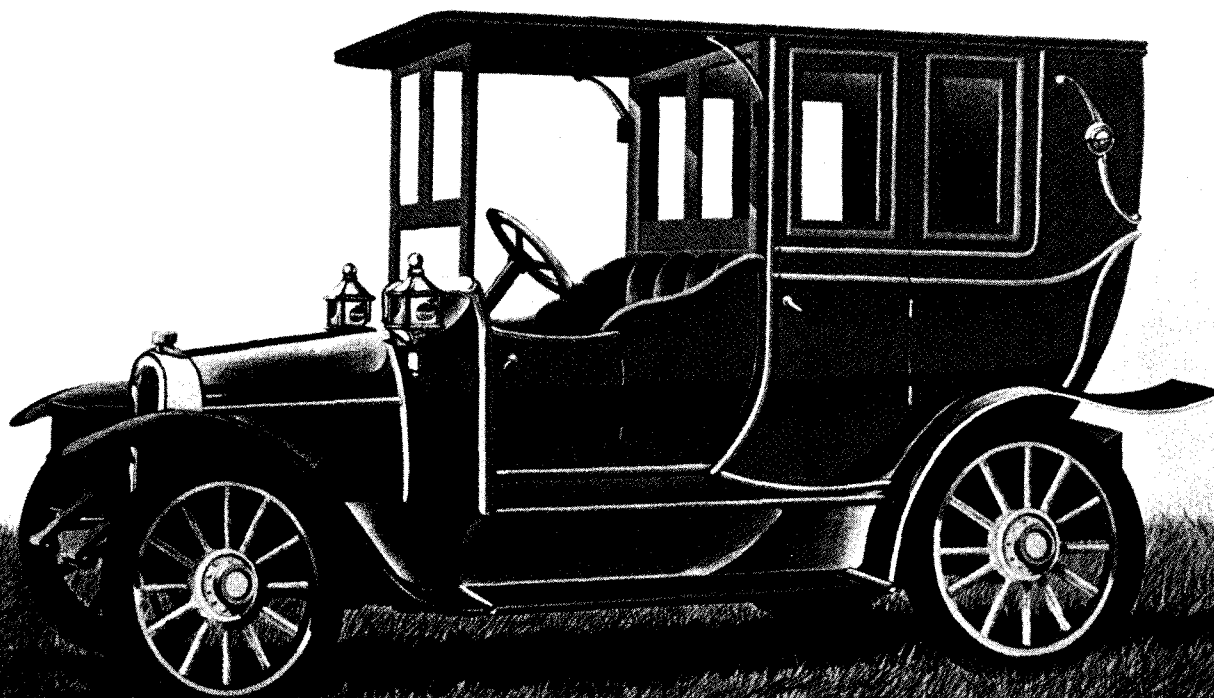
2. ". . . Monod is constrained to use the word 'teleonomy,' which stands for living 'objects endowed with a purpose or project,' and which includes the genetic replication of such purpose. Yet in no way is this to be confused with 'teleology' à la Aristotle, or with final causation, and certainly not with 'animism,' which is the projection of organic teleonomy into the universe itself. This is the author's *bête noire*, and his stable extends from Plato through Leibniz and Hegel, down to dialectical materialism. . . ."

An animistic *bête noire* in a stable? À la Aristotle? This short chunk from a brief review of Monod's *Chance and Necessity* in the *Antioch Review* is a fair example, not in the least atypical, of the state of the art of scholarly prose, complete with the warts of terminological jugglery, foreign phrases sprinkled *ad libitum*, as here, and impacted metaphor. While it does not begin to compare with Orwell's superb example of same from the works of Harold Laski, it is sufficient unto the day. The purpose, clearly, is to anoint the author as an academic mensch.

3. "Just finished 'Life Story.' It really was a hit to my head. You know, it was really refreshing and cosmic. I was a pancake until last year, but guess I missed my chance to tell you about it. . . ."

So a recent letter to the editors of *Rolling Stone*. Two "really"s and one "you know." Par for the course. In an age of lowered barriers, the ultimate creative experience—literary, physical, spiritual—is open to all those who can afford the dues: the price of a rock album and a pledge of allegiance to the lockstep argot of the young. Yet they are—and I'm not kidding—the hope of the world, and if they ever learn to individuate themselves and their language they may be quite unstoppable.

4. "Over the past 50 years, the Mafia has been convulsed by eight



Before there was a Model T there was an Audi.

As most of you know, sometime around the turn of the century (1908 to be exact), Henry Ford brought forth his famous Model T.

As most of you *don't* know, sometime before 1908 (1904 to be exact), August Horch brought forth his not-so-famous Horch—which was what an Audi was called before it was called an Audi.

Now the importance of this car was not merely that it predated the Model T, but also that it was a remarkable automobile in its own right.

For example, it had four cylinders, overhead valves, a top speed of 44 miles an hour and a dual ignition system. Considering the year, 1904, these were amazing accomplishments.

"The Audi should be an automobile of superb craftsmanship and ingenuity." That was our motto then.

That is our motto now.

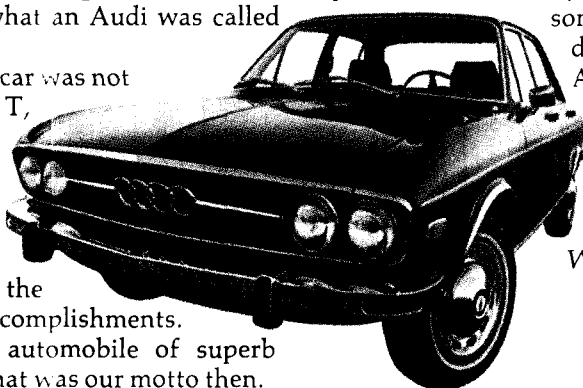
Today's Audi, for example, has rack-and-pinion steering, front disc brakes, *servo-thrust* synchromesh transmission, front-wheel drive, independent front suspension and twin adjustable torsion bars in the rear. Plus some other plums. Like seats that were designed by orthopedic surgeons. And a ventilation system that allows for a complete change of air every 30 seconds.

We consider our present-day Audi a truly remarkable automobile.

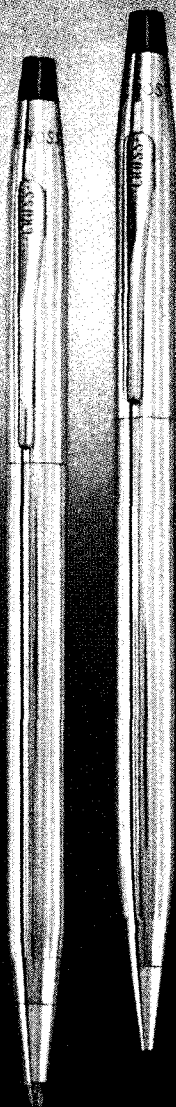
And indeed we should.

We've been working on it since 1904.

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major gang wars, most of them wrenching it further into the twentieth century.

"Each war was set off by personal ambitions and jealousies. Each one shook the organization to its foundations and spilled gallons of blood unnecessarily. But in a historical perspective, each war can be seen as a confrontation between the old order and the new, the old-timers and the Young Turks."

This introit from the recent *New York Magazine* series by Nicholas Gage on the Mafia raises all sorts of yellowing ghosts. The *American Weekly*. The *Daily Graphic*. James Wechsler's cephalically muscular recreations of the twenties. Walter Winchell's voice-over introductions to *The Untouchables*. Apparently color—the color of blood—laced with fancyisms like "historical perspective" and action words like "convulsed" and "wrenching" and Newspeakisms like "confrontation" may be folded together into a reasonable facsimile of the New Journalism (*sic*). A remarkable recycling of an apparently non-biodegradable, to use another nonce word, plastic.

5. "We look on the decision-making process as a very important component of the overall deterrence package."

The speaker is Admiral Thomas Moorer, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. The sentence is not really meaningless; freely translated, that is, stripped of its soothing coating of interchangeable euphemisms—what Orwell called "*phrases* tacked together like the sections of a prefabricated hen-house"—it means, as Robert Sherrill wrote recently in the *New York Times Magazine*, "that, while everyone else from New York to San Diego may be wiped out en masse, the enemy would tremble to know that Washington's bureaucrats and politicians had survived and were making decisions just as well as always."

Other officialese, of course, is intended to mean just nothing; Melvin Laird is sardonically saluted by Sherrill in the same article for his adroitly unresponsive answers to the questions of congressional committees. And some public language is intended to turn black into white, hey

Teach him to dial "0" and he'll always have a friend.

Of all the important things your child should learn, there's one he should learn right away.

That's how to dial "0" when he needs help in a hurry and doesn't know the number. Because the telephone operator is a friend who wants to help and, what's more important, can help in an emergency.

It's important. It may even be critical. Because a frightened, crying child's ability to dial "0" could save a life. Your child's life. Maybe yours.

Tell your child not to be afraid to call. After all, 100,000 times a day, the sick, the injured and the frightened dial "0" for help.

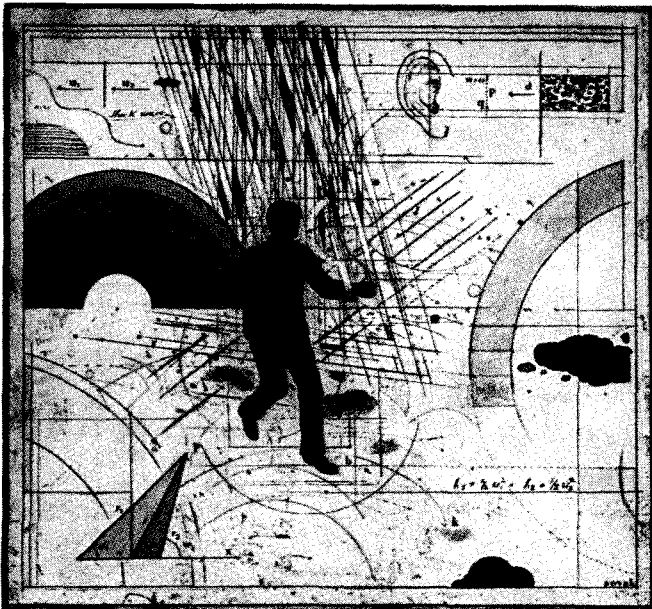
We know handling emergency calls is too important a job to learn it on the job. So our operators learn in practice sessions, where they receive simulated calls. How to get an ambulance. How to alert the fire department. How to contact medical help.

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Of course, the extra time and training that operators receive in order to handle emergency calls costs extra money. But it's worth it. Because you know there's always help on the other end of your telephone line if you dial "0"

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artist: p. sovak

The real

Technology has trapped us in a roar of unnatural sound which threatens our health, our thinking—our very sense of well-being.

The ideal

We can rediscover our own best natures when we once again find the quiet that has been lost.

Total environmental noise is doubling every ten years. And unwanted sound forces up our blood pressure, tenses our muscles, frazzles our nerves.

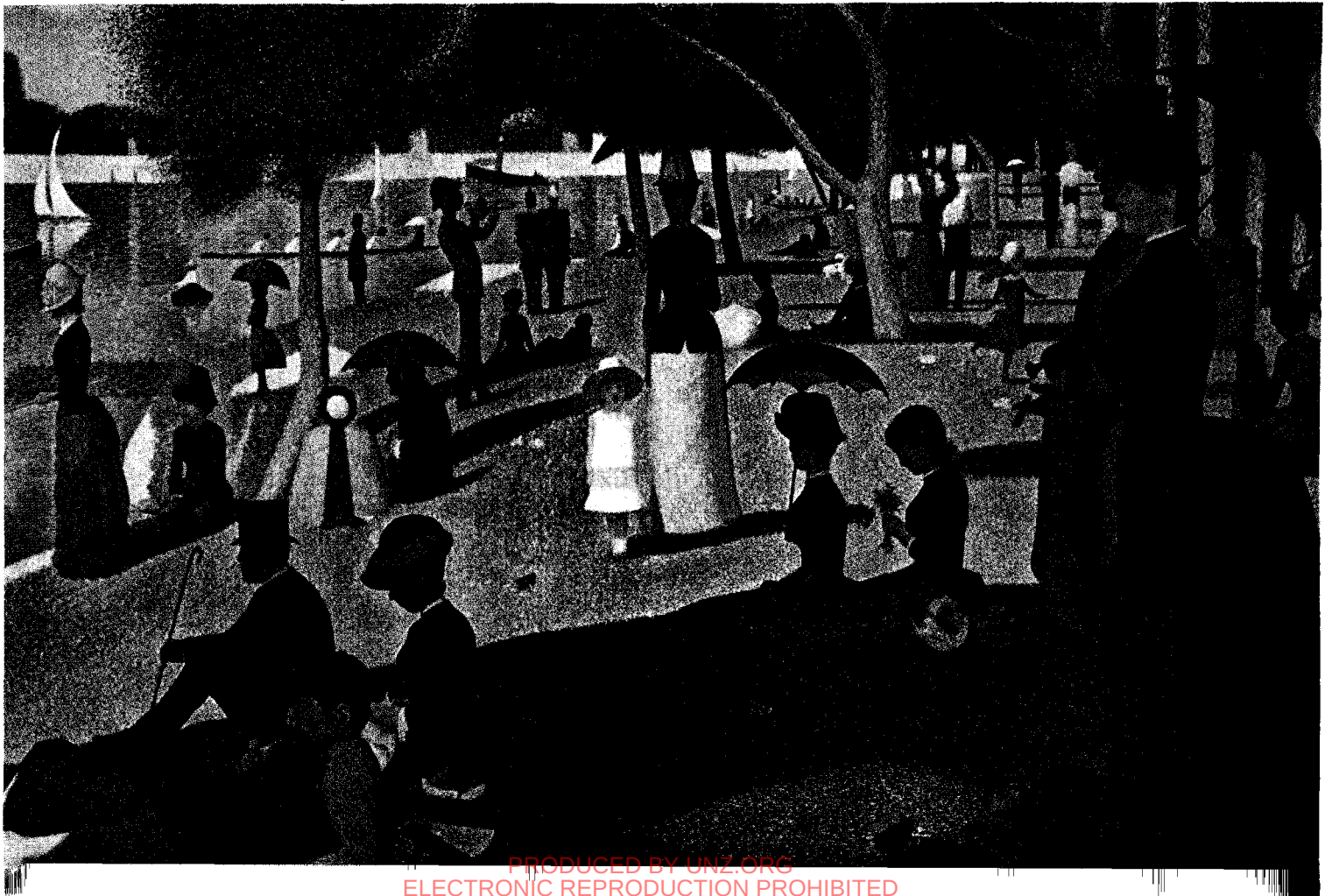
But noise is an environmental enemy we can conquer with better urban planning, improved industrial design, well-planned legislation, sound-dampening

construction, and above all, respect for one another's right to quiet.

It's time for all of us to help plan ways for quieting things down—while we can still hear ourselves think.

AtlanticRichfieldCompany ♦

artist: seurat The Art Institute of Chicago



BYSTANDER

presto!, before the astonished voter's eyes. Thus Senator Hugh Scott's recent call for the Nobel Peace Prize for President Nixon, which Tom Wicker nominated for the "Orwell Award." on the grounds that Scott "had come about as close as anyone could to the ideal Newspeak formulation, 'War is Peace.'"

6. "In North Vietnam, in the period from 1954 to 1956 . . . a minimum of 500,000 were murdered, assassinated . . . in the event that the United States followed the course of action recommended by some of those who have voted for the so-called end-the-war resolution in the Senate . . . it would mean that there would be visited upon South Vietnam the same atrocities that were visited upon North Vietnam, with perhaps at least one million marked for assassination. . . . That would be the height of immorality to impose on the 17 million people of South Vietnam a Communist government with the bloodbath that would follow. . . ." Thus President Nixon in a recent press conference.

Later, in the same conference: "This question I noticed has been reflected on by some lower-level officials in the Government, but not because Secretary Rogers and I have talked about this matter and Dr. Kissinger and I, not by us."

It's nice to watch a real master at work. In the first set of quotations President Nixon is, as Tom Wicker has said, grossly inflating the number of casualties in North Vietnam in 1954-1956, a figure usually set at 10,000 to 15,000 and never higher than 50,000, in order to set the stage for what Wicker called the President's "nearly singlehanded discovery of the coming bloodbath" involving the wildly speculative figure of a million South Vietnamese. This in the context of a conference in which he accused the Secretary-General of the United Nations of "a hypocritical double standard" on the subject of the bombing of the dikes.

In the second quotation Mr. Nixon is simply retreating into what Oliver Jensen once happily dubbed Eisenhowerese: an inscrutably inarticulate utterance in public.

This gross manufacture of plastic English for self-seeking ends in high

places is especially worrying because it implies that a speaker who, like the cuttlefish, shrouds himself in inky opacities has no real knowledge of his whereabouts, and, lost in the stylish practice of duplicities, can no longer distinguish a real right from a real wrong. But, naggingly, this plastic deformation of language for selfish purposes is pandemic now: it pops up in the slovenly shortcuts of all kinds of lazy, self-indulgent writing—"Yes, ma'am," with its needful pause and broadening apostrophe, is increasingly rendered as the nuanceless, and downright wrong, "Yes mam."

All sorts of special pleaders, however just their cause, begin to sound, in the ripeness and density of their trite political catchphrases, like American Communists of the thirties. Women's Liberation, which now prefers to be called "the movement," for one, has turned its useful dialogue with its exploiters into a useless monologue by settling for such thoughtless formulas as "male chauvinist." On another front, such movements distort and corrupt further the language already savaged by the Establishment politicians when they conspire to eliminate the innocuous, and correct, locution, "Everyone knows *he* has to decide for *himself*," and to substitute the odious Newspeakism "chairperson" for the sufficiently separate—and equal—"chairman" and "chairwoman."

A plague on plastic prefab houses, and on the widespread debasement of our only valid (*there's* a nonce word; even in an article like this, I can't eliminate them all) tool for change: independent thought, expressed in individual language. For what does it profit a man if he gains a whole new world, but loses the soul of his moral authority: his ideas and the fragile, precious, idiosyncratic words he clothes them in?

PHOTO AND DRAWING CREDITS

Cover—Milton Glaser

52,55,56,—Eugène Mihaesco
59,60,63

68—The New York Times

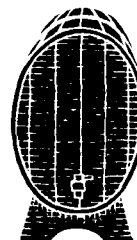
78,81,83—Edward Sorel

95—Ken Maryanski

109—Pamela Cochrane

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2nd of a series

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Brother Timothy, F.S.C., Cellarmaster
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THE MAIL

NEW CHASTITY

SIR: I feel compelled to respond to Midge Decter's article "Toward the New Chastity" (August *Atlantic*), particularly those portions describing the female's physical and psychological responses to intercourse. Such statements as "pursuit of orgasm for a woman is an entirely irrelevant undertaking" and "her need for sex is diffuse" are her opinions and surely should not be taken as the result of a scientific study. Personally, I feel that Ms. Decter might have a difficult time finding *any* woman to agree with her.

I strenuously object to Ms. Decter's interpretation of the women's movement's "stand on sex." As a member of two national women's groups—NOW and the National Women's Political Caucus—I have not heard any women's groups make any statements on sex. Over 96 percent of the women I know who are officially connected with the women's movement are married (and for all appearances, happily married). Although Ms. Decter admits that her private interpretation of the movement's stand on sex, that is, that it should be stamped out, is "never directly alluded to" in discussion groups, this fact did not stop her from stating that "Women's Liberationists do not wish to be free to bestow themselves sexually upon men." That line is, pardon me, full of s—. Ms. Decter could have become a participant observer and validated her conclusions, but evidently she was not that concerned with the truth.

Finally, I should like to question the editorial wisdom of a cover design implying that sex is the major concern of the women's movement. With the many profound questions the movement has raised—restructuring of marriage roles, child-rearing practices and family support, equal op-

portunity in the job market—you allow ten pages essentially debating the question, "Should she or shouldn't she?" My answer is, "Who cares?"

MRS. BARBARA FARRELL
Champaign, Ill.

SIR: From your comments in The Editor's Page on Ms. Decter's article "Toward the New Chastity," you must know facts you believe qualify her to speak for "the women's movement," "Women's Liberation," and "Women's Liberationists," none of which she identifies, as well as for all men and all women, on the subject of sexuality. Your readers are not so fortunate. Ms. Decter presents no credentials, quotes one writer whom *she* represents as speaking for the women's movement, admits that numerous writers, speakers, and organizations whom *she* identifies with the women's movement have taken care to avoid man-hating, but for interminable obtuse pages reiterates *her* conclusions which connect the women's movement with frigidity, chastity, and lesbianism.

I was on the National NOW Board for three years, have attended all NOW conferences except the first, and other such meetings, travel throughout the Southeast professionally, meet many women's groups and women identified by their communities as "feminists," and have never encountered the preoccupation with sex which Ms. Decter reports. Aside from whether it would be good or bad, the fact is, it is not there.

One must conclude either that she is a very unreliable reporter and is projecting on other women her own preoccupations and fears (is *she* burdened by sexual freedom?), or that she and *The Atlantic* have proved again that in America no matter what you say about it, as long as your subject is sex, you will get published—

and it never hurts to have a husband in the business.

ELIZA PASCHALL MORRISON
Atlanta, Ga.

SIR: Midge Decter's contention that the women of the Liberation Movement are lately gravitating toward chastity is, I suspect, an accurate one. On the basis of common sense alone one must suppose that any group writing and publishing in such prodigious quantity has little time for doing much of anything else.

But when she falls back on the old Castrating Woman accusation (which you give currency on your cover of questionable taste), her argument depends entirely on the traditional concept of male-female roles which many of us thought had been pretty well demolished by Naomi Weisstein, Mary Ellmann, Simone de Beauvoir, and others. In truth, there is very little hard evidence on the female sex role, and Midge Decter's ruminations on that role are less undisputed fact than the personal revelation of the author.

BARBARA C. VAN SITTERT
Phoenix, Ariz.

SIR: I think that your August cover is obscene and that Midge Decter's article is contrived.

I like a controversy, but if you so offended *me*—definitely a middle-of-the-roader, very happy being a housewife—I wonder if you won't get the fight you're so obviously looking for, and I wouldn't mind if you did wind up with a fat lip!

NANCY G. NEWTON
Twin Falls, Idaho

SIR: I (like any woman who has not been unduly repressed) am quite capable of "lusting in a way that gives proper drive and guidance to action." Initiation of sexual response is for

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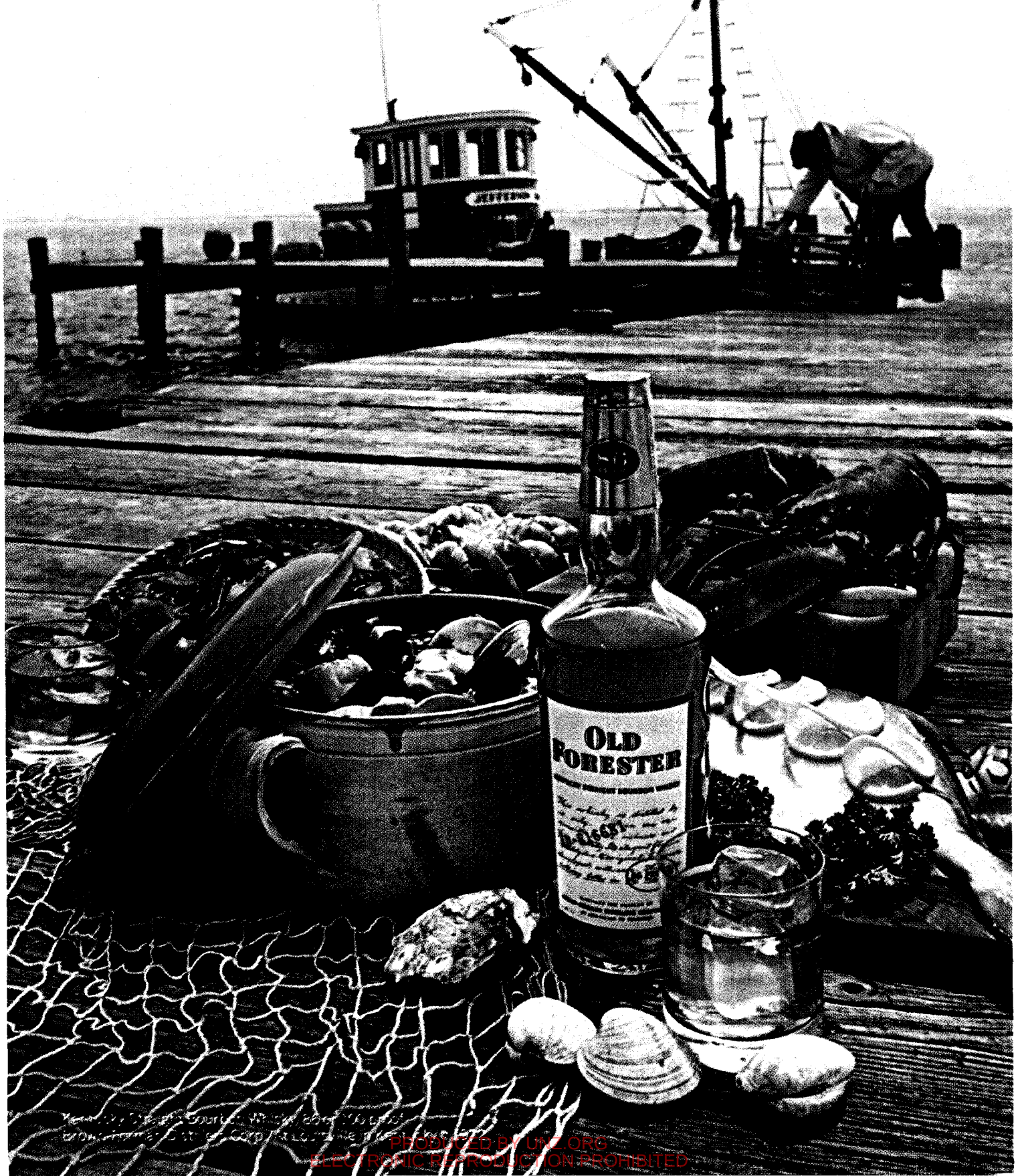
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most women as with most men—an action of the mind for those *who have one*.

C. CASSLES
Washington, D.C.

SIR: Although Midge Decter's observation that many women are seeking liberation in chastity is penetrating, her statement that this chastity can only be achieved by sequestering oneself, or by what she obscurely refers to as "taking the cutting edge off men," is guaranteed to intimidate even those men who survived the clitoral orgasm and the cartoon-mutilation on the magazine's cover. A woman has the option of remaining sexually uninvolved without either of these alternatives—she can refuse to play the sexual game, especially if she feels it is rigged against her.

SHARON T. MORAN
Fayetteville, N.Y.

SIR: If I have penetrated the fastness of Ms. Decter's prose, then I take it that in her "Toward the New Chastity" she is enlisting me among the proponents of the new chastity when she quotes my remark: "Women are not free *not* to be sexy."

By quoting me out of context, she has totally misrepresented my views. The sentence appears in my article "The Mask of Beauty," included in the book *Woman in Sexist Society*, in which I say that the culture demands that women appear to be sexy, that is, look sexy, which meaning is clear in context, but, I admit, not out of context. I there say nothing about whether or not the culture wants women actually to *be* sexy.

Ms. Decter has forgotten that what receives press coverage in this country is the sensational. Few feminists are opting for chastity or lesbianism or the foreclosure of the vagina. For most feminists what the female sexual revolution is all about is conditioning men to follow the golden rule in bed, or to use Ms. Decter's final words, to be capable sexually of making themselves "available to the demands of others."

DR. UNA STANNARD
San Francisco, Calif.

SIR: I would not totally dismiss Midge Decter's ponderous report on the turn toward chastity she sees in our movement. At the great distance from which she views us, she may be



Her father gave her away when she was three years old.

He had to. Her mother is dead. He is incurably ill and can no longer give Angelina food and shelter.

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pardoned, I suppose, for missing certain fundamentals and getting her words confused. First of all, it is a state of celibacy, not chastity, that many of us find ourselves in. Chastity, by its very definition, was something that men historically imposed on women. Celibacy, in contrast, is an individual's choice. Why celibacy? Because transition and turmoil require time and quietude to work things out. Also, men are predictably lagging behind in their own transitions. The flexibility gap to an ardent feminist is terribly frustrating and makes one not care to go through the bother. Plus, believe it or not, we have more important things to pursue than the elusive possibility of good sex in a sexist society.

Other errors Decter makes are less excusable. She flatly avows that pornography is equally stimulating to women. I find this statement absolutely horrifying. I do not view pornography as anything more than male hostility to women: a concept of sex directed toward the male power principle of aggression and domination. Pornography, m'dear, is exactly where it's at. Women who profess to find pornography enjoyable are admitting to a deeply rooted masochism that is the unfortunate result of a lifetime of conditioning at the hands of men who constructed sex exclusively in their own image.

The problem many of us are trying to explore in our chance moments, with relish, was never even hinted at in Decter's piece. It is, in an oversimplified sentence, the attempt to develop our own female notions of what is sexy and stimulating in men—on our own terms. When we can get out from under the male monopoly on sex and sex theories, we may be able to work out a few guidelines, communicate them to men, and have some fun. Fun that will not leave us feeling "had."

SUSAN BROWNMILLER
New York City

SIR: The main impetus of the women's rights movement is so obviously a heterosexual desire to combine sexual, family love with participation in the mainstream of the world's work that I am surprised to see *The Atlantic* in 1972 publish a cartoon cover with castration as its joke and an article by Midge Decter hooting, "Lesbian, lesbian!"

While rationally I try to be receptive to what any woman says about being a woman, emotionally I am nauseated to see Decter, a successful writer and editor who must have attended to her own demands in order to become so, chide women for avoiding "the risks of making oneself available to the demands of others" without chiding men likewise for their historic restriction of women's ambitions and abilities.

MS. FLORA FAY-WADE
Rochester, N.Y.

SIR: *APHRA* has consistently been in favor of *truly* free sexual expression, as have many other segments of the Movement which go unrecorded in Decter's tendentious article.

ELIZABETH FISHER
APHRA
New York City

SIR: Midge Decter is not the only neurotic who can play at abstract, myopic contradictions. Webster had a larger vocabulary and the Marquis de Sade was more to the point.

CHRISTINE SCHOENING
Vancouver, Canada

SIR: Midge Decter relies on some dangerously sexist assumptions to support her apparent dislike of the Women's Liberation movement. Like many men, she understands the demands of the movement almost exclusively as grievances and threats toward men rather than as intentions for and toward women. She even imposes this point of view on feminist writing by undocumented extrapolation from the text, something she finds unforgivable in Kate Millett's *Sexual Politics*. Quoting from Anne Koedt, ". . . there is a fear on men's part that women will seek the company of women on a full, human basis," she responds, "What is referred to in this passage as the fear on men's part is actually a projection of the wishes of Liberationist women—that the 'full, human' company of women together become something men might have good reason to fear." There is, of course, no suggestion anywhere that women together might—on many levels—have something that *women* might have good reason to enjoy.

This is backed up, predictably, by a variation on the standard slur on lesbians and their supposed con-

tamination of the movement. Here Ms. Decter stoops to new depths in the art of petty arrogance—"... the 'shock' of female homosexuality is in all likelihood a response far more restricted to the lesbians themselves, and no doubt to their mothers, than they are pleased to suppose." But again, she cannot isolate female homosexuality as a phenomenon unto itself. She can approach it only as "a very useful ideological underpinning for dispensing with men."

Central to her thesis is the notion that the clitoral orgasm is a masturbatory orgasm and that the pursuit of its pleasure transforms one into a "complete sexual object." Doesn't this condemn much of heterosexual lovemaking and all of oral sex? Could she not know that many women cannot achieve an orgasm at all unless they are manually stimulated during coitus? Could she not know that masturbation for many women does not involve the "absolute erotic passivity" that she suggests nor the sharp split between images of "the actor and the acted upon," but a fully conscious appreciation of one's own body? If she doesn't, perhaps she should *talk* to more women in the Movement. She may find that they, too, like men.

ELLEN LEOPOLD
New York City

SIR: Please cancel my subscription immediately. The cover of your August issue is the most disgusting thing I've seen in a long time.

L. J. RYBERG
Kansas City, Mo.

SIR: I sit at my desk, pen trembling in my hand, fraught with heinous outrage and turbid nausea, but I will be heard. The illustration by Sorel "adorning" the cover of your August (a bitter pun) issue is a true and vivid piece of pornography, implacably impervious to redeeming social value. You have purveyed a vile obscenity into my house. When I gaze my paralyzed eyeballs on that felonious cover a palpable demonic tremor of pain cavorts on and about my pale tortured loins and my tumescent brains throb and writhe in naked anguish. By night that dread concupiscent specter causes me to dream unspeakable, slimy horrors; by day it causes me to walk funny. Alas, you have raped my sincere decency, plundered my glad wholesomeness, maimed my

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sweet innocence. Is the picture to be the first of a series?

JOHN H. WRIGHT, JR.
Minneapolis, Minn.

SIR: Adults may be used to pornography, but my son, age eight, is not. After seeing your August cover he went to the workshop in the back of the house and constructed a machine based on the drawing. If I had not interrupted his labors, there could have been a terrible accident. If you must indulge in low taste, please bear in mind that impressionable youngsters could be damaged forever.

AMIS MARTELLI
Cambridge, Mass.

Midge Decter replies:

Essentially, my critics raise three points: one, that I proclaim sex to be a major preoccupation of the Women's Liberation movement which it is not; two, that I characterize women as not being driven sexually by the same force as that which drives men, nor toward the same ends, when such large numbers of women both profess to be and are so driven; and three, that while I am correct in my claim that Women's Liberation preaches a withdrawal from the trials and responsibilities of heterosexuality, I brutally refuse to applaud the movement for it.

As for one; Eliza Paschall Morrison, Barbara Farrell, and several others seem to have been members of the movement—indeed, active members—without having encountered a preoccupation with sex or having heard, in the case of Mrs. Farrell, "any women's groups make any statements on sex." I can only say in response, you take my breath away. A movement, mesdames, is after all not merely what some particular individual dreams or wishes it to be. This movement in particular has within the past five years produced a considerable body of literature (virtually every word of which, I might add, I have been—as it seems uniquely—privileged to read). If such spokeswomen for Women's Liberation as Kate Millett, Germaine Greer, Gloria Steinem, Vivian Gornick, Shulamith Firestone, Mary Jane Sherfey, not to mention, among my other correspondents, both Una Stannard and Elizabeth Fisher—and countless others—have been repudiated by any groups of Liberationist women, it has to my

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ern part of the country.

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knowledge never been made public. Perhaps the groups of women with whom Eliza Paschall Morrison and Barbara Farrell have been associated, then—if they are truly not concerned with taking a stand on the “age-old, historic sexual oppression” of women by their lovers and husbands—ought to do a little more careful reading of the official ideology of a movement before they sign on. My essay was part of a longer work which is a study of Women’s Liberation based upon the collective written expression of the movement’s ideas about the condition of woman. I can only suggest that the movement’s defenders ought to pay it, and themselves, the same respect as I did. To Eliza Paschall Morrison I would make the further suggestion that her credentials as a feminist would perhaps be better fortified if she learned to attack the arguments of a female opponent without engaging in such a sexist ploy as an insinuation about the probable power of that opponent’s husband.

As for two: I feel constrained, much as it saddens me to have to do so in this most highly educated and sophisticated of times, to point out that the answer to an analysis with which one is in disagreement is an alternative analysis, whose superior rightness or plausibility it will then be left to the reader to decide. This used to be one of the ordinary tacit standards of public discourse. We would be well served, even those of us who are women, to return to it.

Point three: To Barbara C. Van Sittert I would say, the demolition of a concept of male-female differences was precisely what was at issue in my essay. You may believe that Naomi Weisstein and Co. had disposed of the problem, but I believe, and was at certain pains to argue that belief, otherwise. The words “evidence” and “fact”—used in several of these letters—have a strange ring in the context of this disagreement. Personal revelation, a literary form found to be highly popular in Women’s Liberation writings, is, I am afraid, on the other foot.

To Sharon T. Moran, a woman can by all means refuse to play the sexual game—that is an option freely and honorably taken; what she is to be condemned for doing is attempting to play the sexual game, or any other game, both ways.

Elizabeth Fisher ought to under-

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stand that what is at issue is not my failure to have read *APHRA*, for I have read it, and very carefully, but my refusal to view a certain kind of hysterical insistence as, in her words, "truly free." True freedom is something both far more weighty and stern and certainly more joyous than the condition being given expression by even the most "high-literary" effusions of this movement.

And finally, to Dr. Stannard my answer is, yes, you have understood me: I do enlist you among the proponents of the attitude I was describing. I would be happy to quote you "in context"—even to reprint your entire essay, whose clear implication, though perhaps you did not intend it and so now would wish to make some disavowal of what you said, was that the need to make themselves attractive to men was a significant expression of the ways society was oppressive to women. Thus your sentence was properly to be taken literally. Unless, of course, you meant to imply—and as it happens, many members of the sisterhood do so imply in every sentence they utter—that women are helpless boobs who are only capable of doing what they are told. Indeed, the very notion that everything in women's lives that fails to please them is the result of the impositions of a manipulative male culture—a notion that runs through Women's Liberation attitudes on every conceivable subject—presents a picture of women, spineless, supine, without spiritual resource, it is merely laughable to call by the name of feminism.

MARINES

SIR: Re August's letters in response to Steven Warner's article "A Conscientious Objector at Parris Island" (June *Atlantic*): Donald Reiner's letter spoke of maintaining "moral integrity" and providing a picture of "man as the force of evidence." Congressman McCloskey missed the issue by still more, indicating his moral solidarity with Warner and with Warner's now celebrated son.

I suggest in place of this congratulatory consensus that Warner may have been psychologically subverted by the Marine Corps, causing his original revulsion from the Corps to turn to pride in his military service. Therefore, although I agree that Mr.

Warner acted with fortitude, I do not believe he "lived his commitment," the reason being that circumstances rendered him quite incapable of doing so. When Mr. Warner concluded that "the Marine Corps has left its mark on me," I could not have agreed more; I believe it perverted his original commitment without notifying him of the fact.

THOMAS W. NORTON, JR.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Steven Warner replies:

I entered the Marine Corps hating the military and refusing to bear arms. I left the military with some respect for the Marine Corps, but still refusing to bear arms. If this means psychological subversion and "perversion of my original commitment," so it goes.

ADVICE AND CONSENT

SIR: The report "Black Africa" (August *Atlantic*) brings back poignant memories in a single line: "Goods pile up in the port of Lagos and the warehouses of the airport."

Stanley Meisler and I did not meet while I was in Lagos, but I was there for nearly a year trying to unsnarl the ports of Nigeria.

Lagos (actually, Lagos and Apapa) handles 70 percent of the imported and exported goods of Nigeria. The British built it as primarily rail-oriented. At one time, the Nigerian Railway Corporation ran the best system in all Africa. It was both narrow gauge and dependable.

Everything has changed since then. The civil war (1966-1970) caused most of the railway employees, who were Ibos, to depart for their homes in the east; during the war, most equipment was overused, under-maintained, damaged. The Canadian National sent over nearly two dozen experts to help get the rail system functioning again, back in 1970-1971, while I was there.

Ship congestion was real. In November, 1970, the local press reported 33 ships waiting for 16 berths in Lagos/Apapa, costing shipowners \$2500 a day. The lines threatened a 25 percent surcharge if things did not improve; we managed to avoid that embarrassment. Things are better now.

FRANK M. GRAVES
Washington, D.C.

Contributors

ROSS TERRILL, a contributing editor, is the author of *800,000,000: The Real China*.

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ALFRED KAZIN's new book, *Bright Book of Life: American Storytellers from Hemingway to Mailer*, will be published next year.

STEWART UDALL was Secretary of the Interior throughout the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations.

RICHARD POIRIER is the author of *The Performing Self*, and the forthcoming *Norman Mailer*, from which this article is adapted.

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The late DIANE ARBUS' career is described on page 105.

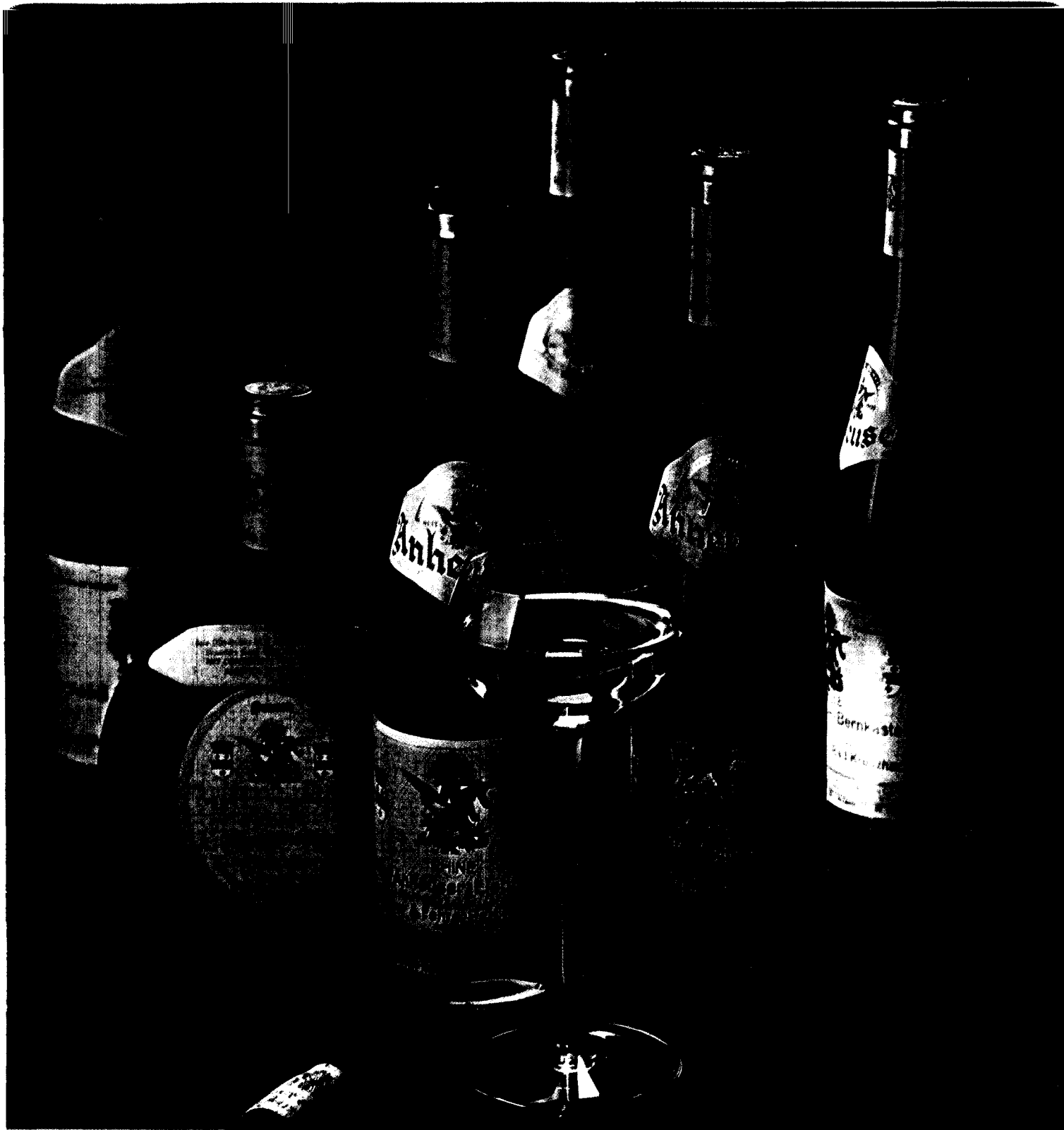
WARD JUST, a contributing editor, is at work on a novel.

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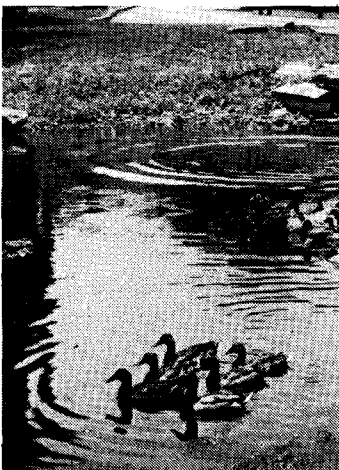
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new mash tub, it means you can enjoy a bit more Jack Daniel's wherever it's carried.



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THE GOVERNMENT IS WATCHING

Is there anything the police don't want to know?

by Thomas Powers

Many Americans take their notions of life in a police state from George Orwell's *1984*, a bitter vision of unrelenting institutional malevolence. The state, Orwell feared, would intrude into every corner of life with the purpose of direct and total control. Every room would be wired for sound, every move scanned by cameras, every acquaintance a potential informer, every thought a potential crime. Orwell's vision was based on certain harsh realities: the Germany and Russia of the 1930s and 1940s, and the growing technology of surveillance available to policemen. He assumed, with reason, that police would do it if they could do it, and foresaw a time, quickly approaching, when nothing would be technically beyond them. Orwell was a man who brooded, working his thoughts over in his mind for years, and the visionary force of *1984* has left its readers with the assumption that the police state of the future must include midnight knocks on the door, interrogation by torture, and pistol bullets in the back of the head.

Much of what Orwell envisioned for the world is now fact, but veiled and muted fact, with the effect that even in this country police activity which would have seemed inconceivable in earlier decades now strikes many otherwise skeptical people as prudent watchfulness, at worst only trivial and overcautious, and perhaps even necessary. Everyone knows vaguely that the FBI keeps an eye on things, that local police departments watch radicals, that even the

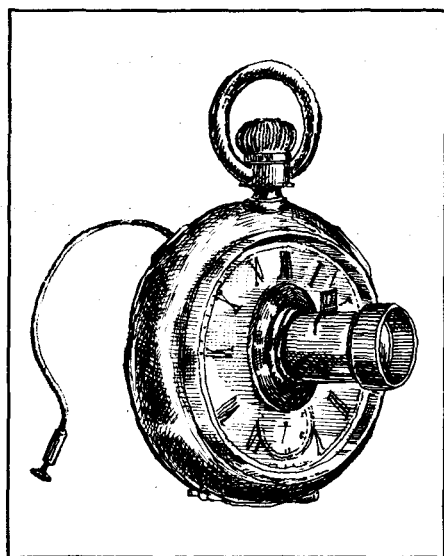
Army for a while was keeping files on people it considered possible troublemakers. But the reality of this political spying has been so much less sinister than Orwell anticipated, so fumbling and occasional, that even those most concerned, its targets or "victims," if you will, have difficulty in maintaining their sense of alarm. Those in favor of this incessant watching argue lamely that one has nothing to fear so long as one has nothing to hide; and those who oppose it still speak more of future rather than present dangers in the use of police procedures for political purposes. Even this writer, when he began, thought other problems more urgent than political surveillance, and yet, when you begin to add everything up, not only what is known, which is plenty, but what is not known, which might be . . . anything . . . Well, let us not anticipate, but proceed.

Perhaps the best place to begin is with the experiences of a single organization, Vietnam Veterans Against the War, a group of several hundred activists and perhaps twenty thousand members all told, of whom very few had taken part in any sort of politics before joining VVAW. The group came to life in April, 1967, when six veterans found themselves marching together in a huge antiwar demonstration in New York. Its official existence has been fitful ever since, growing and subsiding more or less in time with the antiwar movement as a whole. Their best-known action was Operation Dewey Canyon III in

Washington last year, when veterans, some of them missing limbs, threw away their medals. Last December a small group occupied the Statue of Liberty for two days and since then VVAW has been groping for new ways to oppose the war.

VVAW members are not Marxist-Leninist revolutionaries, nor even uniformly radical; witness calm-mannered, Ivy Leaguer John Kerry, a candidate for Congress in a conservative Massachusetts district this year. When the VVAW first began sending around antiwar speakers five years ago, it did not occur to them that they were inviting any more serious response from the government than dour irritation. As it turned out, however, they gradually found themselves under observation from every conceivable direction.

Item: At a VVAW meeting in Kansas City last November, frustrated veterans proposed a wide range of symbolic protest actions, including a "plan" to burn the national Christmas tree in Washington with homemade napalm. Two days after the meeting, Jerry Wilson, the police chief of Washington, called up Rusty Lindley, VVAW's liaison with Congress, and said that VVAW had better not try to burn the tree. Lindley hemmed and hawed, and Wilson, to prove he knew what he was talking about, read over the phone a page or two of what appeared to be a verbatim transcript of the discussion at the Kansas City meeting.



Item: At Valley Forge where the VVAW camped for a week at the end of December, Gary Thomas, who spent three years in military intelligence, got drunk one night and called up the FBI office in Philadelphia. "Hi," he said, "this is George Thompson from Region Two, the 109 MI Group. Have you got anything on the VVAW?" The agent on duty said the VVAW was being handled by Special Agent Bryce Christensen, who said, among other things, "They're planning

to leaflet Philadelphia by plane but they haven't found a plane yet." Thomas: "Now this really freaked me out because only a very few people knew about that."

Item: Late last year, a student at Kent State University named Reinhold Mohr began hanging around the VVAW office. He suggested violence was the way to end the war, rather than throwing away medals in front of the Capitol. He said he had a machine gun and a rocket launcher. VVAW members thought he was crazy and went to a Kent attorney named Howard Allison, who in turn contacted the

local Kent police. One night in April, the VVAW arranged to meet Mohr and his machine gun to take militant gun-brandishing pictures for a leaflet. The police hid in some bushes nearby, arrested Mohr as he left his residence with a large sack, and discovered inside a working, but unloaded, AK-47 machine gun of Chinese make.

When Mohr got down to the police station, however, he told the police he was an undercover agent for the Kent State University campus police force, which turned out to be true. The state auditor's office, contacted a day or two later, confirmed that Mohr had been paid \$918 a month as a member of the campus force. The Kent State administration admitted Mohr's duties included the infiltration of student activist groups, but denied that provocation was also part of his job.

These instances are only a few among many. VVAW phones have been tapped and members have been photographed by unsubtle local police departments across the country. Mysterious strangers have offered to sell them dynamite, their employers have been asked insinuating questions, and one member said the FBI had offered him \$800 a month to become an informer (an unusually large sum, if true).

The FBI, campus police, and local police department "red squads" are not the only organizations to have investigated VVAW. Army Intelligence, the Naval Investigative Service, and the Office of Special Investigations of the Air Force all approached members after the VVAW's investigation into alleged war crimes, and the CIA apparently kept track of VVAW members who went to Hanoi last year and to a meeting with the North Vietnamese outside Paris in February. The House Internal Security Committee (HISC) has clipped every reference to them in the underground papers for its huge files (750,000 entries), the Justice Department puts VVAW demonstrations into its civil disturbance computer, the Secret Service has listed at least one member who might be dangerous to public officials, and the Internal Revenue Service is said to have checked into their funding. The VVAW, in short, has been infiltrated, photographed, provoked, wiretapped, followed, filed, suborned, computerized, and charged with offenses stemming from political activity. In Florida this summer the organization finally shared the fate of other activist groups in recent years when the Justice Department charged six VVAW members with conspiring to disrupt the Republican convention in Miami. The case is typically confused but it is already clear that the VVAW will now be spending more time defending itself in court than organizing protests against the war.

If they (that is, the domestic intelligence community, the loosely associated investigators for the FBI, local police departments, the military, the CIA, the Internal Revenue Service, the Secret Service, the Alcohol and Tobacco Tax Division of the Treasury Department, which handles cases involving firearms

and explosives, and many other agencies) are paying this sort of attention to VVAW, what are they doing about everyone else who chooses to act outside of mainstream politics? No one knows for sure, not the Attorney General, not the President, not even the director of the FBI, because these organizations all keep secrets from each other. The amount of spying is huge, and yet the government blandly assures us there is nothing to worry about. The various agencies don't actually *do* anything with the fruits of their investigations, they say, except file them away.

Early in 1968, Captain Christopher H. Pyle taught a class at the Army Intelligence School in Fort Holabird, Maryland, entitled "CONUS [that is, Continental United States] Intelligence and Spot Reports." After leaving the Army, Pyle investigated its domestic intelligence activities further and wrote an article for the *Washington Monthly* which appeared in January, 1970. The effect was an immediate outcry, a continuing stream of disclosures, hearings by the Senate Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights headed by Senator Sam Ervin, Democrat of North Carolina, and the gradual revelation of the outlines of a vast program of surveillance by a sprawling domestic intelligence community in which the Army was only the most recent member.

The Army's activity was conducted by many organizations with constantly changing names and missions, but at its heart was a nationwide teletype network connecting 300 of its own offices and 1200 of its own agents established by the Army Intelligence Command. Reports were forwarded to the Counter-Intelligence Analysis Branch (CIAB) of the Pentagon, where they were used to publish a so-called mug book of "agitators" referred to as the "blacklist," a fat two-volume *Counter-Intelligence Research Project on Persons and Organizations of Civil Disturbance Interest* called the "compendium," a weekly *Counter-Intelligence Records Information System [CRIS] Briefing Report*, and numerous other special studies of individuals, radical groups, major demonstrations, and so on. Vast microfilm files were created, large quantities of information were computerized, and regional offices across the country all maintained dossiers on local groups and individuals.

Once begun, the Army's domestic intelligence program grew exponentially to a point where its average of 1200 weekly spot or incident reports covered just about every kind of political activity within the country, from candlelight peace vigils by church groups to reports (based entirely on a photograph taken at a picnic) of a political alliance between the Reverend Jesse Jackson and Illinois State Treasurer (now Senator) Adlai Stevenson III. The Army had agents at both the Democratic and Republican conventions in 1968, infiltrated activist groups, photographed demonstrators, and even attempted to stir up trouble within radical groups in Chicago. The very size of

this intelligence gathering effort, its indiscriminate nature, and its obtuseness (one prominent civil rights leader was described as "known to have many known affiliations") made it entirely useless for the purpose of predicting civil disturbances, its formal justification.

But Army political investigations were the source of only a small fraction of the incidents and entries recorded in its computers and in the *CRIS Briefing Reports*. Most of them originated with the FBI; the rest are of primary concern as a mirror image—if a somewhat fumble-fingered one—of the political spying conducted by the FBI.

The FBI stands at the dead center of the domestic intelligence community. It is the largest organization of American police whose work can be called political: politics takes an estimated 40 percent of the time of 8600 FBI agents. Created in 1919, it is older than any similar organization except the Bureau of Special Services in New York (1904) and it has the clearest and most consistent political philosophy. That philosophy, quite likely the most enduring legacy of J. Edgar Hoover, touches every aspect of domestic political spying in the United States. For fifty-three years until his death last spring, Hoover almost alone decided who among Americans needed watching, why it was necessary, how it should be done, and what the information gathered should be used for. He was often opposed, of course, but he almost always prevailed. It is unlikely that any American has ever been more passionately criticized, for so long, with so little effect.

Hoover's introduction to radical politics came in 1919, when, at twenty-four, he was placed in charge of the Justice Department's General Intelligence Division (GID) by Woodrow Wilson's Attorney General, A. Mitchell Palmer. In the wake of the Russian Revolution, radicals all over the world felt a critical historical moment had arrived, and political activity, violent and otherwise, intensified sharply. In the United States a series of anarchist bombings brought on a wave of hysteria. Palmer, with dreams of riding the wave to the White House, initiated an intensive campaign against radicals.

As chief of GID, it was Hoover's job to decide who was dangerous, a task he carried out with incredible energy and dispatch, compiling dossiers on sixty thousand radicals in just over three months. Hoover later told a friend that certain dark and troubling facts had gradually become apparent to him during this period. Immersing himself in the rhetorical seas of revolutionary plotting and agitation, reading crude leaflets and newspapers late into the night, compiling records of the sordid, desperate lives of anarchists, Communists, and lonely terrorists, the puritanical, fiercely patriotic Hoover experienced what amounted to a secular revelation: revolutionists proceed by conspiracy, revolutionary parties are rigidly totalitarian, the revolutionary mind is obsessed with violence. However common a view then or now,

the intensity of these early impressions never left him.

During the 1930s, the Communists involved themselves, sometimes secretly, in almost every "progressive" struggle. At the same time, the American Communist Party, like most others then and since, was controlled by Moscow, which meant that domestic groups opposing Fascism or favoring higher wages for seamen found themselves taking sudden weird turns in policy as the result of events in Russia. Hoover's conclusion from all this was that every political group not clearly right-wing was a potential target of Communist infiltration. Any member of such a group *might* be a secret Communist. The group itself, likewise, *might* be secretly controlled by the American Communist Party (commonly referred to then, and by Hoover always, as the CPUSA) and thus, at one remove, under the thumb of Moscow. The only way to know for sure was to check thoroughly into each group and all its members, which Hoover did.

Hoover's authority to do so came slowly, at first in limited bits and pieces. First came presidential directives during the 1930s, and the Smith Act of 1940 prohibiting "advocacy" of the violent overthrow of the government. Then came wartime "national security" wiretapping. The Federal Employee Loyalty Program ordered by President Truman in 1947, the Emergency Detention and Internal Security Acts of 1950, the Anti-Riot Act of 1968 used to prosecute the Chicago Eight, and antibombing legislation passed in 1970 all gave Hoover more authority. Early in the 1960s he authorized investigations of New Left groups, justifying his action by raising the possibility of Communist infiltration, which the bureau referred to as COMINFILT. Little is known about these early investigations, but it is clear that the government (presumably through the FBI) was intercepting the phone conversations of Tom Hayden, an SDS founder, and Abbie Hoffman, then a civil rights activist, as early as 1962.

For at least thirty-five years, then, on statutory and presidential authority, and, where they did not exist, on his own authority, Hoover investigated political activity with little restraint. During that time, the FBI's preoccupations were spread as widely as its reports, which went everywhere. In a New York court case early this year, the FBI admitted that reports on the November, 1969, Moratorium activities of the Fifth Avenue Peace Parade Committee were given to the Secret Service, the Department of State, the Department of Justice, the Internal Revenue Service, the Office of Special Investigations of the Air Force, the Naval Investigative Service, and the 108th MI Group in New York. The FBI frequently leaks information to selected newsmen. During the McCarthy era and even in recent years, FBI files found their way to congressional committees investigating subversion. Since the FBI is the ultimate custodian of domestic political intelligence, its assumptions, suspicions, and methods set the style for almost all other

political investigating. This naturally raises the question of just what, exactly, the FBI has been looking into, and what it has discovered.

There are three major sets of documents which bear on the political investigations of the FBI. The first consists of some eight hundred pages of FBI dossiers made public during the 1949 trial of Judith Coplon for espionage. The second consists of more than two hundred political files stolen from the FBI office in Media, Pennsylvania, in March, 1971, and reprinted in full by *WIN* magazine last spring. The third set, which are FBI reports once removed, appears in the Army's *CRIS Briefing Reports*. In addition, a handful of miscellaneous documents have been made public in whole or in part, such as the FBI report on the 1970 Earth Day activities in Washington obtained by Senator Edmund Muskie.

The Judith Coplon documents largely concern the relations between the FBI and the Communist Party, a political thicket too dense to penetrate here. It is enough to say that Hoover's preoccupation with the Communist Party was nothing short of an obsession. A measure of the obsession is that when the United States entered World War II, five and a half months after Hitler had invaded Russia, the FBI—acting on authority granted by President Roosevelt in 1940—had seven national security wiretaps: three on the Communist Party, and just two each on agents of Japan and Germany.

In the early 1960s, when Communist Party membership had fallen to 8500, of whom 1500 were FBI informants, a special squad in Washington was spending much of its time investigating the last *three* party members in the area. According to congressional testimony by Ralph Stein, an Army Intelligence sergeant who ran the CIAB left-wing desk at the Pentagon in 1967-1968, the FBI sent him an extensive report on Communist Party activities four times a year. It described in minute detail the fundraising, political work, and social life of party members in each of twenty-five separate regions. It was clear to Stein, as it had been clear to the New Left, that the party was moribund, but Hoover would not let go.

The Media, Pennsylvania, documents confirm the broad range of the FBI's curiosity and provide insights into the FBI's conception of its work. Taken as a whole, they make clear that Hoover's approach to the surveillance of radical groups was to investigate not only those he considered an immediate danger—the Communist Party or the Black Panthers, say—but also, with equal minuteness, their actual or even potential allies.

A related point made by the Media papers is that the FBI (and by the same process of transference, every organization which came into contact with the FBI) wanted to know the name and doings of every group or individual engaged in political activity left

of dead center. No group is too small, no protest too insignificant, no political belief too private, no association too tentative to elicit the FBI's attention.

In some ways the Army's catchall *CRIS Briefing Reports* are even more revealing, since they are a good indication of what the FBI considered important enough to pass on to other agencies. Reading them, one is struck by the indiscriminate nature of FBI political investigating. A typical example in an Army CRIS report for late October, 1969, came from the FBI office in Jackson, Mississippi:

75-100 persons attended a meeting of the Central Methodist Church to discuss plans for the mid-November antiwar activities in Washington. A plan to charter a bus for Washington was voted down as too expensive and the only substantive decision made was for another meeting on 5 November. J— H—, a local new left activist, presided.

The *CRIS Briefing Reports*, read at length, are evidence that the FBI not only investigates and reports on much that is utterly insignificant, but fails to evaluate what it does send around. Indeed it often misses the few details that really might matter. Throughout the fall of 1969 the FBI passed on to the Army reports on SDS meetings, demonstrations, and rallies, all in its characteristically flat, deadpan tone, and all followed by the inevitable notation: "This document contains neither recommendations nor conclusions of the FBI."

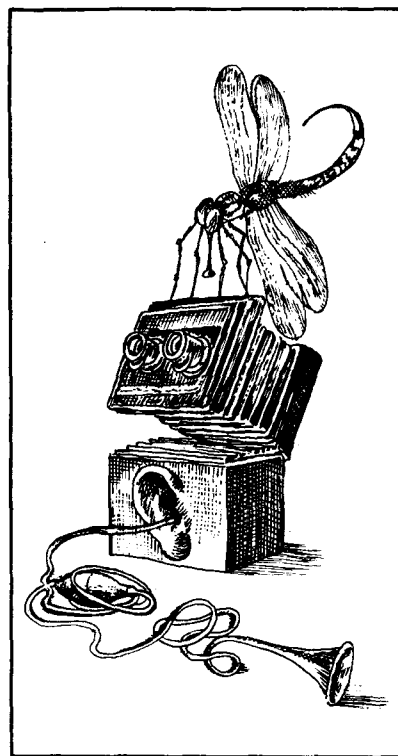
Perhaps the FBI had narcotized itself through years of solemnly reporting the exaggerated threats of frustrated revolutionaries. Perhaps they felt SDS had been disillusioned by the 1969 "Days of Rage" in Chicago, when only four hundred SDS cadres showed up instead of the hoped-for 2500 street-fighting radicals. Whatever the explanation, the FBI failed to report the moment in Flint, Michigan, when SDS decided to go underground and open a campaign of terrorist bombings. At the end of the Flint meeting, the FBI told the Army:

As of 2400 hours 31 December 1969, SDS had concluded all of its activities at the National War Council . . . with the delegates to NWC dispersing throughout the day from St. Mary's Convent, Flint. The overall attitude of the delegates was one of dismay since there were no definitive plans or goals decided upon as a result of the five-day meeting. Closed.

In fact, SDS leaders had been meeting secretly at the convent. There they made detailed plans to reorganize themselves into affinity groups communicating through a central office. The Weatherman bombings later in 1970 were a direct result of the discussions in the convent.

A far more typical FBI failing is literal reporting of harebrained schemes never seriously considered. James Ahern, the New Haven police chief at the time of the May Day demonstration and author of a book called *Police in Trouble*, tells of his surprise on reading a fifteen-page FBI report submitted to President

Nixon. In it Ahern found every nutty plan, rumor, and scaremongering report which had crossed his desk in the previous month. The vast majority he didn't take seriously; the rest were discounted after further investigation by New Haven police. The FBI simply gathered up this "raw data" and sent it on to the President, who, not surprisingly, ordered federal troops to stand by. Similar examples are found throughout the *CRIS Briefing Reports*, such as the following:



On 10 January 1970 SDS held a meeting at Ann Arbor, Michigan, from 1000-1700 hours, purpose to discuss plans for a trash-dash in at the University of Michigan ROTC building on the 12th, 13th or 14th of January 1970. The plans call for fast entry into the building, destroying records and property and exiting before police have an opportunity to intervene. Approximately 100-150 persons were present at the meeting. Approximately 60 voted for the trash-dash in, only 15 persons indicating that they would participate. Two members of the Weatherman faction present at the meeting advocated the use of violence to achieve the desired results of this action.

What action? Sixty votes would be a majority if 100 were present, but a minority if 150 were there; did the vote carry, or didn't it? Was the trash-dash in going to take place, or not? If one were to take this seriously, as Nixon took the FBI's overstated reports about May Day, 1970, seriously, one might logically prepare for the worst. Such reports are not only misleading because they ignore the critical question of reliability, but dangerous because they exaggerate the true mood and intentions of the group in question. The National Guardsmen who fired on students at Kent State, like the officers who ordered them to load their weapons, were clearly under the influence of exaggerated, and in some cases hysterical, notions of what students were like or might do.

At the very heart of the FBI's political investigations is the question of judgment. Clearly there are political groups which pose some sort of genuine threat, but the FBI is not careful to distinguish between those which are in fact dangerous, and those which are simply radical. Under Hoover the FBI characteristically chose the bureaucratically safer path of investigating everything and reporting everything; in that way the Bureau was

covered no matter what happened. In 1967 Hoover demonstrated this mixture of extreme caution and extreme suspicion in a typically melodramatic way.

That summer President Johnson and the Russian Premier Alexei Kosygin met in Glassboro, New Jersey. As was not then known but has since become clear, Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara had pushed hard for the meeting in order to press upon Kosygin personally the importance of disarmament talks between Russia and the United States. Armaments technology had reached a new takeoff point and both countries were in for a whole new arms race spiral involving huge expense and danger if some sort of limitations agreement could not be reached. McNamara made his case, Kosygin was impressed, and the meeting was adjourned for a few days to give Kosygin a chance to communicate with Moscow.

It occurred to McNamara that he might meet again informally with Kosygin to discuss the matter further, and Mrs. McNamara called the Russian mission to the United Nations in New York, where Kosygin was staying, to invite him to Washington for dinner. Kosygin, however, had already made plans to visit Niagara Falls with his daughter and the dinner plans fell through.

The following day when McNamara arrived at his office in the Pentagon, he found on his desk an envelope marked, LITERALLY EYES SEC DEF ONLY. Inside was a handwritten note from Hoover saying that a woman identifying herself as McNamara's wife had called the Russian mission to the United Nations and had asked to speak to Premier Kosygin. Just that; nothing more. As was customary, Hoover was reporting only the raw data, not the conclusions or recommendations of the FBI.

Like Hoover, the Army was suspicious of everything and inclined to believe that the Communist Party was somehow behind everything. Ralph Stein told Senator Ervin's Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights of the Pentagon's obsessive interest in David Dellinger, whom it saw as a sinister figure of vast and mysterious power. The Pentagon also assumed the antiwar movement was being funded by Communist sources. Stein told the subcommittee that he once gave a briefing at the CIA where he was asked

if there was foreign financing for those [underground] papers. I had conducted a very exhaustive study of these papers and also of *Ramparts* Magazine on which I did a separate, complete study, and I was prepared to tell them that far from being financed from any hostile power abroad, it was a source of continual amazement to me that these papers could meet any kind of deadline at all. The people who were actually putting out these papers were actually using their lunch money, and we could prove this. . . . I delivered the finished [*Ramparts*] study to Mr. Merrill Kelly who informed me, in no uncertain terms, that, having failed to establish a foreign financing background—he specifically used the phrase “comintern backing”—I had essentially failed in my mission.

The FBI's curiosity about everything, its reluctance to exercise judgment, the guilt-by-association principle behind its investigations, its equation of political belief with physical threat were all characteristic of the Army's intelligence program, too, just as they are of local police red squads. FBI agents maintained close contact with local police departments, and the Bureau sent around periodic lists of “Persons of National Intelligence Interest” to guide the departments in their investigations. The Newark police, for example, investigated local radicals on grounds too loose to define. In a court hearing last year Frank Askin, a Rutgers University law professor, tried to pin down the local police chief.

Q: Why are you interested in where he [Joel Myron, a Rutgers student] is employed?

A: Because I consider him a man with a potential for danger.

Q: What do you base that feeling upon?

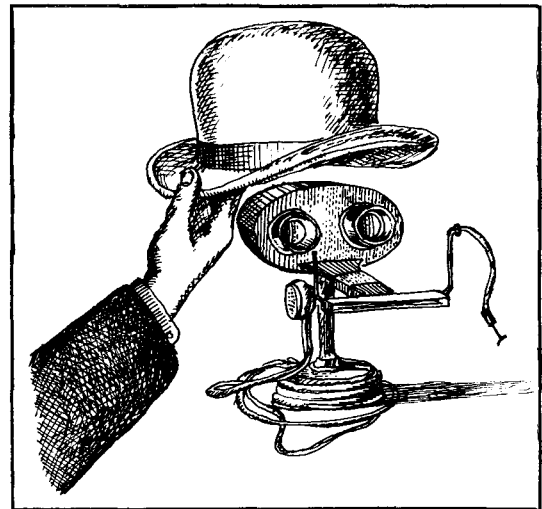
A: His membership in the SDS, and his presence at Newark Airport when President Nixon came on October 17th, 1970.

Q: What was he doing specifically at the airport that day that concerned you?

A: If I may use the terminology, he was “skulking around.”

Q: Anything else?

A: That is all.



Another example would be a report given to the Army by the Intelligence Division of the Chicago police department. (The relationship between the Chicago red squad and the Army's 113th MI Group in Evanston, Illinois, was close. When the 113th was ordered to destroy its files in mid-1970, it saved the SDS dossier and gave it to the police.) The report was dated, and presumably sent and received, on Christmas Eve, 1969.

Ken L— has taken part in numerous antiwar demonstrations in Chicago area and normally carries a camera. In the past, many of L—'s photographs of the CPD R54 Squad [e is the fifth letter of the alpha-

bet, *d* the fourth; thus, red] have appeared in underground news publications as well as photographs of other identified members of government agencies.

Chicago, Illinois, on 24 December 1969, during the evening hours, Ken L—— . . . photographer for the Liberation News Service and associated with the Non-Violent Action Training Center, Chicago, allegedly attempted to photograph the section of the Jackson Park site, D Battery, 1 Battalion, 60th Artillery, Chicago, *wherein the nativity scene was located*. According to L——, he twice attempted to photograph the scene and was finally forced to flee. [Author's italics.]

The *CRIS Briefing Reports* containing this and hundreds of other reports from the FBI, local police departments, campus police forces, newspapers, and dozens of other organizations were distributed to all six Army Commands within the United States, the office of the Deputy Chief of Staff for Intelligence, and military headquarters in Alaska, Hawaii, Europe, Panama, and elsewhere.

The Media documents and the *CRIS Briefing Reports* make it clear that political surveillance in the late 1960s was extraordinarily widespread, covering a range of activity from innocuous poking around to peaceful protest to outright terrorism. The Army claims it has ended its domestic intelligence program, although it maintains its conventional intelligence activities. But Army agents originated less than a third of the reports *CRIS* collected and distributed. The other agencies, led, as always, by the FBI, are still at work, so political surveillance presumably is still widespread. The question is, *how* widespread?

For a reporter, no hard answer to this question is possible; authoritative officials who could answer in detail are silent, except when they choose to reveal part of what they know. Even making an estimate is difficult because so much political surveillance goes by other names. The various law enforcement agencies involved all insist they are investigating crime, not political activity, but it is clear that what are in certain cases prosecuted as "crimes," such as conspiring to cross state lines with intent to incite a riot, or Daniel Ellsberg's alleged "theft" of government documents, are more political than criminal. Even legal activity is investigated for supposedly "nonpolitical" reasons, such as the need to determine if a group is being infiltrated by Communists, or to predict civil disturbances. Estimating the extent of political surveillance therefore means knowing exactly which questions to ask of whom.

During his term as Attorney General under President Johnson, Ramsey Clark asked the FBI a number of such specific questions. "A group of congressmen once asked me to find out if it was really true that the FBI maintained dossiers on congressmen,

something which had been rumored for years," Clark said recently. "I asked Mr. Hoover in writing and the answer came back, 'Absolutely not.'" (Hoover meant he did not routinely investigate congressmen, but on another occasion he put a different emphasis on a similar answer by stating that the FBI did not investigate congressmen "as such.")

The question of national security wiretapping is considerably more complicated. The 1968 Omnibus Crime Control Act legalized wiretapping and bugging with a warrant for the first time, but the Justice Department under Attorney General John Mitchell claimed the government had a right to tap phones in national security cases without a warrant. In June the Supreme Court unanimously disagreed and two days later the new Attorney General, Richard Kleindienst, said the government maintained "less than thirty" internal security wiretaps of which "less than ten" involved domestic groups with no significant relationship to foreign nations. A week later the Justice Department claimed it had discontinued six domestic taps.

"Less than ten" minus six is clearly not very many taps, but who knows whether Kleindienst was telling the complete and exact truth? In the first place, the FBI has often misled attorneys general about its wiretapping practices, and in the second, the Justice Department told the U.S. District Court of Washington in July, 1971, that it had overheard conversations of Abbie Hoffman on five different wiretaps, four of them having to do solely with domestic groups. Whatever the precise truth of the matter, it is important to remember that the practical effect of the Supreme Court's ruling is only that evidence obtained from illegal wiretaps cannot be used in court. The FBI tapped phones for more than thirty years before the practice was finally legalized in 1968, and it would be exceedingly trustful to assume that it will not go on doing so.

Ramsey Clark is suspicious of the Justice Department's claim of "less than ten" minus six for more specific reasons. In the wake of a controversy over illegal FBI taps on Mafia leaders' phones, President Johnson issued an executive order dated June 30, 1965, banning all domestic wiretapping of whatever sort. The only domestic security tap Clark could recall before that date was on the phones of the W. E. B. DuBois Club, a student organization controlled by the Communist Party.

Clark says he received "perhaps half a dozen" requests a month for taps on agencies, offices, and individuals connected with foreign powers, some of which he granted, and some denied. Despite the President's ban on domestic tapping, the FBI also submitted regular requests for wiretaps on groups including Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference, the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, the Black Panthers, SDS, the Fifth Avenue Peace Parade Committee, the Student Mobilization Committee, and on individuals active in protest politics.

"I think these requests would number in the scores rather than the hundreds," Clark says, "but the question is how many would have been requested if any of them had been authorized." He says he rejected all of them, without exception. The FBI's obvious eagerness in the domestic security field, the volume of wiretap requests despite the reluctance of an Attorney General like Clark to grant them, and the altogether different attitude of the Justice Department under John Mitchell and Richard Kleindienst, all make Clark doubt the figure of "less than ten" minus six for domestic taps.

How many informants did the FBI have during Clark's term? He never asked specifically and doesn't know. In FBI reports informants were always coded, but in FBI usage an "informant" could be anything from the New York *Times* to phone taps, local police departments, neighbors, or what the rest of us mean by informers. Illegal taps on Mafia leaders' phones in the early 1960s were disguised in this way. "People wonder how we could not have known but we didn't," Clark says. "I used to read their reports and ask myself, 'How could they have overheard a conversation like that? They must have an informer right in his office.' We ought to have known but we didn't."

In much the same way, Clark was disturbed by what he learned about FBI informers after leaving office.

"I was surprised by a lot of things and learned a lot of things," Clark says about his role in the Harrisburg defense. He found, for example, that every rally for the defense was attended by FBI agents who recorded speeches and took photographs. A number of former FBI informers called him to offer their help, more than Clark expected there were and more than the FBI admitted in court that there were. During the trial, an agent testified that the FBI made no attempt to identify persons overheard on tapped phones. Only the subscriber and anyone named in full during the conversation went into the files. As a result, Clark says, "the FBI can't always answer when a court asks if a defendant has been overheard by electronic surveillance." The practical effect is that illegally obtained evidence might not be detected and excluded.

While he was Attorney General, Clark asked for a planning program and budget study on the breakdown of the FBI's spending. Specifically, Clark wanted to know what percentage of the FBI's budget was going for "internal security" activities. Clark left the Justice Department before receiving a satisfactory answer.

How many taps, then? It would seem that no one knows. How many informers? No one knows. How many groups and individuals under investigation? No one knows. One has to reason indirectly, on the basis of such clues as the two hundred political files in the small Media office, the number of FBI-reported incidents in the *CRIS Briefing Reports*, the "scores" of wiretap requests, the fifty-six agents in

New York City alone who counted demonstrators boarding buses for Washington in November, 1969. The FBI told a federal court that its report on the Fifth Avenue Peace Parade Committee's Moratorium activities—one group, one demonstration—was a stack of documents *three feet high*. The FBI assigned *fifty agents* to investigate whether Stokely Carmichael played a provocative role in the April, 1968, riots in Washington. Perhaps the best clue of all is the 35,000 square feet devoted to domestic intelligence files in the FBI's massive new Washington headquarters. All other crimes will get only 23,000 square feet of file space.

The only way to find out what these files contain, Clark believes, is by means of a federal commission with the power to ask questions and demand answers, not only of the FBI but of all federal investigative agencies. Until that time it is hard to see how the public can get an answer to the question "how much?" or how anyone can say with authority how much of the FBI's domestic intelligence gathering is necessary, how much useless, and how much downright dangerous.

It is even harder to determine to what extent other federal agencies make use of surveillance, according to Clark. When the Justice Department asked the IRS in 1966 for a full report on its wiretapping activities, the IRS confessed that they had no well-ordered records on the subject. Officials simply did not know how many taps had been maintained, or on whom, or for what purpose. Estimating the extent of private surveillance is still more difficult, since much of it is illegal, and all of it raises obvious and potentially embarrassing questions about the public's right to privacy. There is no doubt, however, that there is a lot of it. Despite attempts at regulation, the technological apparatus of spying is widely available and is used by all sorts of people for all sorts of purposes. The tapping of telephones in divorce cases, for example, has been in practice almost as long as there have been telephones. Industrial espionage is virtually an industry in itself: the American Association of Industrial Security, a trade group of firms seeking to protect what they call "proprietary information," has grown from 3000 to 4000 members in the last two years. Major cities' telephone yellow pages include headings like "Surveillance Systems" and "Security Control Equipment and Systems"; firms so listed cater both to snoopers and to those who want to thwart snoopers. Credit agencies sometimes conduct "background investigations" that go far beyond routine bank inquiries. Some unofficial spying verges on political surrealism, like the invasion of the Democratic National Committee's Washington offices in June by five men connected to both the CIA and the Committee for the Re-Election of the President. It is not yet known precisely what they were after or who was paying them, but it is clear that they were pursuing something other than private curiosity. It is also clear, however, that citizens can more easily protect

themselves from each other than from the government.

The question naturally arises: what are the effects of this endless investigating, reporting, and filing away of political information? Justice Department spokesmen say this gathering of information is no cause for concern so long as it isn't used for anything, and they add that whatever slight inhibiting effect it might have now that people know it is going on could have been avoided if only it had remained secret, as the government had so obviously intended. Does government snooping then have no effect, especially if it is conducted in complete secrecy? These arguments need to be examined. Consider the manner in which the data is collected.

Political intelligence in the United States is gathered in four basic ways. The first is simply by clipping newspapers and other publications, not only the *New York Times* but lunatic right-wing anti-Semitic hate sheets, anonymous leaflets put out by the Jackson, Mississippi, White Citizens Council in the 1950s, and left-wing papers addicted to invective and character assassination. Minimal attempts are made to evaluate such information before filing it away.

The second technique is electronic surveillance. The third and fourth techniques of intelligence gathering, closely related, involve the use of undercover agents and of voluntary or paid informers. The FBI rarely uses its own agents to penetrate political groups, partly because of the inherent delicacy of such operations, and partly because FBI agents, most of them conservative white males, would find it hard enough to infiltrate SDS, let alone the Black Panthers.

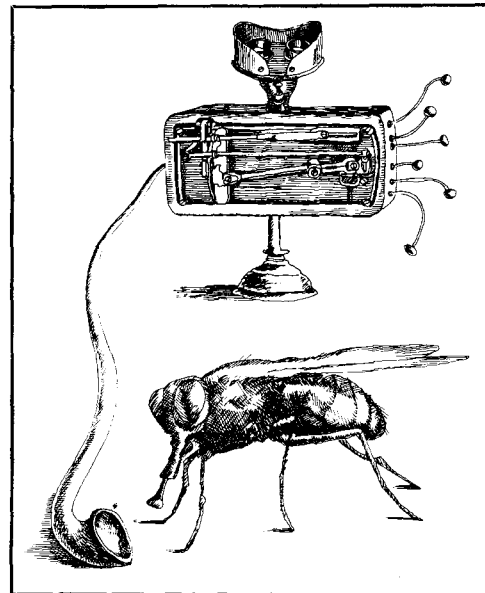
The FBI recognizes that the use of informers carries built-in pressures toward provocation. The case of the "Panther 21" in New York suggests the problems involved in the use of agents and informers. BOSS, the Bureau of Special Services (since renamed the Security and Investigation Section of the Intelligence Division) had infiltrated the New York Panthers with at least six undercover agents (that is, regularly employed members of the police department), none of whom knew the identity of the others, and the FBI had penetrated the group with at least one paid informer, Roland Hayes. The thirteen Panthers eventually tried in the case for conspiracy to bomb a wide (indeed, incredible) range of targets in New York were all acquitted on all charges. Nevertheless, one of the overt acts charged in the conspiracy, an attempt to bomb a police station in the Bronx in January, 1969, indisputably took place, although there is some question as to who, exactly, was responsible for the attempt. For our purposes, it is enough to say that a bundle of dynamite was placed next to the police station, was ignited, and, after a fashion, "exploded."

One of the BOSS agents, Ralph White, had exchanged the dynamite obtained by another Panther for lethal-looking sticks which actually contained

only a mixture of clay and oatmeal. The "explosion" was apparently only the blasting cap used to ignite the "dynamite."

The Panthers realized that some sort of switch had taken place and that the group had been infiltrated. Their suspicions focused immediately on Roland Hayes, since he, entirely on his own, had actually obtained the dynamite. Hayes was taken to the St. George Hotel in Brooklyn, where a gun was stuck into his mouth and he was invited to confess, which he did. He said he had written to the FBI while still in high school offering his services as an informer, and had later infiltrated the Fair Play for Cuba Committee, Youth Against War and Fascism, and other groups before joining the Panthers. Satisfied that they had discovered the chink in their armor, the Panthers released Hayes and he disappeared.

The central point raised by the "Panther 21" case is that the use of undercover agents and informants tends to be uncontrollable and encourages political excesses rather than dampens them. The New York Police Department obviously thought they had a serious bombing plot on their hands. Hadn't a Panther gone all the way to Vermont for a case of dynamite? Weren't their own agents, each filing reports of the militance of the Panthers (*and* of the other undercover agents), reporting the group's eagerness to use the dynamite? Can anyone say with confidence what came first here, the Panthers' willingness to engage in



revolutionary terrorism, or the extraordinary aid and encouragement given by the FBI and BOSS, neither of which was informed about the actions of the other?

Another troubling aspect of the FBI's use of informers is their number. The Philadelphia field office of the FBI was required to maintain regular contact with 312 banks, airlines, hotels, offices of the Armed Forces, stockbrokers, schools, newspapers, police departments, government agencies, major businesses,

and a host of other individuals and organizations. Not all of these would be questioned on political matters, of course, but in effect all were potentially informers for the FBI. The sheer volume of FBI material included in the *CRIS Briefing Reports* indicates that across the nation the Bureau maintains literally thousands of informers, many of them paid, who secretly report on the people they know.

A fifth technique of intelligence gathering exists which may or may not turn out to be permanent or significant. That is the use of grand juries to compel testimony from individuals suspected of involvement in some sort of political crime, or merely of knowing something federal authorities want to find out. A number of scholars and journalists called before grand juries in Los Angeles and Boston in the Pentagon Papers case refused to answer questions on the grounds that their professional activities ought to be privileged, like those of lawyers, doctors, and clergymen. Others claimed that the offer of "limited use immunity," which meant that the government could not use an individual's grand jury testimony against him in court but could still try him for the crime under discussion if other evidence could be found, was an unconstitutional limitation of the Fifth Amendment. Last spring the Supreme Court rejected both arguments, ruling that a grand jury's questions must be answered so long as they are "relevant." Subject to this limitation, which has yet to be tested in court, the federal government can ask questions and compel answers—if the individual balks—by jailing him on charges of contempt until he decides to give in.

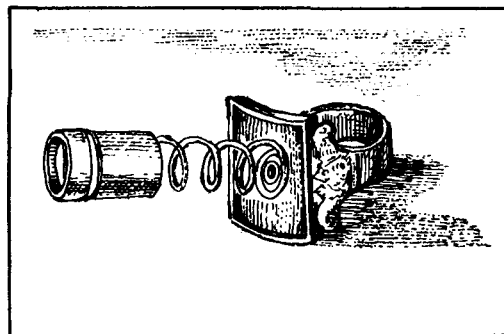
Guy Goodwin, a Justice Department lawyer who has questioned witnesses before federal grand juries about the Berrigan brothers, the bombing of the Capitol in March, 1971, and other political cases, is known for the sweeping range of what he wants to know. At a conference on grand juries held at New York University last April, Colin Neiburger, a twenty-one-year-old radical questioned about the Capitol bombing, said he had been asked such questions as: "Where had I lived in the last year, who with, what did I say to them, what did they say to me, where are they now? Describe every trip you have made to Washington in the last year, who did you travel with, what did you say to them, what did they say to you, where did you stop along the way, where did you stay when you got there?"

Goodwin's frank purpose is to find out as much about everyone in the radical movement as possible in order to build up what he refers to as a "sociogram," that is, an exact account of the daily, even hourly activities of an ever expanding number of people, in the hope that somewhere within will be revealed the answer to his principal question: who bombed the Capitol? If he should fail in his search, as he has so far, he will still be telling all potential fu-

ture bombers that their friends will be asked questions they cannot easily refuse to answer.

Historically, grand juries were supposed to protect the public against overzealous prosecutors, but in fact grand juries are generally under the prosecutor's control. Samuel Popkin, a young assistant professor at Harvard subpoenaed by a Boston grand jury and repeatedly questioned about the Pentagon Papers despite his claim that he had "never seen any page of any portion of any version of any volume" of the study, described the prosecutor's latitude in the grand jury room.

"I have some understanding now that you must



take the Fifth Amendment very early if you are going to take it at all," Popkin said at the NYU conference. "You have to sit there and watch him wink at the grand jury and say, 'Oh, you want to take the Fifth on why you eat Wheaties for breakfast?'"

"You ask permission to leave the room and speak to your counsel and have to sit there and listen to speeches. The prosecutor winks at you and looks at the grand jury and says, 'Did your lawyer write that statement?' [or] 'Oh, do you mean that if there *had* been electronic surveillance we might have heard something incriminating?' I had enough sense to say, 'I want to see my counsel.' And he said, 'Permission denied, answer the question.' And I took the Fifth Amendment.

"I am told, 'This is a very simple question. Why do you want to speak to your lawyer about such a simple question? We asked your opinion. We don't want your lawyer's opinion.' Finally the prosecutor says, 'Mr. Foreman, it's all right, he may leave the room.'"

It is clear from the experience of Popkin and others questioned about the Pentagon Papers that the government is determined that nothing like Daniel Ellsberg's act shall ever happen again. Popkin's legal position is more complicated than most, and it now appears that the Justice Department will abandon the attempt to force him to testify. Other witnesses may not be so lucky. Once they begin to answer questions, as they will be under great pressure to do unless some new grounds for appeal are successfully developed, the freedom of inquiry of scholars and journalists alike is certain to be severely inhibited.

The use of grand juries to compel testimony leads directly into the question of governmental intent with regard to political investigation. In the FBI's annual report for 1965, Hoover said his internal security role was "to identify individuals working against the United States, determine their objectives and nullify their effectiveness." Even the most complacent eye must be struck by the vague breadth of that "against," and the mysteries implicit in "nullify."

The FBI answers the questions only of its friends, with the result that very little is known about the investigation of political groups. One of those friends, however, is Don Whitehead, a journalist who wrote an excellent book called *Attack on Terror: The FBI Against the Ku Klux Klan in Mississippi*. The book contains no acknowledgment or footnotes, but Whitehead's past friendship with Hoover and his excerpts from FBI documents make it clear that Whitehead's book was written with the Bureau's cooperation.

The White Knights of the Ku Klux Klan were clearly engaged in a criminal conspiracy, responsible for at least nine murders and dozens of bombings and church burnings, but the conspiracy was also a political one and the FBI attacked the group in a broad political way. Agents regularly questioned everyone even remotely connected with the Klan as a way of letting them know they were being watched. Informants within the Klan, the first of them recruited nine months before the 1964 murders which sparked the FBI's campaign, were used to foment internal dissension and suspicion. Klansmen who publicly criticized or defied the FBI were aggressively sought out and in one instance challenged to what amounted to a shoot-out. In 1968, when the Klan was on the verge of dissolution, two Klan members were paid \$36,500 for advance notice of the next bombing attack, or, depending on whom you believe, actually to arrange it. Local police in Meridian, Mississippi, set up an ambush with FBI agents standing by. One Klansman was killed and a second was seriously wounded. The effect was just what one might have expected: the Klan's nerve was decisively broken and the bombings stopped.

The FBI has used similar, although less drastic, techniques against left-wing groups, some as dangerous as the Ku Klux Klan, some not. In a number of cases informers have been charged with provocation and have admitted in court that they provided all the tools of terrorism. Robert Hardy, an FBI informer in Camden, New Jersey, later switched sides and said a draft board raid which led to the arrest of twenty-eight activists never would have taken place without his encouragement or the FBI's money. Hardy told a lawyer for one of the defendants that he was the one who worked out all the practical details of the plan to invade the Camden draft board, keeping the FBI posted daily on his progress. Hardy was paid sixty dollars a day but obviously had confused feelings about the operation from the beginning. The

FBI promised him that the "conspiracy" would be interrupted before the actual raid took place. Later the FBI told him that "someone at the little White House in California" had decided the raid should be carried out after all. It was, and the night of the arrest the man who switched on the lights in the darkened office of the draft board was the Justice Department's Guy Goodwin.

The Justice Department says that what is learned from political intelligence gathering is used solely for informational purposes, and that keeping files on people who sign petitions against the war is no more sinister than keeping files on people who collect unemployment insurance. The people whose names and histories go into the files disagree, and in the last two years a number of suits have been filed against the FBI, the Army, and local police departments to stop their political spying.

A brief submitted to the Supreme Court in *Tatum v. Laird*, a suit growing out of the revelations about Army surveillance, included a long appendix which dealt with the chilling effect of surveillance, citing sociological studies. In June the Supreme Court ruled that the plaintiffs in *Tatum v. Laird* had not proved sufficient injury from Army surveillance to justify a trial on the merits of the case. In effect, the court ruled that the vague apprehension aroused by surveillance was too elusive for proof in court, and that evidence would be required of concrete acts on the part of government limiting an individual's constitutional rights. If the government did not take overt reprisals against citizens who went to demonstrations, for example, then it had not infringed upon their right to do so by taking their pictures or filing their names. Since it would be very difficult to prove such concrete acts even where they exist, it appears surveillance will not soon be curtailed by the courts.

The alternative, then, is the more difficult task of writing and passing legislation to limit and control political spying. Some kinds of surveillance are clearly legitimate. Certainly no state can tolerate the existence of private armies, and groups which openly discuss the use of terrorism ought to be taken at their word. The difficulty is in deciding just how much and what sorts of surveillance are necessary, a problem compounded by the reluctance of police to discuss surveillance candidly, in the rare instances when they are willing to discuss it at all. Hoover used to limit his discussion of "internal security" matters to vague generalities during his annual appearances before Congress. An attempt to raise the question with Patrick Gray, Hoover's successor as Director, received a quick rebuff. "Mr. Gray would not discuss that subject," said Thomas E. Bishop, Assistant FBI Director in charge of the Crime Records Division. "We're an investigative agency, and this is a legal question you've got here."

William Sullivan, a newly appointed special Assis-

tant Attorney General, the number-three man in the FBI until he left last October and for many years head of its Domestic Intelligence Division, was willing to define the nature of a security threat and to generalize broadly about the sorts of investigations they required, but was not willing to discuss the matter in detail for direct quotation. He admits the difficulty in identifying actual and potential security threats, but says that in general such a threat would be "anyone who advocates and/or resorts to the use of illegal means to disrupt, disorganize, or destroy [the] government." Security investigations, he says, "must be sufficiently broad to fully identify the individual, to factually determine if he has acted illegally . . . and also to determine his capacity for reaching his objective." Before his career with the FBI ended in a bureaucratic dispute with Hoover, Sullivan had been closely involved with every aspect of the FBI's internal security investigations. He says the Bureau was so overworked that it did not lightly open new cases, but that, like any other police department, it had to investigate every charge of illegal activity brought to its attention. One of the main problems facing the FBI, he says, is the number of people who simply do not believe there is any serious foreign threat to the country, much less an internal threat. If internal security investigations were abruptly halted, he says, there would be no immediate or dramatic effect, but the government in particular and American society in general would gradually be invaded by all sorts of foreign agents and threatened by domestic enemies. Although people do not always recognize the fact, he says, there is an invisible war going on all the time within every major country. He also says the public fails to recognize how much more attention the FBI pays to foreign agents than to domestic dissenters.

One of the few individuals who is willing to break the general "no comment" rule is James Ahern, the former New Haven police chief, who combines a genuine concern for free political expression with realism about the tools police need to do their job.

Probably the most common, and certainly the most obvious, form of surveillance is the photographing of demonstrators. Because the possibilities of intimidation are so clear, activists vigorously oppose the practice. Ahern argues that it protects as much as it threatens them.

"I suppose it might have a chilling effect on some demonstrators," he said in a recent interview, "but it also has a chilling effect on cops." If both sides in a potential confrontation know their actions are being recorded, they are more likely to restrain themselves. If violence occurs, film can help establish what happened and who was to blame. When the Chicago police attacked photographers in 1968, after all, their motives went deeper than spleen. They smashed cameras for the same reason that they taped their badge numbers.

Ahern makes a similar argument for the use of in-

formers. Since he is entrusted with the peace, no police chief can afford to ignore a major demonstration until it actually begins. To avoid uncertainty, unpleasant surprises, and overreaction, he has got to have some idea of what to expect.

"Who knows what's going to happen? The police don't, and neither do the people who organize it. A guy says, 'My God, this war is terrible,' and he starts some kind of public movement, but he doesn't know who's coming. That's the nature of crowds. Police have got to have their own way of knowing how many people are coming and who they are, and that means informants."

The problem is not the use of informants, files, photographs, or even wiretapping, Ahern feels, but the misuse of such means, against which there is no simple safeguard, and probably no permanent safeguard at all. If police are to have the power to protect society from the Mafia, they will have the power to "protect" it from radicals, too. Distinguishing between legitimate and illegitimate ends is a matter of judgment, and judgment is not subject to legislation. Since the police must have power, one can only hope to appoint responsible men to control them. Any shortcut, Ahern feels, will fail to end abuses, and worsen the problem by driving police underground.

Even without banning the use of informers, files, cameras, computers, and so on, however, there are a number of ways in which the excesses of political surveillance could be curtailed.

First, the number of federal jobs requiring a security clearance could be sharply limited and the standards of trustworthiness redefined to exclude the whole notion of "un-American" political beliefs.

Second, a powerful board of overseers, of the sort Ramsey Clark proposes, could be established with authority to investigate the actions of any intelligence agency.

Third, an individual could have the right of access to his file, just as he now does to files maintained by credit agencies, as a means of countering false or misleading information. If the government claims national security would be compromised by opening his file, a federal judge could be required to rule on the claim.

Fourth, and perhaps most important, all entries in political files ought to be evaluated. If someone tells the FBI that X is a violent revolutionary, the FBI could be required to decide whether or not it's true before filing the statement or passing it around.

No one should underestimate the difficulty of putting even one of these reforms into effect. The FBI does not take suggestions kindly. Conservative politicians like definitions of loyalty just as they are. No secret agency would enjoy answering to a board of overseers, even if appointed by the government. Perhaps most important is the widespread public assumption that the targets of political surveillance have brought investigation on themselves.

But even if public indifference is judged the most

serious obstacle to the placement of new controls on governmental surveillance in America, there are some practical and urgent reasons why it is time for an effort to institute such reforms.

The first is that the range of political surveillance remained largely secret until the last year or two. To overlook it now would be to accept it tacitly as a permanent part of American life.

Then there is the question of what the FBI will do now that the civil rights, antiwar, and radical student movements have passed into eclipse. Is Hoover's successor going to tell Congress what Hoover never did, that the threat to internal security has abated, and that Congress now may safely cut back his budget? Or will the FBI move into new fields of investigation closer to the political center? This possibility should not be lightly dismissed. Many of the excesses of surveillance—wiretapping without a warrant, compulsory testimony before grand juries, harassment and intimidation—were used against the Mafia before they were directed at the New Left.

Finally, what is going to happen to the files? Are the students who went south on the Freedom Rides, who marched against the war, who protested secret weapons research on college campuses, who resisted the draft or were beaten by police in Chicago, or who stalked out of commencement speeches by government officials going to be forced to explain themselves for the rest of their lives? Movements come and go, but the files go on forever.

In December, 1970, the House Internal Security Committee released a short document entitled "Report on Inquiry Concerning Speakers' Honoraria at Colleges and Universities." The report was simply a list of left-wing intellectuals and celebrities and what they had been paid for speaking engagements. One of those listed was Marcus Raskin, a founder of the Institute for Policy Studies, who was said to have received two hundred dollars for an appearance at Yale. Thomas Emerson, a professor at the Yale Law School, noticed a story about the report in the *New York Times*.

"The question immediately came to mind, how did they find that out? Raskin spoke at my class and he was paid two hundred dollars, but the only people who knew that were Raskin, me, and the dean of the Law School. So I called the dean and he said he hadn't told anyone. Then I called Raskin and he said *he* hadn't told anyone. And I knew *I* hadn't told anyone. The FBI must have found out somehow, either by reading his mail or tapping his phone, and passed the information on to HISC."

Robert Wall, a former agent, told a conference on the FBI at Princeton last fall how he opened an investigation of the Institute for Policy Studies, penetrated it with infiltrators, and finally decided the organization was entirely harmless. The FBI took him off the investigation he had initiated and turned it

over to someone more inquisitive. Raskin's inclusion on HISC's list is the first known use of information apparently gleaned from that investigation.

Raskin and Emerson, of course, have been through this sort of thing before. In 1941 Emerson spent six months in the Department of Justice where he happened to be friends with the Attorney General, Francis Biddle. "One day Biddle said to me, 'There's an awful lot of stuff in your FBI file.' So I said, 'What sort of stuff?' and he let me see it.

"The file said that I was a member of a Communist cell in Seattle. I had never been in Seattle. It said my landlady had reported that I read books on the Russian Revolution and kept them *right next to my easy chair*. It said the doctor who took care of my children told the FBI I believed in socialized medicine. A man who worked for me in another department said I wouldn't promote anyone who didn't follow the Communist line. There was a lot of stuff like that. If I hadn't known the Attorney General, I would have been in a lot of trouble.

"Biddle was a very bright man but he wasn't deep. He was not sensitive to the implications of this. He considered it plain silly, not the sort of thing a serious person paid any attention to."

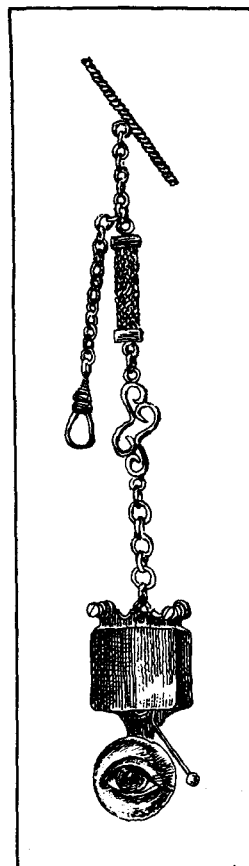
This is all far, far from what Orwell saw coming and yet, when you add it up, it begins to seem just the sort of thing a serious person *should* pay attention to. Consider the questions routinely asked by various groups of political police in recent years.

Why did Tom Emerson keep books on the Russian Revolution next to his easy chair? Why was Joel Myron skulking around the Newark airport? What is Abbie Hoffman saying to Jerry Rubin? Why was Ken L—trying to photograph the nativity scene on an Army base? Will the Central Methodist Church in Jackson, Mississippi, charter a bus to Washington? Who is financing *Ramparts*? Where did Colin Neiburger stop for gas on the way to Washington? What was Adlai Stevenson III saying to Jesse Jackson?

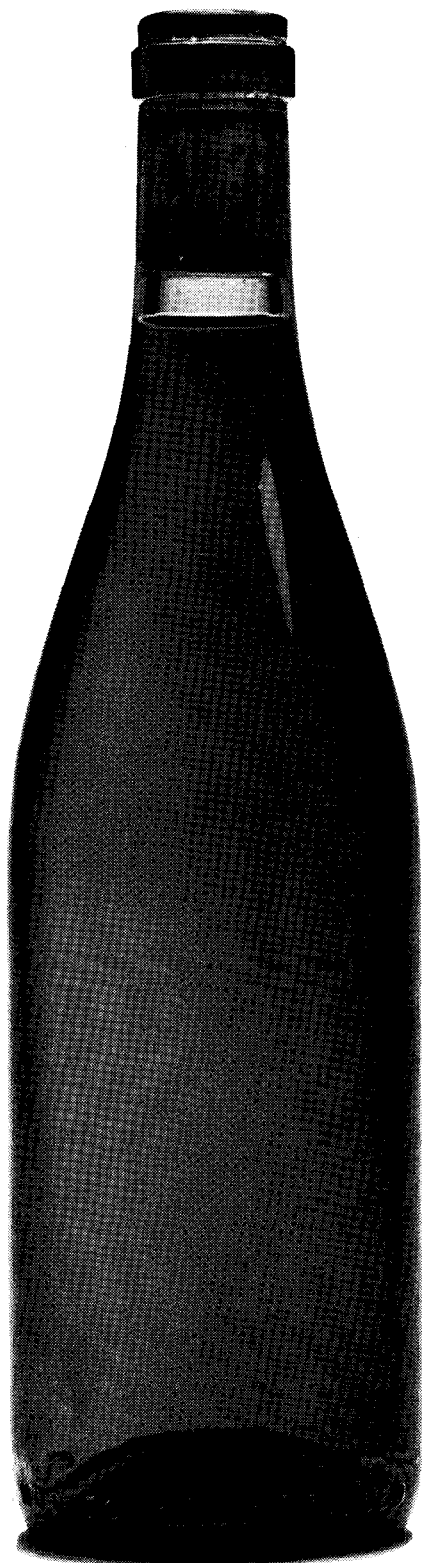
Is there anything the police do not want to know?

When Christopher Pyle appeared before Senator Ervin's Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights, he said the Army "had assembled the essential apparatus of a police state." The Army's apparatus, however, was only a bigger, cruder version of what the FBI had been running all along. The goal of political police is control. If their services were not valued, their activities would not be so hard to expose or limit.

One begins to see that Orwell understood the drift of things, but got the tone wrong. In this country there would be no interrogation by torture, no pistol bullets in the back of the head, just a couple of neatly dressed men at the door with a few questions, protecting the government from the excesses of people. □



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A FEW SPEAK FOR FREEDOM

Solzhenitsyn and dissent in Russia

by Alfred Kazin

In the name of the future I call upon you to give all the encouragement and help you can to this most talented writer, for his tragedy is our tragedy, the tragedy of our country.—Julian A. Vronsky, former investigator for the Moscow Regional Procurator.

On August 14, 1914, a Russian cavalry general bearing the fine Slavic name of Rennenkampf, head of the First Russian Army, commenced operations against Imperial Germany when he sent his army into East Prussia. East Prussia was then a salient deep in Russian territory, and the strategy was for Rennenkampf to encircle it from the north, for Aleksandr Samsonov and the Second Russian Army to encircle it from the south, then for both to march on Berlin. It was also expected that the two armies pushing ahead would relieve pressure on the French, soon to face the Germans at the Marne. Eventually the Germans did transfer two corps and a cavalry division east.

Alas, the heavy and torpid Samsonov had not been able to move Second Army when Rennenkampf imperiously moved First Army without waiting for anybody. Samsonov had been Governor-General of Turkestan and had been on sick leave in the Caucasus when he had been summoned to head Second Army. He did not know the staff that had been assembled for him, he was probably still ill, and he had not studied the strategy he was expected to follow. He was on bad terms with Rennenkampf, and each blamed the other for messing up the Russians in the war against Japan. He was on bad terms with General Zhilinsky, the former chief of staff known to his associates as "the living corpse." Zhilinsky was now supposed to coordinate the movements of First and Second Armies, but was both peremptory and unstable in the stream of telegrams he sent the increasingly baffled Samsonov.

Under pressure, Samsonov moved on the sixteenth day after mobilization of the Russian armies instead of the thirtieth, as the vast numbers and famous

slowness of the Russian Army required. Rennenkampf was already out of touch with Samsonov, but Samsonov was forced to move so fast that his army was not adequately provisioned. Staff work was abominable, rail transportation was often not available for the thousands of soldiers, hungry for days, who, loaded down with their winter greatcoats, had to tramp fifty and sixty miles in the August heat before going into battle. Second Army had lots of telephone wires, but few technical crews. Samsonov and general headquarters regularly sent *uncoded* messages to each other, so the German general, Erich Ludendorff, usually knew the Russian plans. The corps commanders were some of the stupidest men in the upper echelons of the Russian Army, which was notorious for rigidly following seniority and promoting court favorites, as well as for the inertia of its generals and the many German names among them.

The Russian Army, of course, depended on its seemingly inexhaustible manpower, but its leaders were generally unable to maneuver their large units. The Russian custom was also to mix reservists from different parts of Russia—to discourage revolutionary conspiracies? What with the pressure on Samsonov, his quick discouragement, the arrogant stupidity of his senior commanders, the exhaustion and hunger of the troops, the senseless shifts ordered by Zhilinsky, and the invisibility of Rennenkampf's First Army, Second Army got itself thoroughly tied up in the narrow spaces between the vast East Prussian lakes and inside the vast East Prussian forests. Finally, in the three catastrophic days of the Battle of Tannenberg, August 26-29, the Russians themselves were caught in a *double* encirclement by the Germans under Hindenburg and Ludendorff. The Germans were made by Tannenberg but the Russians were destroyed. Samsonov, trying to grope his way out of the forest, shot himself.

The Russians never really recovered from the shame of losing a whole army at Tannenberg. Rennenkampf's First Army was defeated in its turn, and

though the Russians took Galicia from the Austrians, they went on from defeat to defeat to lose so many men that by the summer of 1915, says the czarist general and military historian Nikolai Golovin, Russian casualties were 235,000 a month—a record-breaking figure for the entire war—and the average monthly loss in prisoners was 200,000. The Russians evacuated Poland, Lithuania, White Russia; in 1916 alone, their losses were 2,060,000 killed and wounded. By 1917, said Lenin, the Russian Army “voted for peace with its feet.” The vast shapeless mass of often untrained, usually illiterate, famously long-suffering peasant soldiers became a sounding board for the people’s troubles. The Czar abdicated in March. Then the fateful struggle began between Kerensky and other democratic leftists who wanted to keep Germany from gobbling up what was left of European Russia, and the Bolsheviks, who would not have triumphed in October if there had still been a Russian Army.

Tannenbergs was a terrible blow to the Russians, coming as it did in the first weeks of the war. It showed up in every way the fatality of the czarist system and the incompetence of its leaders. But other countries have suffered crushing defeats in war and have kept their social and administrative systems. What was it about Tannenberg that made so many Russians feel that their system had finally come apart, that has kept that disastrous first campaign a symbol of dread to Russians? What was it that convinced the novelist Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, when he was still in school, that *August 1914* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$10.00), as he calls his new novel, was the earth slide that unloosed everything else? *That without Tannenberg, the Bolsheviks would never have come to power?*

And what is it about Solzhenitsyn, now the most famous of Russian dissidents, the most outspoken in his contempt for the system that has proscribed his works and would jail him again if it dared, that has led him to brood so long on the Battle of Tannenberg?

August 1914 is the first part of a long historical novel whose undeclared subject seems to be Solzhenitsyn’s concern with the causes of Russia’s everlasting tyranny. This involves an amazing detachment from the only system Solzhenitsyn has known (he was born in 1918). But *August 1914* is a curious book with an even more curious foreword. In this Solzhenitsyn says that the present volume “makes no pretense at completeness, even in the development of its characters; except for the operations of Samsonov’s Army, this is only the initial presentation of a larger work.” Since the book opens on several characters who then disappear for several hundred pages while the fate of Samsonov’s Army is described, Solzhenitsyn obviously means to take up these characters in later volumes. The reader can hardly remem-

ber them at the end of this one. But the whole work is planned on such a scale that Solzhenitsyn fears he will not live to finish it; he is publishing the volumes separately because “given the difficulty of telling history, I need, as the work progresses, the cooperation of readers who still remember the period.”

To protect his own rights, Solzhenitsyn had the Russian text of his novel published by the YMCA Press in Paris. (The present translation is by Michael Glenny.) He obviously expects that *August 1914* will be circulated in the Soviet Union, where no book of his has been published since *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, his first, astonishingly mature novel, written after he had spent eight years in labor camps and three years in exile for criticizing Stalin in a private letter from the front, where he served with distinction as an artillery officer. This short novella was allowed because Khrushchev saw it as a push to his de-Stalinization campaign, but it is unpopular with the current political and literary bureaucracy, and I note in two recent and remarkable books of testimony by Russia’s civil rights groups,¹ that people have been dismissed from their jobs and arrested for possessing copies of Solzhenitsyn’s *The First Circle* and *Cancer Ward*.

In 1967 Solzhenitsyn wrote an open letter to the Fourth National Congress of Soviet Writers asking for an end to *all* literary censorship. In 1969 he was expelled from the Union of Soviet Writers by order of six of the seven members of the Ryazan group to which he technically belonged. Now, despite his fame in the West, his Nobel Prize, and his extraordinary importance to Russia’s dissident intellectuals, Solzhenitsyn is clearly a nonperson to the regime, which has been trying to get him out of Russia and has even penalized the famous cellist Rostropovich for giving the novelist asylum in his house. So it is not likely that Solzhenitsyn’s current project will find favor with the official censors and snoopers who “considered” *Cancer Ward* for so long without publishing it, and with the many government stooges in the Writers’ Union who were so shocked by Solzhenitsyn’s unsparing indictment of Stalin’s prisons in *The First Circle*. Stalinism was hell but Solzhenitsyn still can’t say so.

In any event, the point I see behind Solzhenitsyn’s project—that the czarist debacle gave a small revolutionary group its opportunity—baldly contradicts official Marxist myths about the destined victory of the proletariat. Russia is still run by a small group, and its thought police are not likely to permit publication of *August 1914*. And when Solzhenitsyn receives the “cooperation” of readers who from abroad or in Russia may have much to write him about, the distrust between the government and the liberal intelligentsia is likely to grow worse. In Russia repression never ends.

¹ *Uncensored Russia: Protest and Dissent in the Soviet Union*. Edited by Peter Reddaway. American Heritage, \$10.00.

In Quest of Justice: Protest and Dissent in the Soviet Union Today. Edited by Abraham Brumberg. Praeger, \$10.95.

I suspect that the hoped-for “cooperation of readers who still remember the period” is one of Solzhenitsyn’s aims in publishing this book. I suspect that he has come out cleanly against the present regime and all its works. He is not just against the Stalinism which terrorized his generation, kept nine million and more Russians in labor camps and prisons, murdered more Communists than Hitler ever did, returned German Communists to Hitler, arrested every Soviet soldier ever made prisoner by the Germans, and degraded Russian literature and science. He is against the whole fiction of “Communism,” against all dictatorship by a minority over the majority in the name of the disregarded working class. He is for freedom and intellectual honesty, and that is why he has gone back to August, 1914, and may conceivably end up at October, 1917. He wants to open up again the question which even the most brilliant Soviet intellectuals, victims of historical superstition for half a century, have been afraid to ask. Did all this have to happen as it did? To us?

His new book is more significant as a political deed, as a sign of some new Russian thought, than as a novel. It is hardly a novel at all, for Solzhenitsyn’s aim is chiefly to write a documentary of Russia’s calamitous defeat at Tannenberg. The characters who appear at the beginning only to disappear before the main event are types of the old “liberal” bourgeoisie whose fear of giving up even their moral superiority to czarism Solzhenitsyn too obviously scorns. The book is mostly straight military narrative; one chapter is mysteriously “omitted at the author’s request,” and replaced by a historical summary. There are also “newsreels” and unsuccessful “film” scenes in imitation of Dos Passos’ prose experiments in *U.S.A.* The book is held together by a fictional character, Colonel Vorontsyev, who as a kind of inspector-general gallops from battle scene to battle scene. He is, as the Russians say, a “positive” hero—a good man and Solzhenitsyn’s spokesman.

August 1914 has no interest as a novel, and I am afraid that Solzhenitsyn has been unable to extricate himself from the pedestrian realism and stilted style that have become second nature to Soviet novelists. He has always been distinguished by a sardonic sense of fact rather than by originality; *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, *The First Circle*, and *Cancer Ward* are all based on his own experiences as a prisoner and cancer patient. He is also a novelist of the group, the camp, the hospital, the army regiment, and has little interest in developing individual character; people in his novels just come and go, specimens of the vast collective of Soviet society. The more telling battle scenes in *August 1914* probably follow from his own experiences during World War II.

Solzhenitsyn is indeed no Tolstoy, nor has he ever claimed to be a great writer. He was trained as a

physicist and mathematician, and perhaps would never have turned to writing if the chance to put his generation’s tribulations into factual narratives had not coincided with the sudden—and brief—“thaw” after Stalin’s death. But he is extremely intelligent, forceful, ironic. Unlike most other Soviet novelists, he likes to think and to say exactly what he thinks; in this book he demonstrates a scorn for the czarist leadership that reminds me of his well-demonstrated scorn for the Soviet leadership. Unlike the many Soviet apparatchiks, academics, and diplomats who are horribly quick to condemn everyone they are instructed to condemn, Solzhenitsyn has an immense tenderness for Russians in trouble. Above all, what distinguishes him is his active, thrusting, embittered search for the roots of the long Russian tragedy.

Why is one sixth of the globe’s land surface still dominated by a handful of men who govern brutally and inefficiently? Why has Russia had such a wonderfully concerned but politically futile “creative intelligentsia”? Why does nothing ever bridge the gap between Russia’s many brave, sacrificial, even saintly intellectual heroes and the slavish, submissive, feudally obedient masses whose liberation was the great aim of Russian radicals? Why do the Russians always show such obedience to the mediocrities in charge of them? Why has there been so much willing acceptance of “fate,” so much passive suffering, so much compliance with the sacrifice of millions? Why, fifty years after the Revolution, does this mighty, relentlessly controlled empire make war on its best novelists and poets?

Solzhenitsyn’s *August 1914* is not so much a work of art as another powerful documentary of the everlasting Russian system—and perhaps, for all we know, of the Russian character. I read it with the same fear, horror, and sorrow with which, all my life, I have read so many nineteenth- and twentieth-century documents of the Russian failure. But today Solzhenitsyn is not just another Russian publicizing the misuse of the Russian people. He has become the Soviet writer most cherished by the small but determined democratic opposition. His book, with its startling suggestion (to Russians today) that Bolshevism was not inevitable, comes at a time when protest and dissidence are out in the open, when more and more intellectuals have put themselves on record as democrats, not Leninists, in “self-published” magazines and typewritten books.

Solzhenitsyn was a threat to the Soviet order of things from the time he published *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* (even with Khrushchev’s permission), for he was clearly more concerned with the lot of his fellow prisoners than with “civic” necessity. Many Communists have rotted in Soviet jails or have gone to their deaths justifying the “historic necessity” of their fate. But it was clear from *The First Circle*, and above all from his open letter to the Fourth National Congress of Soviet Writers demanding an end to all censorship, that he had no use for the lies and



Solzhenitsyn and family, 1972.

terrors of Soviet "Socialism." There is nothing in his books that shows acceptance of the great Soviet myth that the regime's organized, unrelenting suspicion of the Russian people is necessary to better working conditions, to human cooperation as a pattern of life, to racial and ethnic equality. Solzhenitsyn is wholly and simply a Russian writer who believes in freedom, who takes his stand on truth. He has shown his private convictions by having his child baptized even as he openly condemned the Russian Orthodox Church for its submission to the government.

His primary concern with civic rights, with religious and cultural freedom, is indeed a sign of something new in Russia. It is obvious from *Uncensored Russia* and *In Quest of Justice*, the two previously mentioned collections of source material on protest in Russia today, that the people who have been putting out the bulletin called *A Chronicle of Current Events*, who stood up in Red Square to protest the Soviet occupation of Czechoslovakia, who have interceded for religious believers, are moved by a passionate faith in intellectual freedom, truthfulness, and respect for all shades of *individual* opinion. But freedom for freedom's sake has always been the boldest possible position for a Russian to take up, and only a handful of gifted, reckless, prophetic people have stood up for it.

In Russia today such heretics are regularly put into psychiatric institutions. The worst of it is that most Russians probably think that you *have* to be nuts to come into opposition with "Mother Russia," the principles of the "immortal" Lenin, the sacrosanct "Party"—the very word cannot be uttered by a good citizen without his mentally genuflecting. Russians believe in the group, in "solidarity," loyalty, piety, orthodoxy at any price. The fear of disloyalty was the moral threat that got so many loyal Communists to "confess" to imaginary crimes in the thirties, just as it got so many Russian soldiers to die for the Czar in

1914 and for the Stalin who in June, 1941, would not order them to resist the Nazis.

Soviet patriotism is still Russian patriotism, a religious ritual, the family bond of a whole people; even the victims of the system say the word "Socialism" with reverence! Many a gifted writer, scientist, and old internationalist revolutionary in Russia has over the years learned to turn off his doubts, to accept every lie, to condemn himself, in the interests of that communion with "the great Russian people" which was "Holy Russia" until 1917 and which exerts the same moral pressure in four magic Russian letters, CCCP. Not to belong, to cut oneself off from the living tree, to be out of it, a heretic, a dissident, a splitter, a *raskolnik*—the word that provided the pious Dostoevsky with the name of his hero in *Crime and Punishment*—oh great Russian God, who can forgive us?

Solzhenitsyn has wisely rejected every attempt by the regime to push him out of the country. He knows, as only a Russian knows, that to be in exile would deprive him of the very source of his being. A Soviet literary bureaucrat has only to say "the West," "outside forces," or to hint at "spies" and "enemies in our midst," for every faithful citizen in the Writers' Union to get a stern look on his face. The brilliant avant-garde poet, Iosif Brodsky, forcibly thrown out of Russia in June and now in residence at the University of Michigan, has just written an open letter to Premier Kosygin, addressing him in cordial Russian fashion as "Dear Alexei Nikolaevich," and asking to be allowed back.

The intellectuals' problem—how to be free *in* Russia—is much harder today than it was in Tolstoy's time. Freedom is wanted by the "creative intelligentsia," by scientists like the nuclear physicist Andrei Sakharov, so distinguished and useful that they are still untouchable. It is not wanted by

the herd of party-faithful technicians, professionals, editors, bureaucrats, who owe their jobs and often their ideas to the boss. Even the distinguished historian Roy Medvedev, who like many Russian dissidents was put into one of those infamous psychiatric clinics staffed by doctors who are sometimes members of the secret police, shows in his book on Stalin's purges, *Let History Judge*, how little he is prepared to step outside the confines of Leninism and the endless justifications of the Soviet terror on which he, like the generations before him since 1917, has been brought up.

Uncensored Russia, which for the first time presents whole sections of the unofficial Moscow journal, *A Chronicle of Current Events*, gives an impressive picture of the directness, sober factuality, and moderateness of the dissidents who put out this bulletin. It is not an "illegal" journal; freedom of the press is guaranteed by the United Nations Declaration on Human Rights and the Soviet Constitution. It is a record of what has been happening to people of conscience in the USSR. But discouraging as it is to read of the prisons, camps, and "mental institutions" to which these people regularly get sentenced, it is even more chilling to see how the same few names recur in every demonstration.

A brave handful. Pavel Litvinov, grandson of the former Foreign Minister. Larissa Daniel, wife of Yuli Daniel, the writer sentenced in 1966 with Andrei Sinyavsky for publishing his works abroad (he is still in prison). The extraordinary Major-General Pyotr G. Grigorenko, who took it on himself to defend the rights of the Crimean Tatars, a whole people forcibly removed from their country and still unable to return. The historian Pyotr Yakir, son of a famous general who was shot under Stalin. Yuri Galanskov, a writer of incredible forthrightness. Aleksandr Ginzburg. Viktor Fainberg. Vladimir Borisov. Natalia Gorbanev. Seven people protested in Red Square against the occupation of Czechoslovakia! A dozen or so had the guts to put their names, addresses, and telephone numbers on the letters of protest about Czechoslovakia sent to the Kremlin. How many people, all told, have put their lives *and* their families on the line in defense of the freedom to read what they like, to protest the incessant surveillance, to protest the unspeakable persecution and humiliation of Russia's finest minds in "mental hospitals"? As I write this, I note in the *New York Times* that Andrei Sakharov, "defying a warning of a crackdown on his civil-rights campaign, today demanded the release of two political dissenters from a Leningrad mental hospital where he said they were dying. . . . The two men are activists, Viktor Fainberg, a 39-year old former worker and linguist, and Vladimir E. Borisov, a 29-year old electrician and civil-rights campaigner."

Anatoly Yakobson, another activist whose name appears in the *Chronicle* over and over again, says proudly that since the Sinyavsky-Daniel trial of 1966,

"not a single arbitrary or violent act by the authorities has passed without a public protest, without censure. . . . The start of the people's *self-liberation* from the humiliation of fear, from connivance in evil." These are the people in labor camps who, like the poet Vadim Delone, spent twelve days in an "isolator" for the crime of having a *poem* in his possession. In the freezing winter, Delone and a friend let down their bunks in the afternoon and climbed into them to get some warmth; for this they were forbidden parcels or visits for half a year.

And, reports the *Chronicle*, when a student in Riga named Ilya Rips set fire to himself in protest against the occupation of Czechoslovakia, "some sailors who happened to be passing quickly put out the flames, then beat up the young man cruelly. When Rips's university friends came to the hospital where he had been taken and offered themselves as blood donors, repressive measures were taken by the university against the students." In the other valuable source book on the protest movement, *In Quest of Justice*, there is a full report of the meeting in Moscow of the Writers' Union at which Solzhenitsyn was badgered for four hours because he was not sufficiently "respectful" to the hacks and sycophants who have suppressed his work. But he was called "a talented enemy of socialism."

The thirst for freedom in Russia is felt by a few. Solzhenitsyn has bravely taken his stand on freedom, whatever the seeming "insult to our collective"—a phrase used by the head of the Writers' Union, Konstantin Fedin, who was once a decent novelist but has long since served the regime against Pasternak, Solzhenitsyn, and other gifted figures. Freedom is precisely what the Russian people by and large have no tradition of. Freedom is what the ruling minority has always been most afraid of. And tragically, the brave young Russian dissidents today know this. One of the most inspiring figures in the democratic movement, Yuri Galanskov, said that publicity in the "West" is important to his cause. "Unfortunately, the West often devalues itself by a concern for sensation or for temporary ideological compromise, and does not show the necessary persistence in its approach to matters which for us are of critical importance."

It is true that Western liberals are always more concerned with the violation of human rights in Greece and Spain than they are with the far crueler authoritarian system in Russia. But the West also suspects that freedom has been the lifeblood of an intellectual few in Russia, that these intellectuals, writers, prophets, revolutionaries, and martyrs are feared by their own people. The great symbol of Russian freedom today is not even Russian literature. The writers as a group have not been so brave as a few scientists and scholars—which is another reason why Aleksandr Isaevich Solzhenitsyn stands out in all his forthrightness. His position is unmistakable. He is in for more trouble. □

Does Your City Recycle Garbage?

Location	Separation System	Estimated Annual Can Recovery*	Markets
Amarillo, Texas	after incineration	50 million	copper mines
Atlanta, Georgia	after incineration	100 million	ferroalloys
Chicago, Illinois	after incineration	730 million	copper mines
Franklin, Ohio	slurry system	30 million	steel making
Houston, Texas	dry separation at a transfer station	104-130 million	copper mines
Los Gatos, Cal.	after shredding, before incineration	120 million	copper mines
Madison, Wisc.	after shredding	38-41 million	steel making/ copper mines
Martinez (Contra Costa County), Cal.	portable separator at landfill	80 million	copper mines
Melrose Pk., Ill.	after incineration	83 million	copper mines
New Castle County, Delaware	after shredding	312-500 million	detinners/ steel making
Oakland, Cal.	portable separator at landfill	182 million	copper mines
Pompano Beach, Fla.	after shredding	35 million	to be established
Sacramento, Cal.	portable separator at landfill	74 million	copper mines
St. Louis, Mo.	after shredding, before incineration	260 million	pilot operation
St. Petersburg, Fla.	segregated by householders before magnetic separation	3 million	detinners
Stickney, Ill.	after incineration	84 million	steel making
Tampa, Fla.	after incineration	104 million	steel making/ copper mines

*Data supplied by municipalities or estimates based on 4% of total garbage less 20% for incinerator loss. Source: Survey by American Iron and Steel Institute as of mid-1972.

From Amarillo to Tampa, forward-looking communities are using magnetic separation to recover an estimated 2½ billion used Steel cans annually.

By the end of 1973, eleven more will join the list: Brevard County and Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.; Framingham, Mass.; Harrisburg, Pa.; Hempstead, N. Y.; Milford and Newington, Conn.; San Francisco and San Diego, Cal.; Scottsdale, Ariz.; Vancouver, Wash. That will add another 1.5 billion cans recovered simply and easily.

People in these communities become ecologists and conservationists when they buy beverages and other products in steel cans... and simply throw the empties into their kitchen garbage pails. Thanks to steel's magnetic quality, the used cans are mechanically extracted at municipal or regional landfill sites, transfer stations and incinerators. Magnetic separation saves fast disappearing landfill space and produces revenues from the sale of cans as scrap.

Properly processed scrap steel cans have four principal end uses:

- They are remelted to make a variety of new steel products.
- They are "detinned" in plants throughout the country to conserve tin (all of which must be imported) and provide steel for remelting or other reuse.
- They are used to extract copper from low-grade ore, thus conserving still another precious resource.
- They are used in the manufacture of ferroalloys—a basic ingredient in the production of new alloy steels and high-grade castings.

The steel industry's traditional use of millions of tons of scrap enables us to guarantee that the steel we make for cans contains at least 25 percent recycled material.

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THE LAST TRAFFIC JAM

Too many cars, too little oil

by Stewart Udall

An argument for the proposition that "less is more."

At the moment there are more than 112 million motor vehicles on the American road. Henry Ford II recently predicted that auto buyers in this country will purchase nearly eleven million new cars this year. And other Detroit executives look forward to 178 million registered vehicles in the United States by 1985.

Detroit's short-run forecasts may indeed prove accurate. But how long can this growth continue?

The environmental effects of the automobile are well known: motor vehicles cause, for example, as much as 75 percent of the noise and 80 percent of the air pollution in our cities, and the industry must face mounting pressure from environmentalists. There is another, even more compelling constraint on the proliferation of cars. Surprising as it may seem, American oil companies, which during the 1960s increased their production of gasoline by 64 percent, will not be able to provide enough petroleum to fill the gas tanks of some sixty-five million additional autos expected by 1985.

This prediction is based on data prepared by the oil industry itself. Reports by the prestigious National Petroleum Council reveal that U.S. oil production is at, or near, its peak. And the prospects for the discovery of huge new oil fields are so poor that Interior Secretary Rogers C. B. Morton has warned of a "frightening energy scarcity" in a few years if present U.S. production and consumption trends continue.

If there will in fact be 178 million motor vehicles on American highways by 1985, the NPC estimates that our oil needs will increase by about 85 percent. During the next decade total U.S. oil production, however, will continue to hover near the current level of eleven million barrels per day—even if the Alaska pipeline is put into operation. (It would contribute an extra two million barrels per day, thus helping make up for a falloff elsewhere.) Unless action is taken to

slacken domestic demands, this huge petroleum gap will force the United States by 1985 to import roughly 60 percent of its oil, largely from the nations of the Middle East.

These projections, however, tell only part of the story. At the moment, global oil supplies appear plentiful. But the oil needs of the other industrialized countries are growing faster than ours: *annual increases in world consumption are now so enormous that in the 1970s all of the world's oil-using nations will consume as much oil as was used in the hundred years from 1870 to 1970* (and these projected demands will redouble in the 1980s).

This surge of demand will soon begin to send shock waves through the American economy and transportation system. The impact of these tremors can already be anticipated: to the consumer they signal the end of a long love affair with the car, and to Detroit they offer an early warning that its 1985 growth aims are dangerously unrealistic. Unless we exercise foresight and devise growth-limits policies for the auto industry, events will thrust us into a crisis that will lead to a substantial erosion of our domestic oil supply as well as the independence it provides us with, and a level of petroleum imports that could cost as much as \$20 to \$30 billion per year. (This in turn would produce a staggering balance-of-payments problem for the United States, and give the Middle Eastern suppliers a dangerous leverage over our transportation system as well.) Moreover, we would still be depleting our remaining oil reserves at an unacceptable rate, and scrambling for petroleum substitutes, with enormous potential damage to the environment.

Given the fact that we are already at the edge of an energy crisis of this magnitude, why are our government and industry leaders not discussing appropriate growth-limits policies?

Plainly, any effort to limit economic growth violates our historic belief in progress. The President and his advisers have largely ignored this great and difficult issue, although, in his 1971 message to Congress, the President rightly called for the formation of

a single agency to oversee the nation's energy policies. The stress of his message, however, fell not on limiting demand for energy but on developing new technology to meet growing energy "needs." Despite his expressed concern over energy shortage and air pollution, the President has chosen to shore up the economy by stimulating the production of automobiles. Too often the voice of government is the voice of industry. Hollis M. Dole, Assistant Secretary of the Department of the Interior, recently outlined the alarming facts of oil scarcity—only to urge that we avert the crisis by freshly aggressive efforts to discover and extract our remaining oil. Dole has predicted that there are, in the United States, "172 billion barrels of oil remaining to be discovered," and has pointed out that that figure is more than thirty times what the nation consumed in 1970, a fact that would seem to argue the case for restraint, not development, assuming we care about the oil needs of future generations.

For its part, the private sector has been dominated by oil and auto industries whose executives have been unable even to contemplate production plateaus and low horsepower engines. When James Roche retired last December as chief executive of General Motors, he expressed the belief and the faith of Detroit by predicting the inevitability of the auto industry's growth. He then observed: "I think the average American today would give up about anything before he gives up his automobile."

When one considers recent economic history, Detroit's faith in this gospel of growth becomes understandable. The future has indeed taken care of itself. The automobile industry directly or indirectly provides roughly one-fifth of all jobs in the United States. It is one of the pacesetters of our industrial system, and its executives are convinced that U.S. prosperity cannot be maintained unless Detroit's output continually expands. Auto executives have shunned the limits-of-growth issues and concentrated nearly all their energies on the next quarter's sales and next year's models.

The oil industry is a somewhat different case—or ought to be. As the managers of irreplaceable resources, its executives have a plain responsibility to think and plan generations ahead. But the oilmen, too, have been beguiled by their own success. For over thirty years, their industry has been the world's number-one can-do capitalist enterprise. Ever since a consortium of U.S. companies struck oil in the Arabian sands in the late 1930s, oilmen have accomplished supposedly "impossible" feats of exploration and development on all the continents and in such seemingly unpromising places as Arctic Alaska and the backcountry of Australia. With each new oil strike, the prospect of unlimited oil supplies "for our time" seemed assured.

Oilmen have heard cries of scarcity before—and

What Makes It Go?

- Gasoline is the most valuable refined product derived from crude oil: about half of every barrel of crude oil is refined into gasoline, and the main leftover products are fuel oils burned for space heating, generating electricity, and industrial uses.
- The United States has 48 percent of the world's passenger cars; in 1970 they consumed about 55 percent of the world's gasoline.
- Highway motor vehicles use 70 percent of U.S. gasoline, aircraft about 20 percent, and other combustion engines the remaining 10 percent.
- Consumption of gasoline as highway motor fuel increased 64 percent between 1960 and 1970 (from 55 to 86 billion gallons).
- During the 1960s, the annual rate of growth in gasoline consumption as highway motor fuel jumped from 2 percent in 1960-1961 to nearly 6 percent in 1969-1970.
- During the 1960s, the U.S. auto population increased by 50 percent.
- Motor vehicles contribute as much as 75 percent of the noise and 80 percent of the air pollution in many U.S. cities.

the very oil discoveries which discredited the "doomsayers" of the past now blind these executives to their own end-game statistics.

Nevertheless, the energy crisis poses specific questions which leaders of the oil industry can no longer avoid. At what point will rising U.S. oil consumption endanger our whole economy? When does a national policy that accelerates oil depletion become a threat to the long-term future of the American people? When must we adopt and enforce a remedial policy of conservation?

The unwillingness of the oilmen to discuss such issues is illustrated paradoxically by last year's report of the National Petroleum Council. In one breath, this document describes a grave oil shortage; in the next, it says the shortage can be overcome. This report simply urges "new oil policies" which would enhance the short-run economic position of the major oil companies and hasten the depletion of the nation's petroleum resources. Give us the tools (in the form of new tax incentives and exploration advantages), the oilmen argue, and we'll produce twice as much oil.

How are we to meet the nation's galloping demands for more oil? The current "game plan" of the oil industry, as reflected in the National Petroleum Council reports, proposes these stratagems to make possible "dramatic increases in domestic production":

An increase of the oil depletion allowance.

Liberal new tax incentives for oil drilling and exploration.

Federal deregulation of controls over the price consumers pay for natural gas (to encourage new exploration).

Quick access—through expansive new Interior Department leasing programs—to the oil deposits below the Atlantic coastal shelf.

Aggressive development of Alaska's oil resources.

In my opinion, it is unrealistic to assume that any of these proposals could be put into effect in time to avert the energy crunch. Political signs point to a further reduction of the oil depletion allowance, and the tax incentive and gas deregulation proposals would certainly arouse a vigorous debate in Congress. When Secretary Morton proposed oil leasing on the Atlantic shelf last summer, every governor from Maine to Maryland (with a supporting chorus of sixty congressmen) stated opposition to such a move. As for Alaska, anyone familiar with the raging dispute over the Alaska pipeline knows that full-throttle oil exploitation in that state faces formidable environmental arguments. And Governor William Egan has warned that construction of oil rigs in the Gulf of Alaska will face physical obstacles more severe than those of any other continental shelf in the world.

To be sure, new oil provinces await discovery. But the days of cheap wildcatting are over (as all the oilmen already know), and the environmental risks and economic costs of tapping increasingly hard-to-reach deposits will be great.

It is disturbing to find that the oilmen have consistently ignored the one U.S. petroleum expert who has unerringly forecast the curve of our domestic production. M. King Hubbert, a former petroleum geologist for Shell Oil Company, is now a senior professional with the U.S. Geological Survey. More than a decade ago, his scientific calculations led him to forecast that our domestic production (excluding, admittedly, then unknown Alaskan deposits) would reach its ultimate peak in the early 1970s. This estimate has now been validated by events. Hubbert estimates that the oil fields already identified in the contiguous forty-eight states—including the continental shelves—probably represent 68 to 85 percent of the total U.S. reserves that will ever be discovered, and he is convinced that, at best, Alaskan production will not come on stream in sufficient quantities to increase the total annual output of U.S. oil fields.

Hubbert's projections over the past sixteen years have been remarkably accurate. His method of evaluating drilling statistics make him neither an optim-

ist nor a pessimist. Today, however, other geologists have come up with estimates far more expansive than those of Hubbert (and of the conservative analysts who share his approach to petroleum forecasting). For example, while Hubbert doubts that the unexplored Atlantic shelf will ultimately yield as much as ten billion barrels of oil, a few "boomer geologists" have glibly predicted that it will provide us with 169 billion barrels.

This dispute raises a crucial policy issue: should we base our national planning on expansive assumptions, or on conservative estimates of our resource potentials? In Hubbert's opinion, caution obliges us to base our plans on the bedrock of proven data.

In my view, it is unfortunate that most oilmen are willing to take a final ride with the boomer geologists. They apparently believe that the country should base its energy policies on the bet that another round of big oil strikes is in the offing, that an acceptable oil shale technology can be developed overnight, or that last-resort foreign imports can bail us out.

Extracting enormous quantities of oil from Colorado oil shale may someday be possible, but I have not spoken with a single expert who believes that this process can be developed in time to fill the petroleum gap of the next fifteen years. Oil shale development is already the subject of intense controversy. There is no known technique for extracting the oil economically, and neither the federal government nor the oil industry is pursuing the kind of crash research that might produce a big breakthrough in oil shale technology. Moreover, it is abundantly clear that environmentalists will strenuously oppose any oil shale development plans that would turn huge sections of the Rocky Mountains into a conservation disaster area.

Many East Coast congressmen and governors advocate big increases in imports of "cheap" Middle Eastern oil as a solution to the current energy crisis. Such a policy might make sense for a few years. However, it ignores events that are changing the whole character of the international oil business. The newly militant organization of oil-producing and exporting countries (OPEC) is determined to end the era of cheap oil. Looking ahead, those countries know that oil in the ground is better than gold in the bank, and they are already contemplating extraction slowdowns which will lengthen the life-span of their oil fields. It is doubtful that these countries will be willing to increase their output to keep pace with our voracious appetite for foreign oil. Indeed, I am convinced that reliance on "cheap imports" is the riskiest course for the United States to follow. In all likelihood, such a policy would produce chronic fuel shortages that would lead to gas rationing and/or strict control of gasoline prices.

A few months ago, with candor rare for his industry, Wayne E. Glenn, president of the Western Hemisphere Petroleum Division of the Continental Oil

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Company, issued a somber warning to his fellow oilmen. Asserting that "the days of cheap foreign oil are a thing of the past," Glenn cautioned that it would be extremely unwise for the United States to count on filling any substantial part of its future needs from Middle Eastern sources. And more recently, Commerce Secretary Peter G. Peterson cautioned that importing twelve million barrels of oil per day in 1980 would not only saddle the United States with a \$26-billion-a-year burden on its balance of payments, but would also cause "indigestion, both economic and political."

In short, common sense dictates that we begin a transition to policies designed to avoid an energy impasse that could cripple our transportation system and imperil our economy. We must set growth limits that will allow the automobile and oil industries to maintain economic stability while conserving our resources and preserving our environment. Of course, such a reorientation will require statesmanship as well as public pressure. It will not happen unless corporate self-interest yields to a responsible outlook that serves the broader interests of the nation as a whole. Above all, this shift requires a thorough redirection of the aims of these two industries.

The oil industry, in my view, must acknowledge that conservatism (not depletion) should be the keystone of our national energy policies. They themselves must now adopt specific growth limits on imports and domestic production, and a policy of substantial energy self-sufficiency.

The auto industry must acknowledge that a rational transportation policy should seek a balance between individual convenience, the efficient use of limited resources, and urban-living values that protect spaciousness, natural beauty, and human-scale mobility. Twice as many autos and freeways as we now have would be a sentence of death for our cities. A necessary shift in public policy toward effective mass transit systems (which consume relatively little energy per passenger mile) would ameliorate the problem, but Detroit still must recognize that the time has come to begin developing external combustion engines (like the steam engine), to build sturdy engines of smaller horsepower that will travel twice as far on a gallon of gas as do today's engines.

Some will argue that the changes advocated above are a prescription for unemployment and recession. I believe this argument is alarmist and specious. I am not proposing that we bring our oil and auto industries to a screeching halt. There is still time to begin a series of gradual steps toward new transportation and energy policies, livable cities, and more humane, efficient transit systems. These changes will require some industries to make steady adjustments, and others to set firm new limits on production and construction.

A leveling off of auto production would mean a return to the ideas that inspired Henry Ford a half-century ago. Autos would be built to be durable, safe, and easily maintained. Their low-horsepower packages wouldn't get us where we are going quite so fast, but they would conserve fuel and pollute the environment much less. For Detroit, such restraints need not mean economic disaster. The industry could respond to this challenge creatively by enlarging its production. It might, for example, branch out into the market for minibuses, innovative "people movers," urban mass transit cars, and air-cushion trains. The highway construction industry would also have to think creatively. Forgoing a "second" interstate highway system might disappoint the concrete and macadam contractors, but huge new programs to construct mass transit systems and air-cushion tracks will require many of the same construction skills.

A limit on the automobile population of the United States would be the best of news for our cities. The end of automania would save open spaces, encourage wiser land use, and contribute greatly to ending suburban sprawl. It would lead to the building of more compact, sensitively planned communities in the future—and it would prompt many cities to build quick, quiet, and convenient modes of transportation ranging from bicycle paths to mass transit systems. The "bad news" for Detroit would, in part, be offset by the good news for U.S. railroads. Transportation of freight and passengers by railway uses far less energy than transportation by trucks and autos. And the rebirth of the railroads—and their movement into exciting new variants of ground transportation such as the air-cushion train—would create solid economic and environmental benefits.

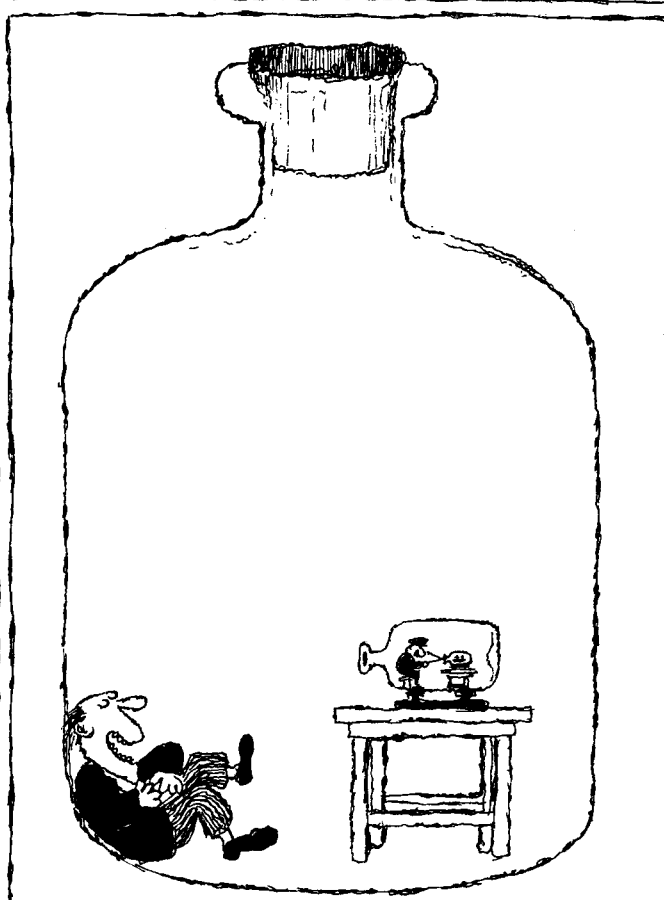
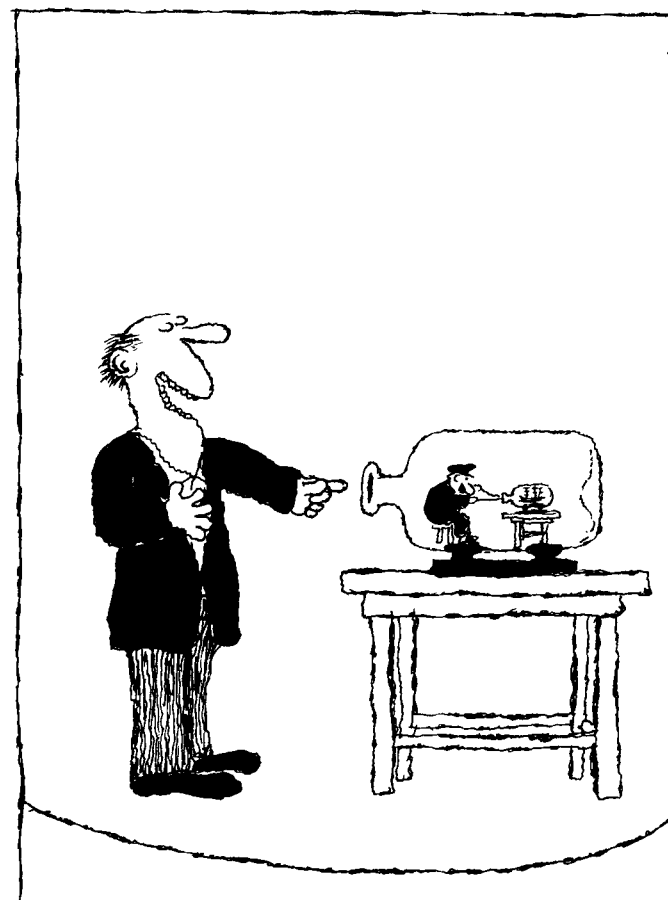
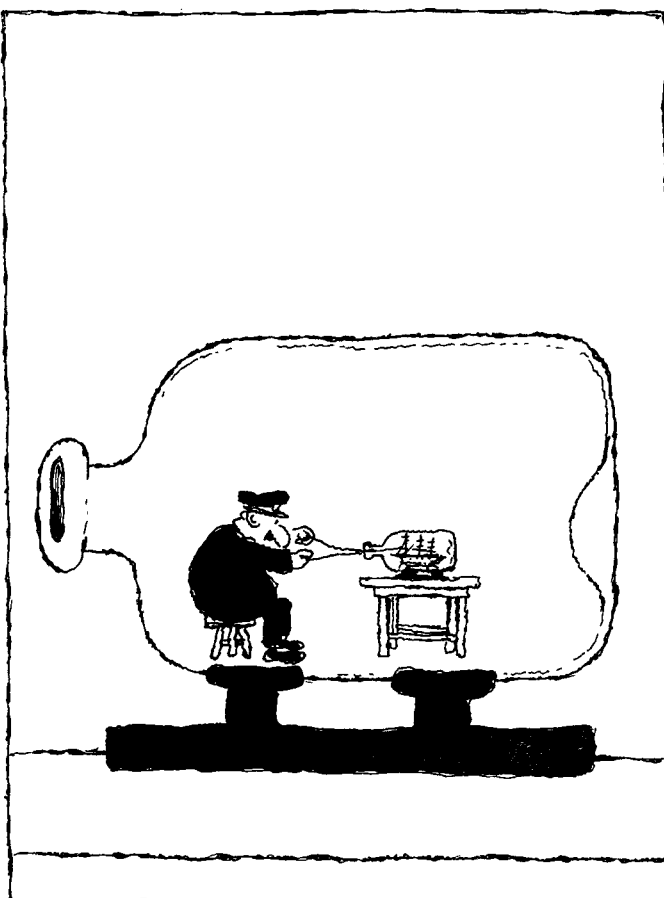
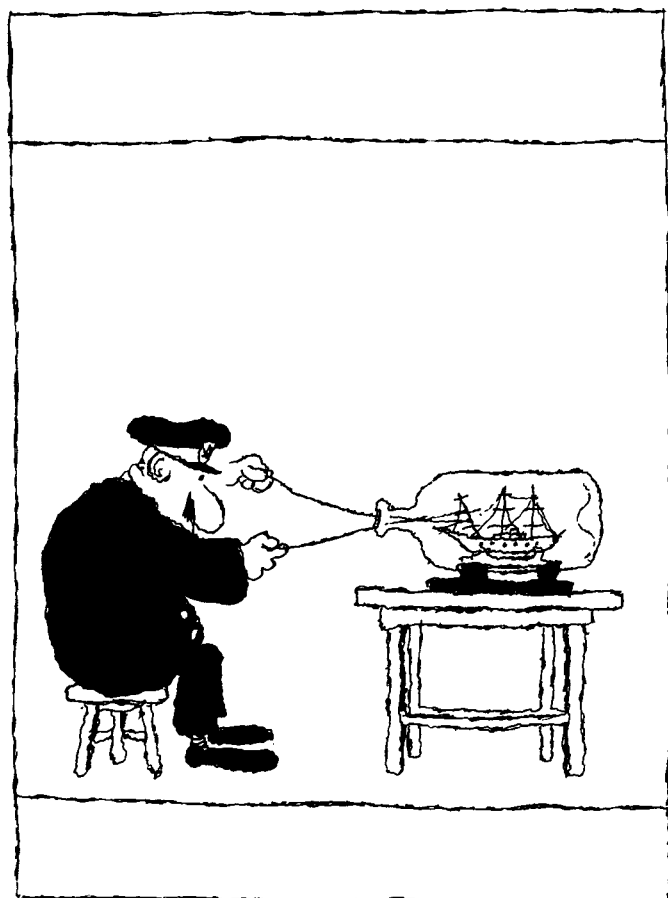
This entire exercise in restraint would teach us the most valuable lesson of all: that the quality of our lives will be enriched if we make fewer demands on our resources. "Less is more" is a paramount tenet of environmental reform, and it is time for us to recognize its specific benefits.

Less horsepower, smaller cars, and fewer autos mean more safety, healthier urban environments, more constraints on suburban sprawl, more efficient use of fuel. Less oil consumption for fuel means more oil to share with our children and theirs, more energy self-sufficiency, more oil for use in basic industrial processes. Less investment in highways means more money for efficient public transportation, more open space, more investment in cheap, fast intercity trains.

The bonuses of "less is more" are vast. The choice facing the American people is not between growth and stagnation, but between short-term growth and long-term disaster. We can continue to pursue the growth policies of the past and let urban decay, exorbitant prices, and risks to our national security dictate stringent remedial policies a few years from now. Or we can exercise restraint and learn to live comfortably, within our means. □

THE LAST LAUGH

by Fernando Krahn





NORMAN MAILER: A SELF-CREATION

by Richard Poirier

At the moment he's Melville without *Moby Dick*, Twain without *Huckleberry Finn*, but out of his battle with himself may come the book that puts him in the company of the greatest writers in American history.

One characteristic of the very ambitious writer is that he becomes a theoretician of his own work. In being so, he manages to set the terms for the criticism later written about him.

Criticism has not been conspicuously successful in dealing with this phenomenon. Faced with explanatory language, critics, like most other people, set about gratefully to understand rather than to question it. They do not want to imagine situations where all the words are in motion, where the proffered abstractions or analytical fixtures are as problematic as the material they seem to explain, where nothing is stabilized, nothing a standard by which to measure the mobility of anything else. If few will accept, even fewer will set out to create such fluidity in works where the author has tried to prevent it. To do so is to challenge the sufficiency of the very terms on which the author or the work depends for order and

focus. And yet such skepticism, it seems to me, is absolutely essential to criticism.

Norman Mailer is a recent and extreme example of a writer who has tried to be the literary historian of his own work, and who in the process has tended to usurp the interpretive, even quite often the evaluative, function of criticism. His self-explanations and assessments are abundant to a fault. He gives so much that one gift is not evidently more important than another, and like an overgenerous lover he finally induces almost a lethargy of gratitude. A man who offers more than anyone wants is in danger of being taken for granted, even of being resented for forestalling what the reader would like to give of himself. Mailer, especially in his most recent work, leads our reading, organizes our impressions, assails us with interpretations of himself that prevent all but the stoutest reader from responding at his own pace, or with free enthusiasm to things that are on the periphery of Mailer's organizational formulas. It is all but impossible to have a peaceful or casual relationship to his writing. Even after the most obedient attention, the reader is seldom rewarded with any sense of achieved calm. Probably the reason is that Mailer himself is continually agitated and dissatisfied, and that he is always redoing what he has done by his subsequent commentaries on it.

Mailer's writings are best considered as one large

work. However thematically repetitious, it is a work which constantly comes alive with extraordinary accumulations of intensity and brilliance. It is nonetheless a chaotic mixture that awaits some larger redemptive effort; so that despite *The Armies of the Night* and *Why Are We in Vietnam?* Mailer now is like Melville without *Moby Dick*, George Eliot without *Middlemarch*, Mark Twain without *Huckleberry Finn*. The present dangers are that he is applying to new issues and circumstances methods that he has already worked to exhaustion and, even more, that his achieved self-explanation has come to precede him to experience. In treating the moon shot, the Ali-Frazier fight, or Women's Liberation, he seems locked into a system that one hoped he could have transcended.

And yet it is, of course, Mailer himself who created this hope. By sitting so frequently in self-judgment upon his past he is always implicitly proposing for himself some fresh start in the future. If one gets impatient with his habitual mannerisms—the dualisms and the mixtures of styles that are meant to catch the contentions at work in the whole culture—part of the reason is that they represent the souring of what once was a fresh start. The now too familiar methods that portend a crisis in his career were invented to save him from an earlier, probably more threatening one. They saved him from becoming a mere literary writer, one whose acceptance of the protective cover of moribund literary manners all but alienated him from the vital changes in his society. He is still relying on the persona of the perpetually embattled writer that he began to create in the pieces, particularly the prefatory comments, collected in *Advertisements for Myself* in 1959. The degree to which this persona was invented for literary purposes and the degree to which it is a necessity of his life is doubtless a mystery even to Mailer.

Mailer lost his voice by the discovery, after three novels, that he really did not have one. Out of this condition—which usually dissuades would-be writers and silences many who have written—he then made his literary fortune. His writing began to take form from the very instability of his voice, which means the instability of the self as well; it took its form from a species of debate or dialogue or “war” among the possible and competing voices that were alive within him. Not having fashioned a self, not having become a man by the usual process of accumulation, selection, and disposal of personal experiences, but having instead displaced the self by a mostly learned literary manner, he had the personal courage and fortitude, when this project failed, to release all the trapped, unfinished, stunted, disorganized selves that remained alive in him; and he did so, wisely in his particular case, without the help of a psychoanalyst to sort them out, put them in order, kill some in order to feed others. His mature

style supports the claim, made in *The Armies of the Night*, that “he carried different ages within him like different models of his experience: parts of him were eighty-one years old, fifty-seven, forty-eight, thirty-six, nineteen, et cetera.”

When he remarked in a *Paris Review* interview that he had learned most, technically, from E. M. Forster, he really meant that he had learned something about the possible versions of a given personality. Forster apparently helped confirm his inclination not to think any longer of a personality, including his own, as if it were of a piece. Reading *The Longest Journey* taught him that “personality was more fluid, more dramatic and startling, more inexact than I thought. I was brought up on the idea that when you wrote a novel you tried to build a character who could be handled and walked around like a piece of sculpture” (*Cannibals and Christians*). This lesson is at least as moral as it is technical, especially when he connects it with the realization that “a novel written in the third person was now impossible for me for many years.” As a matter of fact it never did prove possible, except in his first novel, in parts of *The Deer Park* which lapse from first to third person, and in some of his journalism, where he invents third-person equivalents to “I.” Mailer himself is aware of the reasons for this difficulty: “In some funny way Forster gave my notion of personality a sufficient shock that I could not manage to write in the third person. Forster, after all, had a developed view of the world. I did not. I think I must have felt at that time as if I would never be able to write in the third person until I developed a coherent view of the world. I don’t know that I’ve been able to altogether.”

Before *Advertisements for Myself*, the effort to summon up “a coherent view of the world” was made at the expense of those elements in him which apparently disrupted or confused his sense of high literary mission, specifically of that personal past he associated with being a “nice” Jewish boy from Brooklyn. In *The Naked and the Dead*, his only way of handling analagous material belonging to his characters is through the mechanics of the Time Machine, through flashbacks tangential to the ongoing action and often tediously disruptive of it; in *Barbary Shore* he circumvents the problem by making his hero-narrator an amnesiac; in *The Deer Park* he is an orphan.

Mailer’s difficulty in locating a developed view of the world is essentially a difficulty in locating a self, and while this is not necessarily a problem of literary technique, it becomes one as soon as Mailer, or any writer, tries to give his identity to the narrative voice or the point of view in any particular work. Mailer’s special distinction, as his comments on Forster will attest, is that he sets out to “confuse” problems of literary technique with personal problems of life. This “confusion” is responsible for much of his diversity of effect, his capacity to appropriate the styles of others, first to learn and then to teach the reader what is most inward about them. These are the gratifying

consequences to be found in his writings after about 1957, the time of "The White Negro."

Mailer's peculiar brand of existentialism finds its meaning within the personal-literary problem I am describing, and it should be investigated, it seems to me, not as an idea so much as a way of coping with a complex of personal-literary problems. It is a desperate effort at personal salvation, a way of situating himself and his career vitally in the passage of time. The simultaneities of past, present, and future that his brand of existentialism proposes are essentially a convenience to him in his writing, not something that his writing sufficiently explores or defends. The convenience is that he is able to coordinate the different aspects or "ages" of himself without feeling it necessary to reconstitute any one of them. His economies, omissions, even blind spots, are made to seem like philosophical choices rather than merely arbitrary ones, and the advantage, especially to his reportage, is enormous. With this in mind we can grasp the importance for him of a formula he developed in his essay, "The Political Economy of Time." Having said that "form is the physical equivalent of memory," he goes on to make a distinction between memory and an event: "An event consists not only of forces which are opposed to one another but also of forces which have no relation to the event. Whereas memory has a tendency to retain only the opposition and the context." Under this dispensation, there is no obligation to the past except as one chooses to reconstruct it. The past is that part of the self that one recognizes in the present as belonging to a dimension of time other than the future. Meanwhile, yet another self is being formed in the present, but this self will not be recognizable until the present has also become the past, until the self has moved on to a future and decided again to discover what has survived of its past. Form, that is, is the destiny that awaits any present event or experience.

The process has still further complications in the present. The very act in time of creating form, even of a sentence, runs the gamut of oppositions and circumstances. In the creation of a form, that is, one encounters not merely the self who acted in the past but the self who is acting at the typewriter. And then? The completed form awaits a future when it is to be reassessed in yet another form which is self-criticism. It is no wonder that Mailer's favorite image of form is a spiral.

Within the involutions, and the evolutions, I am describing, there is some room even for the Mailer he had learned to distrust—the blob, the nice boy, the modest fellow—room, too, for the literary young man of the first three novels. What is overlooked in the inevitable discussion of the alleged ego-tripping in Mailer's writing is that these more "modest" selves are often at work in the sounds and turns of his sentences—questioning the assertive, the heroic, the outrageous self. Modest Mailer emerges from the style as a rather shrewd, sometimes bewildered, charming,

often ineffectual, and even downright clumsy fellow. It would, of course, be a sucker's game to think that this is the real Mailer, more sincere and more true than the manic egocentrist. Each is an agent for the effective pose of the other, and in fact the stylistic gestures of modesty and recantation are probably more calculated than any of the others. They get Mailer off the hook for propositions he makes but wants, in a pinch, to rescind or modify. He is like a lawyer determined that his listeners entertain possibilities even if they are to be ruled out of order.

Perhaps it is possible now to consider what might be called Mailer's amnesia. Once he decided to become a writer, once he thought of the career of writing as his future, all of his present became his past. All the past, everything that existed before that point, was consigned to literary oblivion; he had not lived through it with the expectation that it was to be a part of the only future he was to know, his future as a writer. It is hard to imagine a more purely, more instinctively literary mind than his, to the degree even that it treats what is presently going on as if it were already memory, as if the present were always in some sense retrospective.

Given this special involvement with time, it is understandable that most of Mailer's experience is teleological and guilt-ridden, all of it infinitely subject to expansions and linkages of association and opposition. It is also understandable why he should have the sexual attitudes that have become increasingly pronounced and biased in his writings. Putting the matter perhaps too bluntly, the connection between writing and time is the same as the connection between fucking and creation, and I would not assume necessarily that the sexual sequence dictated the literary one. In all likelihood it works the other way round, or perhaps both sequences claim equal jurisdiction to the same psychic structure. Fucking takes place in the present; the orgasm is of the present, but it looks forward in two ways, assuming that it freely and fully engages the body: to greater future orgasms—equivalent to the writing that will give birth to the Big Novel—and to the chance that this orgasm has initiated the creation of a child whose shape will emerge in the future—equivalent to any book that is the intended consequence of some present or local involvement. The present is always awaiting the future as a time when one can get to know and recognize the shape of what one has done in the past.

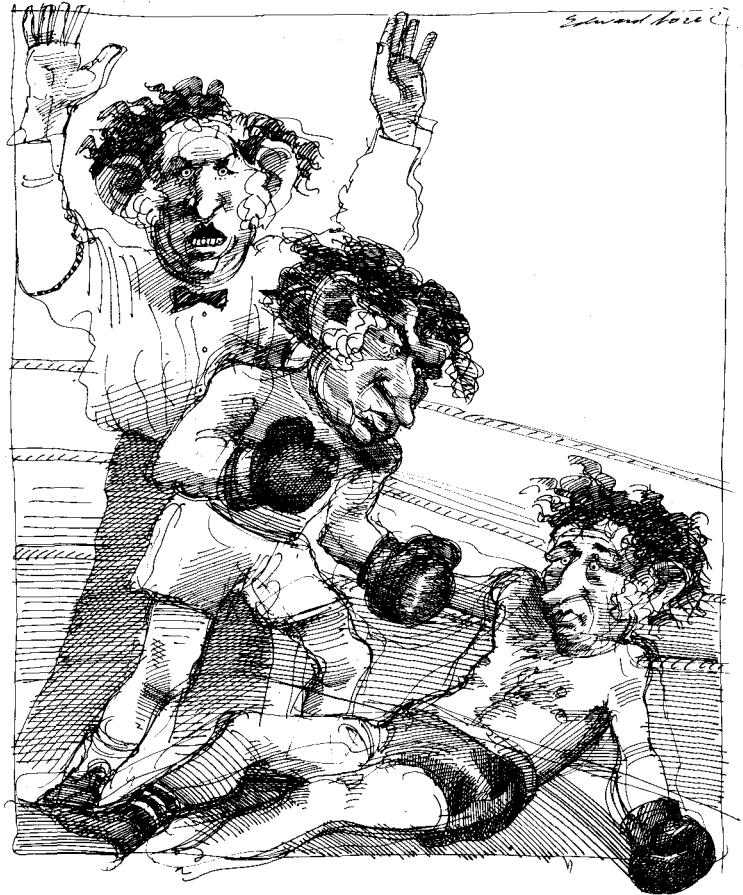
This means simply that no experience in Mailer is ever free, ever disconnected, ever unlinked. Everyone, and that includes the reader, is always made a "prisoner" in his work because it is impossible for him to imagine sex or any other human act which is not in the throes of dialectic. So great is his emphasis on the necessity to life of dialectical oppositions that after some acquaintance with his work it is easy to

guess what his attitudes will be on any given subject. As an example, his comments on the relations of whites and Negroes in 1959, in the "Sixth Advertisement for Myself," are nearly identical with what he is to say more than a decade later about the relations of another repressed group to a superior group, women to men, in *The Prisoner of Sex*. "The comedy is that the white loathes the idea of the Negro attaining equality in the classroom," he writes, "because the white feels that the Negro already enjoys sensual superiority. So the white unconsciously feels that the balance has been kept, that the old arrangement was fair. The Negro had his sexual supremacy and the white had his white supremacy." Similarly, he argues in *The Prisoner of Sex* that the male desire for dominance is the desire not for tyranny but for equality. In their relation to time, to history, whether it be in writing or in other forms of action, all men, as Mailer sees them, are to a degree like Lawrence, for whom dominance "was the indispensable elevator which would raise his phallus to that height from which it might seek transcendence . . . some ecstasy where he could lose his ego for a moment." Women, Mailer assures us, already have this sense of transcendence, traveling as they do "through the same variety of space" occupied by men but "in full possession of a mysterious space within." No wonder women are already "on the edge of the divide" to which men like Mailer can arrive only after great struggle and where they must struggle still harder to maintain their equilibrium. "Women, like men, were human beings," he further assures us, "but they were a step, or a stage, or a move, or a leap nearer the creation of existence."

The usefulness of such contentions to the conduct of life is, with no joke intended, where we find it, but the habit of mind, in this and in other crucial instances, is what primarily interests me. Mailer's resolute practice is to locate a feeling of repression where there would for others be evidence only of the power of the oppressor, to find in the apparent majority the characteristics of a minority, and to cultivate in himself what might be called the minority within.

Like all his other theories, Mailer's theories about the relations between the sexes reveal his intuitive taste for "war," for the conflict by which one at last delineates the true form of oneself and of others. "War" is only an occasion, however, for his effort to discover the minority element within any person, constituency, or force which might be engaged in a "war." And it is this minority element which has the most beneficially corrosive effect upon form, forcing it to dispense with its merely acquired or protective or decorative attributes. It might be more accurate to say, in dealing with this very slippery subject, that "war" provides the context within which any creative minority pressure can assert itself formatively within society, the self, or a book.

This feature of Mailer is more complicated than



one might infer from the sometimes simplified dichotomies in which he indulges. The minority element is not equivalent, that is, to one side in the "war," in the dualisms or oppositions found everywhere in his work. The minority is not God or the Devil, Black or white, woman or man. Rather it is that element in each which has somehow been repressed or stifled by conformity to system—including systematic dialectical opposition—or by fear of some power, like death, which is altogether larger than the ostensible, necessarily more manageable opponent apparently assigned by history. The minority element in men or Blacks or God is the result of their inward sense of inferiority which the outward or visible opposition from women or whites or the Devil did not of itself necessarily create. Blacks do not feel inferior to whites so much as to the psychotic brilliance created and, at once, thwarted within them by the accident of white oppression; whites do not feel superior to Blacks but inwardly terrified at the possibility that in any open sexual competition they would prove inferior. Behind each of his dualisms, Mailer's imagination searches out, sometimes with a harried ingenuity, the minority incentive that in turn gives dialectical energy to the dualism.

For Mailer, a masculine nature that denies the minority claims within it of feminine feeling—which is how he might account for a masculinized sensibility like Kate Millett's—chills the imagination, prevents it from encompassing even such admission of feminine

inclination, or the need of masculine support, as D.J., in *Why Are We in Vietnam?*, might have had to make in order to recall his desires for Tex. That is why Mailer, at the appropriate point, has to imagine these desires for him and for the book, even if it means that the book doesn't become "crystallized." Mailer's commitment to dialectics means that he includes materials which threaten the symmetry of any possible form. His is the art of not arriving. In this case and throughout his work, dialectics is equivalent to imagination, and imagination evolves from his acceptance in himself of a feminine nature. It is probable that he associates being a writer with being a woman, and his remark in *The Prisoner of Sex* about Henry Miller and Kate Millett, even to the feminization of the males he alludes to ("dances," "curves") is a telling instance: "His work dances on the line of his dialectic. But Millett hates every evidence of the dialectic. She has a mind like a flatiron, which is to say a totally masculine mind. A hard-hat has more curves in his head." If writing, creativity, a personal style as opposed to an imposed one, could all be associated with femininity, then Mailer's selection of subjects, like war, boxing, politics, moon shots, and his own brawling activities, about which he writes with boyishly self-approving apology, can be taken as counterbalancing attempts to affirm his masculinity.

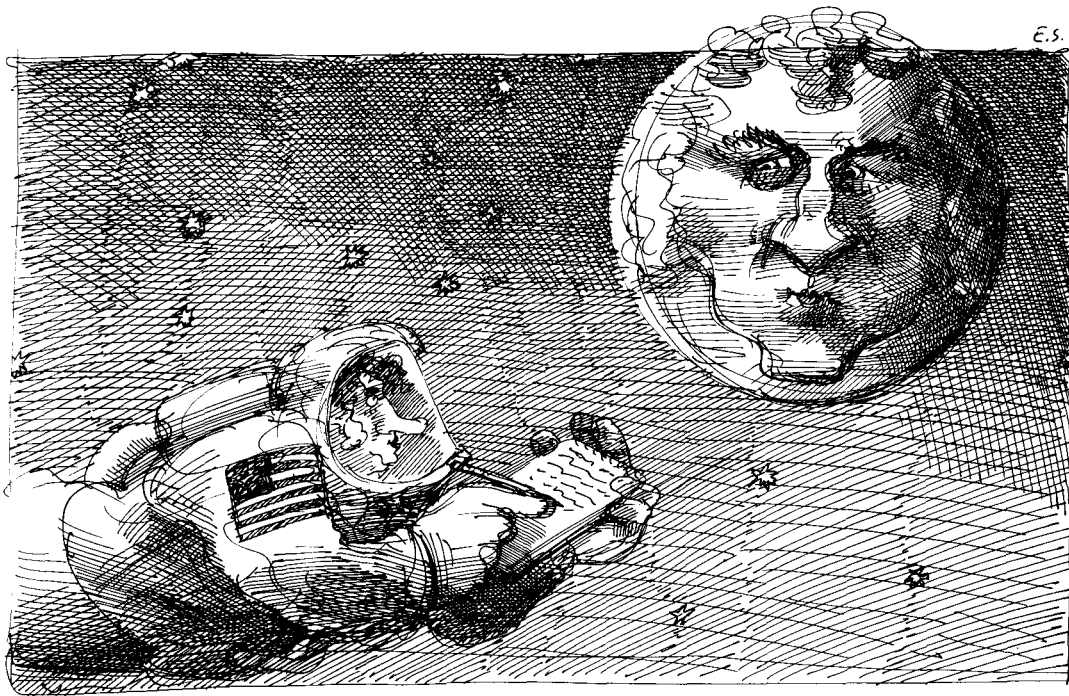
In some such way it is possible to understand a central contradiction in him: there is on one hand the marvelously fastidious stylist, a writer almost precious in his care for phrasing and cadence, and, on the other and seemingly at odds, the boisterous, the vulgar actor. More often than not his style will sound like Faulkner or James, like Proust or Lawrence, even while he is pushing Papa Hemingway as a model and precursor. As recently as *Cannibals and Christians*, he misreads Lawrence out of what I would guess is an anxiety to appear tougher than he really is, which means that Lawrence must be made less so. Lawrence, he there claims, is so sentimental about lovers that he misses their desire to "destroy one another; lovers change one another; lovers resist the change that each gives to the other." This is, of course, not what Lawrence misses. It is what he insists on. Not Lawrence but Mailer is deficient in imagining such relationships between a man and a woman. When the sexes meet in Mailer's novels, it is either for frantic sexual experiences or for conferences about manners and role-playing that never significantly modify either one. When he tries to get beyond this, as in *An American Dream*, he surrounds the relationship with portents and circumstances that prevent it from ever becoming more than an alliance for some mutual escape to an imagined ordinariness never to be achieved. Perhaps the reason for this is that the conflicts that might bring about a change in the relationships between men and women actually take place only *within* the nature of all the men in his works, within his own nature. Mailer is finally the most androgynous of writers. Perhaps that is why, of

what are now eighteen books, only five are novels, a form where some developed relationship between the sexes is generally called for, and the rest, except for a quite good volume of poems entitled *Deaths for the Ladies (and Other Disasters)* and the scripts for his play *The Deer Park* and his film *Maidstone*, is a species of self-reporting.

And yet for all the self-reporting, what do we know about him? Very little. Nothing to do with his childhood, his schooling; very little about his love affairs, not much more about his friends or his wives. Though there are bits of incidental intelligence about drinking and drugs in *Advertisements for Myself* and about his fourth marriage in *The Armies of the Night* and *Of a Fire on the Moon*, and though we learn in *The Prisoner of Sex* that for part of one summer he kept house for six children before an old love, who was to become the mother of a seventh, arrived to rescue him, most of what we get from this presumably self-centered, egotistic, and self-revealing writer are anecdotes about his public performances. Even these prove to be not confessions so much as self-creations after the event, presentations of a self he makes up for his own as much as for the reader's inspection.

This is not said critically but rather to suggest that Mailer's genius is excited by those very elements in him and in the nation which prevent the solidification of either one. Solidification, or what D.J. calls "crystallization," is not the function of Mailer's art and is instead ascribed to those forces in contemporary civilization to which his art opposes itself. With what seems at times obtuseness, he chooses to put his stress of appreciation on those aspects of a subject which anyone working in the rationalist, humanist, liberal tradition would generally choose to ignore or condemn. He is, therefore, necessarily committed to the democratic principle that all parts of any subject are at least initially equal. Like Glenn Gould playing Bach or Beethoven, Mailer decides that what everyone else treats as a subordinate sound can be treated as a major one. This significantly complicates the responses called forth by some of the characters in his later work. Thus, while D.J. and Tex are agents of some horrid, proliferating power that propels America into Vietnam, they are also in another sense "good." They are emphatically and unapologetically what they are; they do what they do well, and it is possible in Mailer to do anything well, to perform well even in the act of murder.

For that reason, the obscenity in *Why Are We in Vietnam?* is not a symptom of what is the matter with D.J. Instead, it is a clue to what might possibly be "good" about him. In "An Evening with Jackie Kennedy, or, the Wild West of the East," Mailer proposed to tell her "that the obscene had a right to exist in the novel," a desire typical of his wish to bring apparently uncongenial ideas into situations designed to exclude them. As "queen of the arts" she would understand, he likes to think, that it was "the pur-



pose of culture finally to enrich all the psyche, not just part of us" because "art in all its manifestations . . . including the rude, the obscene, and the unsayable . . . was as essential to the nation as technology" (*The Presidential Papers*). Elsewhere in that book he makes the point that an artist who does not bring into art those qualities which might disrupt formal coherence is guilty of doing to art, and to culture, what Eisenhower did to politics during what were for Mailer the worst years of his time in America: "He did not divide the nation as a hero might (with a dramatic dialogue as a result); he merely excluded one part of the nation from the other. The result was an alienation of the best minds and bravest impulses from the faltering history which was made."

Mailer will exclude nothing in the interests of formal arrangements. This has led to the most consistent misunderstanding of his work, the failure to grasp why he is given to obscenity and violence. In "An Impolite Interview" with Paul Krassner of *The Realist*, he makes his position on these matters clear enough, but in such a way as perhaps only further to confuse his detractors. Alluding to an Italian bombardier who reported that the bombs bursting over an Ethiopian village were beautiful, he writes that while he does not necessarily disapprove of violence in a man or a woman, "what I still disapprove of is *inhuman* violence."

I disapprove of bombing a city. I disapprove of the kind of man who will derive aesthetic satisfaction from the fact that an Ethiopian village looks like a red rose at the moment the bombs are exploding. I won't disapprove of the act of perception which witnesses that: I think that act of perception is— I'm going to use the word again—noble.

What I'm getting at is: a native village is bombed, and the bombs happen to be beautiful when they

land; in fact it would be odd if all that sudden destruction did not liberate some beauty. The form a bomb takes in its explosion may be in part a picture of the potentialities it destroyed. So let us accept the idea that the bomb is beautiful.

If so, any liberal who decries the act of bombing is totalitarian if he doesn't admit as well that the bombs were indeed beautiful.

Because the moment we tell something that's untrue, it does not matter how pure our motives may be—the moment we start mothering mankind and decide that one truth is good for them to hear and another is not so good, because while we can understand, those poor ignorant unfortunates cannot—then what are we doing, we're depriving the minds of others of knowledge which may be essential.

Think of a young pilot who comes along later, some young pilot who goes out on a mission and isn't prepared for the fact that a bombing might be beautiful; he could conceivably be an idealist, there were some in the war against Fascism. If the pilot is totally unprepared he might never get over the fact that he was particularly thrilled by the beauty of that bomb.

But if our culture had been large enough to say that Ciano's son-in-law not only found that bomb beautiful, but that indeed this act of perception was *not* what was wrong; the evil was to think that this beauty was worth the lot of living helpless people who were wiped out broadside. Obviously whenever there's destruction, there's going to be beauty implicit in it.

Truth for Mailer is equivalent to the acceptance, with respect to any subject, of such a range of diverse feelings that some seem to cancel or mutilate the others, and there are times when his commitment to truth cannot escape a perverse exaltation of the submerged at the expense of the humanly self-evident. While he is clearly aware of this danger, he will not allow the presumed exigencies of the humanly self-evident, much less the exigencies of literary form or of logic, to dictate what he puts in or leaves out. This is what distinguishes him from his contemporaries in

fiction. However different, they all find it necessary at some point to suppress what I have called the minority within: those feelings, expressions, possibilities in the material that are perhaps incommensurate with the effect being striven for. Mailer's honesty in this is rather more strenuous than theirs and finally more self-sacrificing.

Unfortunately, the most noble of instincts have a way of being transformed first into self-consciousness, then into habit, and finally into mechanics. What was once a virtue becomes a tic; what was once romantic becomes, as Byron discovered, burlesque. Even in this passage, and increasingly to the detriment of his work, Mailer often creates divisions in his material so simplistically extreme as to allow him an unearned rest, exonerated, in the middle of it all, freed of choice or even temptation. Positioned between extremities which he has himself invented and which are by no means made necessary by the nature of what he is trying to account for, he reveals at times "some wistful desire to be less extraordinary," a desire attributed to Deirdre in *An American Dream*. Being among the most self-scrutinizing of writers and his own best critic, he has come even to wonder in *The Prisoner of Sex* "if his vision, for lack of some cultivation in the middle, was not too compulsively ready for the apocalyptic." "Cultivation" is the important clue here; he thinks of the middle as a place where his imagination does not instinctively move and where it becomes flabby. *Miami and the Siege of Chicago* and *Of a Fire on the Moon* are the clearest instances, and it is significant that both involved him in events in which for various reasons he could not directly participate. In the one, his deadline for the book prevented him from acting in any way that might get him arrested, as he was in the Washington of *The Armies of the Night*; in the other, the very nature of technological enterprise excluded from participation anyone not expertly tooled into it. An unwonted self-pity has become the sign of such moments ("no revolution had arisen in the years when he was ready—the timing of his soul was apocalyptically maladroit," he tells us while watching the Yippies from the nineteenth floor of his hotel), along with a hectoring, envious tone with respect to persons, and a stylistic failure to engage himself except through easy hyperbole. Are we really to think that the vibration of Yippie music in Lincoln Park "was the roar of the beast in all nihilism," or rather that the sound reminded Mailer that his own voice simply could not be accommodated to it?

Despite some stunning exceptions, like the last chapter, "A Burial by the Sea," in *Of a Fire on the Moon*, there is evidence that Mailer's imagination of himself is becoming dangerously rigid and circumscribed, particularly when he indulges in rather simple and fashionable concerns about the future of the imagination in an age of science and technology. Where before there was a supple, intimate, and daring search within his schematizations for pressures

that would unsettle them, the tendency now is to insist that the events or persons he writes about should fit the scheme. His most impressive writing seems to occur where he is least ambitious. The best parts of *Of a Fire on the Moon*, for example, are the descriptive ones; the most troubling are the efforts to sort out what he is describing so that his hyperbolic rhetoric can go to work.

Perhaps his strength at the moment derives more from what he is learning to do by making movies than from what he has already learned by making dualisms. *Of a Fire on the Moon* reveals his genius, so evident in his political writing, for quick characterizations of a kind not tied to any dialectical issue (Frank McGee is said to have a "personality all reminiscent . . . of a coach of a rifle team"), for casual but packed analogies that Lowell might envy ("what if the moon were as quiet as the fisherman when he lays the fly on the water"), for Proustian social observations (as in the account of an evening at the Houston home of European friends). And he is sometimes even closer to Lawrence than he was before in his capacity for imaginative drifts and extensions, all the while being moved forward by what seem to be the accidental associations of language. Not in his by now mechanical intellectual superstructurings but in these more open evidences of his power there is assurance enough that technology has not yet collapsed the language or stilled the imagination. His superlative description of the cratered face of the moon is the product of intense research—it should be added that Mailer is, by the way, a first-rate scholar—and it excels anything made available in words or pictures by the machined men of the Apollo flights.

The book is made heavy by ambitions in excess of what is brilliantly accomplished. Too much of it is put on loan to one of the now overfamiliar dualisms: technology and intuition, the Sanitary-Lobe and the Wild-Lobe nesting together in every American, technological reality and the reality of death, Von Braun as a man of opposites, NASA as having in it the sound of Nazi even though technology and Nazism may be inimical to one another, the space program as insane or noble, "a search for the good, or the agent of diabolisms yet unglimped." The book is continually caught up in these dualisms in a nearly manic way—as if otherwise it might fall to pieces. Faced with the clear evidence that the astronauts, differences among them waived, are by nature rather flat-minded fellows, Mailer is momentarily bewildered. What to do with material so unyielding, so uniform? This is rather a new problem for him, but all he can produce are old questions and their answers. He proceeds, as is his wont, to divide in order to conquer. Divide the material, argue the differences, reach a kind of stalemate, and call it a "mystery."

Why, it has to be asked, must he persist in these by now deadening acts of cosmic division? Their function is best understood, and made less debilitating, I suspect, if they are taken less as part of the substance

of the book than as its necessary fuel, its lubricant even. They are what he needs now to get himself moving, get himself involved and boosted to a level of intensity where he will then be able to produce the masterful straight stuff in the book, such as his description of the Vehicle Assembly Building at Cape Kennedy. He even admits to the opportunistic side of his practices. "It was somehow superior," he explains, to think of the flight in cosmic rather than in less exalting terms, and when he wants to claim that the trip might "reveal some secret in the buried tendencies of our history," he has to agree in the next paragraph that "such remarks are large, they are grand, they roll off into the murk of metaphysical storm." Mailer's own anxieties of late are most evident in the frequency of such near disclaimers, near apologies for his own inflations.

Mailer is a writer as yet without the ultimate serenity that is probably needed for the great book he wishes to write. And I say this out of the conviction that he is nonetheless the only writer of prominence in English who can be expected to deliver a work that will deserve comparison with the best of Faulk-

ner or James. Some of his contemporaries have written more shapely books, almost everyone who might be compared with him has avoided his excesses, but there is no one with his displayed mastery of contemporary English as it has been fashioned not only in literature but in a multitude of media. No one has given more hope that language may still be the potent instrument of human need in its confrontations with the benign as well as the wicked forces of institutionalized life.

Now at a crisis in his writing, equivalent, I suspect, to the early period of exhaustion after *The Deer Park*, Mailer is uniquely situated to escape the entrapment that often turns American writers into imitators and, finally, into unconscious parodists of themselves. His situation is unique because some of his most brilliant work is literary self-criticism. In *The Prisoner of Sex* there are already hints of a healthy negative assessment of where he is, of boredom with characteristic and familiar ways of doing things. Finally, he is even at "war" with his own achievements, and out of this may emerge still other, different forms for himself, for contemporary life, and for our language. □

WATCH THE WIND

"Watch the wind, Newlyn, watch the wind"—
Changing the earth's surface, sea, sky, and air,
The wind blows everywhere except where it's been—

I call across the lawn as though you'd just sinned;
The grass stems you've tossed high are in our hostess' dark hair.
"Watch the wind, Newlyn, watch the wind!"

The fairest elements are weather and a child's whims,
Our hostess' eyes say, as more stems fly beyond her and her bright stare.
(The wind blows everywhere except where it's been.)

Be *still*, be *you*, Newlyn, I want to say, then nothing
You do is unmannerly or on a whim. And look at her hair!
"Watch the wind, Newlyn, watch the wind,"

Returns to me in our hostess' voice, and her words begin
A villanelle that none of us knew was there.
The wind blows everywhere except where it's been

And chills me, a father who'd make your round world square,
When at your age, four, I too was free, fair-haired, and fair,
So watch the wind, Newlyn, watch the wind:
The wind blows everywhere except where it's been.

by L. Woiwode

BEHIND THE MEAT COUNTER

The fight over DES

by Harrison Wellford

The question is whether some carcinogens in our food supply are safe.

In 1970, Dr. Howard Ulfelder, a gynecologist at Boston's prestigious Massachusetts General Hospital, examined a teen-age girl who had complained of unusual bleeding between her menstrual periods. He discovered, to his shock and surprise, a malignant growth in the girl's vagina—one of the rarest of cancers, known as adenocarcinoma. Dr. Ulfelder's diagnosis made medical history, for this cancer was virtually unknown in women under thirty. Only one such case had been previously described in medical literature. At first this girl's tumor seemed another freak occurrence. But a few weeks later, adenocarcinoma was diagnosed in a second teen-ager at Mass. General, and in the following months this extremely rare tumor was found in six more young women.

The search for the causes of cancer is perhaps the most frustrating of medical disciplines. In most cases, the tumor itself gives no clue to its cause. Cancer, most investigators believe, is not the result of a single cause but rather of a chain or web of causes which interplay with each other. With the adenocarcinoma cases, however, Dr. Ulfelder did have several advantages: the tumors were highly unusual, they had suddenly appeared in girls of a narrow age range, and their microscopic pattern was relatively uniform. All suggested the possibility of a single cause.

Dr. Ulfelder's predicament was in many ways analogous to that of the doctors who investigated the thalidomide babies in the early 1960s. These children were born with grotesque birth defects which left them with vestigial stumps where their arms and legs were supposed to be. Yet ironically, if the children's defects had not been so catastrophically unique, the doctors would never have been able to trace them to a specific cause—a sleeping pill the mothers took during the first weeks of pregnancy. If thalidomide had caused a common and therefore untraceable birth defect, it might now be considered a safe drug.

Dr. Ulfelder searched desperately for clues in the girls' medical histories, diets, and backgrounds. Because tumors often take a decade or more to develop after exposure to a cancer-causing agent, it was reasonable to expect that the girls must have been exposed when very young, either as infants or *in utero*. Dr. Ulfelder therefore checked their mothers' medical records during pregnancy and here he found the common factor he was looking for. Several of the girls' mothers had taken the drug stilbestrol during pregnancy to prevent miscarriage.

Dr. Arthur Herbst, one of Dr. Ulfelder's colleagues at Mass. General, then did an exhaustive study of the girls' backgrounds and confirmed that in every case their mothers had taken stilbestrol during pregnancy. In April, 1971, Herbst, Ulfelder, and a third colleague published findings in the *New England Journal of Medicine*; the *Journal* said the findings had "great scientific significance." Later, with the help of epidemiologists like Dr. Peter Greenwald of New York's Cancer Control Bureau, whose office contacted 37,500 doctors in New York State alone, adenocarcinoma has been found in approximately eighty young women, of whom nearly a third have died of advanced disease.

Up to this point, the stilbestrol affair had been primarily a detective story relegated to medical journals. In the next few months, however, another startling discovery moved it to the front pages. At about the same time that the medical community learned about stilbestrol-related vaginal cancer, analysts at the U.S. Department of Agriculture (USDA) were discovering that the same chemical had become a regular, but hidden, ingredient in the food supply.

Stilbestrol (also known as diethylstilbestrol, DES) is a synthetic hormone which, in addition to its use in human medicine, is fed to about 75 percent of the thirty million cattle slaughtered each year in the United States. DES makes the animals fatten faster on less grain, thereby saving cattlemen some ninety million dollars yearly. Because DES has long been known to cause cancer in laboratory animals, it has been banned by over twenty-two countries as an animal feed supplement, in some cases for more than a

decade. It was in use in this country primarily because it has provided margins of profit for the mammoth feedlots where most American beef is fattened before slaughter.

The discovery that DES could also cause cancer in man immediately sparked efforts to ban it in this country. This has led to a significant debate about the relationship between technological risks and human safety in the regulation of the chemicals man introduces into the environment. The amount of stilbestrol in dosages prescribed for pregnant women is enormous compared to the amounts that have turned up in the nation's food supply, but as will be seen, the questions—and answers—about DES are disturbing enough to have led to a partial ban on food producers' use of the hormone. At stake is this issue: is there a safe level at which cancer-producing substances can be allowed in food?

During the 1950s, when the breakthroughs in chemical technology achieved in World War II began to be applied to agriculture and food processing, concern mounted about the potential hazards for man and the environment from the chemical industries' rapidly proliferating products. A leading cancer specialist, Dr. E. Boyland, has estimated that "not more than 5 percent of human cancers is due to viruses and less than 5 percent to radiation. Some 90 percent of cancer in man is therefore due to chemicals, but we do not know how much is due to endogenous carcinogens and how much to environmental factors." In 1970, the government-sponsored Ad Hoc Committee on the Evaluation of Chemical Carcinogens in the Environment reported to the U.S. Surgeon General that the types of cancer in man due directly or indirectly to environmental factors such as synthetic chemicals account for a large percentage of total cancer incidence. "During the past decade," the committee noted, "considerable progress has been made in the detection of carcinogenic agents and the analysis of their biological effects. . . . It is estimated, therefore, that the majority of human cancers are potentially preventable." These scientists feel that the burden of human cancer could be significantly reduced by finding and removing chemical carcinogens from food, water, and other environmental sources.

It was this kind of concern that led in 1958 to the passage of the Delaney Amendment to the existent Food, Drug, and Cosmetics Act. This amendment, which has become the major battleground in the debate over cancer hazards in food, states categorically that it is unsafe for a chemical that causes cancer in laboratory animals or man to be added intentionally to food. But exceptions to this rule permit some carcinogenic chemicals to appear in meat nevertheless. As a result, government regulators in the Food and Drug Administration and the Department of Agriculture are constantly making decisions which have the effect of determining whether small levels of carcinogens should be tolerated in food.

The regulators are in effect legislating risk levels for the American public. While the decisions may seem highly technical, the latitude for subjective human judgment is in fact very wide. When hazards do turn up, as they often do after a chemical has become entrenched in the marketplace, the definition of safety often takes on political implications as the food lobbies maneuver to protect their investment. The decisions are therefore as politically hazardous for the regulator as they are potentially perilous for the public. To the sausage makers and the cattlemen who use the chemicals to make their hot dogs red or their steers grow faster, the risks may seem very remote and the benefits very concrete; but to the cancer researcher the same benefits may seem trivial and the risks—a possible increase in the incidence of cancer a decade or more after human exposure—catastrophic. If a government agency in restricting a chemical errs on the side of caution, the industry can quantify the error in terms of a dollars-and-cents economic loss. If the agency in approving a chemical errs on the side of risk, even the most outrageous result, for example, a two or three thousand increase in the number of cancer victims ten or fifteen years later, will probably never be discovered, or if discovered, could not be traced back to its decision.

The consumer, if he knows about the carcinogenic residues at all—and often he doesn't—is simply confused and often a little frightened. The safety issue is more complex because the consequences of a given decision are shrouded in mystery. One often does not know how much of a suspected carcinogen is in food, how much is dangerous to the consumer, or how many people might ultimately be affected by it.

Rising public interest in such questions, and those about DES in particular, made 1972 the year of the meat industry's long hot summer. Since it was first approved for use in poultry in 1946, DES has created concern because it causes cancer in several species of test animals, including cancer of the breast in mice, rats, and dogs, cancer of the testicles in mice, and cancer of the kidneys in hamsters. Like many other known carcinogens, DES induces cancer only after a long latency period. Until April, 1971, cattlemen took refuge in the fact that DES had not been linked to cancer in human beings.

The discovery of DES-related adenocarcinoma of the vagina, reported by Dr. Herbst, created a political storm on Capitol Hill. USDA, caught by surprise, was swept up in a whirl of contradictions and blunders which ultimately damaged its credibility with the Congress and fueled pressure for a new independent food inspection agency. To understand USDA's role in this affair, one must first recognize that the discovery that DES-related cancer in man, as dramatic and poignant as it was, had technically little regulatory significance. DES has been known to cause cancer in test animals since 1940, and this alone was enough to ban it if it were getting into meat under the provisions of the Delaney Amend-

ment with its ban on food additives "found to induce cancer when ingested in man or animal."

In 1962, however, Congress punched a loophole in the Delaney Amendment expressly for DES. It allowed carcinogenic drugs to be fed to animals provided that none of their residues were detected in food derived from such animals. USDA and FDA steadfastly maintained that no residues of DES could be found in meat. FDA required cattlemen to cease feeding DES at least forty-eight hours before slaughter. This supposedly was enough time for the hormone to pass through the animal's system and be excreted. While the withdrawal period depended largely on the voluntary cooperation of the cattlemen, top officials in FDA and USDA have always claimed it was highly effective.

Laboratory checks for DES in meat appeared to confirm this view. Since 1965, USDA has been collecting random samples of liver and muscle tissue from DES-fed cattle and analyzing them in its laboratories. In 1969, USDA detected DES in only three of the hundreds of randomly selected cattle; in 1970, it detected DES in only one. In May, 1971, shortly after the vaginal cancer cases had been reported in the press, Assistant Secretary of Agriculture Richard Lyng relied on these results when he issued a press release stating that USDA's tests showed that "no red meat containing detectable levels of DES residues has reached the consumer." He further stated that no DES had been found in any sample checked during the first five months of 1971.

In fact, at the time of Lyng's statement, seventeen years after DES was first approved for use in cattle, neither USDA nor FDA could make a serious estimate of how much DES was actually getting into the nation's beef. This result is an object lesson in the ways bureaucracy can silently evade the consumer protection mandates of Congress. The law clearly required that FDA keep DES out of the feedlot unless the chemical and feed companies could prove that no residue would remain in food products derived from treated animals. The burden of proof was to be on the makers and users of DES.

The Federal Food, Drug, and Cosmetics Act, as amended in 1958, required all animal drug petitions to contain a "description of practicable methods for determining the quantity" of such chemicals in food. But while there have been dozens of animal drug applications for new uses of DES in cattle and sheep feed since 1958, these safety conditions had rarely, if ever, been applied.

From 1954 to 1965, for example, FDA made no attempt to check meat regularly for DES residues, or even to develop a practical regulatory method for detecting it. When USDA finally began to look for DES in meat in 1965, it found itself in an embarrassing position. The method of analysis submitted by the manufacturers of DES in 1954 and approved by

FDA as the official method required by law turned out to be impractical for detecting the hormone in meat.

USDA, forced to improvise at government expense, developed a chemical method of analysis which was rapid and cheap but relatively insensitive. It could not detect DES at levels below ten parts per billion (in effect, a few drops in 25,000 gallons of water). This method, according to a top USDA chemist, was a "regulatory control chemist's nightmare." Failure to develop a more sensitive analysis significantly increased the public's risk of exposure to carcinogenic residues in the 1960s.

The failure is all the more disturbing because FDA had ample reason to suspect that cattlemen were not observing the forty-eight hour withdrawal period. Factors of profit and convenience made non-compliance likely. Within twelve hours after a farmer decides the price is right, his cattle are likely to be at the slaughterhouse. Moreover, taking cattle off DES, especially when they are jammed by the thousands into feedlots, is no simple task. Many cattle feedlots use elaborate feeding machines stocked with DES-supplemented feed. Cleaning out the machines and restocking them with pure feed for a short forty-eight-hour period was simply too much trouble for many farmers. In 1970, USDA became so alarmed at this situation that it informed FDA it would no longer concur in the approval of any animal drug for which a withdrawal period was required to prevent contamination of meat. Compliance was further crippled by FDA's failure, until 1971, to initiate criminal proceedings against cattlemen who shipped livestock with illegal residues.

The record therefore shows that FDA and USDA failed for over a decade to enforce effectively Congress' mandate to keep DES-contaminated meat off the consumers' meat counter. FDA's continued approval of new DES petitions when it knew that it lacked practical detection procedures and real evidence that feeders were complying with procedures for safe use finally became a public issue in 1971.

In April of last year, USDA began using a new analytical method, gas liquid chromatography, which could detect DES down to two parts per billion. At the same time, it increased the number of animals sampled from 192 in 1970 to 6000 projected for 1971.

By the end of 1971, DES had been detected in twenty-four carcasses of randomly selected cattle and sheep, six times the total for the previous two years. Voices calling for a ban on DES swelled to a chorus. Senator William Proxmire, Democrat of Wisconsin, introduced a bill to ban DES outright and the National Resources Defense Council sued USDA and FDA for the same purpose. The House of Representatives' hearings on DES resumed in November to hear a leading cancer specialist, Dr. Roy Hertz of Rockefeller University, testify that nothing short of a possible "famine situation" could now justify continued use of DES.

FDA eased the pressure for a ban temporarily in January, 1972, by instituting new controls over the use of DES in the feedlots. Cattlemen were forced to take their animals off DES seven days rather than forty-eight hours before slaughter. FDA Commissioner Dr. Charles Edwards further promised that "should the new control procedures prove unsuccessful in application, we are prepared to ban its use entirely from animal feeds." This summer, however, time finally ran out on FDA. By June it was clear that the new controls had not worked. DES was being detected in meat four times as frequently as in January: 2.27 percent of all cattle tested in the first six months of 1972—a rate of 660,000 head a year—contained DES residues after slaughter. In one week in June the detection rate reached an incredible 10 percent.

Still FDA delayed as the pressure mounted. In July Senator Edward Kennedy's Subcommittee on Health held hearings on DES before a packed house. His opening words—"We are here today because DES, a known cancer-causing agent, is appearing on thousands of American dinner tables"—sent a chill down the collective spine of the nation's meat industry. Senator George McGovern's Select Committee on Nutrition and Human Needs and the House Intergovernmental Relations Subcommittee, FDA's special nemesis, announced hearings on the issue. DES even caused fissures in the executive's front. Dr. Frank Rauscher, director of the National Cancer Institute, told the *Washington Post* that the only prudent course was to ban DES. He received an angry call from FDA Commissioner Edwards which reportedly ended in a yelling match when Rauscher refused to back down. Even key scientists on Edwards' staff criticized him for giving DES another reprieve.

Finally, on August 2, FDA yielded to the inevitable and announced a limited ban on DES. The hormone was banned as a feed supplement effective January, 1973, but could continue to be used as an implant in the cattle's ear—a process whereby a very small amount of DES (one-thirtieth of the quantity that is poured into feed) is released into the animal's system gradually, over a period of months.

There were immediate protests that the ban did not go far enough, quickly enough. "If DES is dangerous enough to ban, it is dangerous enough to ban right now," said Senator Abraham Ribicoff, Democrat of Connecticut. For their part, USDA and the FDA made plain that, in Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz's word, they "regretted" the ban. The FDA's Edwards said that though DES is "not a public health problem" inasmuch as it "has been used in the feed of cattle for nearly two decades without a single known instance of human harm," the ban had to be instituted under the law—the Delaney Amendment. The official implication, which becomes ever more clear in the course of conversation and interview, is that the government will do what the Delaney Amendment requires it to do now, but has as a long-term goal the repeal of the amendment itself.

For the next few months, then, it is business as usual. Thereafter, it remains to be seen whether DES has effectively been banned from the food supply.

The DES affair arrived at an awkward time for FDA and particularly for its commissioner, Charles Edwards. The future of FDA and its commissioner is now hanging in delicate balance in the House of Representatives. The Senate has already passed a bill to establish a new Consumer Protection Agency which would dismember FDA, giving its food safety functions to the new agency. Edwards' present post would be abolished if this legislation is enacted.

Why then was FDA willing for so long to risk alienating Congress for the sake of DES? Politics is part of the answer. Edwards had the support of the White House in holding the line on DES. Banning the hormone would cause a rise in meat prices within a few weeks, perhaps as great as 10 percent if the predictions of the meat lobbyists are to be believed. A ban would also be highly unpopular in the big feedlot states of the Midwest and West such as Nebraska and Colorado. While anti-DES views have been expressed by the National Farmers Union of Canada and a few other farm groups, there is little doubt that farmers generally fear the disruption and uncertainty a ban would bring. A DES ban could hurt the Nixon Administration politically in these farm states; further inflation of meat prices would hurt the Administration even more with consumers across the country. For these reasons, many observers predicted that the DES decision would be put off until after November.

FDA also wanted to remain consistent with its past public positions regarding chemical hazards in food. The Bureau of Veterinary Medicine, despite mounting criticism, has steadfastly defended DES, even allowing one company to double the permissible dose in feed in 1970.

FDA's top administrators seem genuinely to feel that the DES residues found in meat are not hazardous. Edwards points out that the residues are found only in the liver of cattle and sheep and stresses their microscopic size. Dr. Rauscher of the NCI, on the other hand, argues that anything that increases the carcinogenic burden of man ought to be eliminated from the environment if at all possible. The National Cancer Institute continued to embrace the view which served as the original justification for the Delaney Amendment—that one molecule of a carcinogen may be sufficient to induce a cancer, and that therefore it is impossible to establish any absolutely safe level for exposure to a carcinogen for man. Dr. Edwards, on the other hand, feels that "arbitrarily to bar foods that contain minuscule amounts of known cancer-inducing factors would lead to chaos and an inordinate waste of vitally needed food." He fears that banning DES will in effect open

Pandora's box. After all, as he told the Kennedy Subcommittee on Health, there are many other drugs and additives which FDA feels are at least as dangerous as DES.

Unfortunately there is little evidence that FDA and USDA have learned from their mistakes with DES. At least five other animal drugs with estrogen-like activity have been approved by FDA without first providing USDA with a practical and sensitive method for detecting their residues. All of them are suspected carcinogens and one of them, dienestrol, has been linked to a case of vaginal cancer in one young woman (the woman's mother was given the drug during pregnancy). The bioassay, the same analytical method which proved so impractical for DES, is the "official" method of analysis for this hormone.

If the institutional bias displayed by FDA in the DES affair were encapsulated in a sentence, one would have to say that at every critical juncture FDA gave the producers' interest, rather than the consumers' health, the benefit of the doubt. The same bias characterizes FDA's handling of sodium nitrite, the second food chemical to raise major food safety issues in 1972.

Sodium nitrite is the chemical additive which gives hot dogs, corned beef, and other processed meats their fresh red color. Now, nearly a half century after they were first approved by USDA, nitrites are under fire because they may contribute to the development of carcinogenic chemicals in food and in the human body. Animal experiments around the world have conclusively shown that nitrites, through a synergistic reaction with other chemicals (called secondary and tertiary amines), may be converted to cancer-causing substances called nitrosamines. About 80 percent of the nitrosamines tested have been found to cause cancer in a wide variety of species, including the rat, hamster, mouse, guinea pig, dog, and monkey. Up to now, no animal species has been found resistant to carcinogenesis by these agents. According to Dr. William Lijinsky, a leading cancer researcher at the Oak Ridge National Laboratory, nitrosamines "are among the most potent carcinogens we know and are certainly the most widely acting group of carcinogens. They seem to be most effective in eliciting tumors when they are applied in small doses over a long period, rather than as large single doses." These are exactly the conditions under which the meat consumer would be exposed to nitrosamines if they are formed by the interaction of nitrites and amines in the diet or human stomach.

While there have been no long-term studies of human beings exposed to nitrosamines, there is a strong possibility that they are carcinogenic for man. Dr. R. Preussmann of the German Cancer Research Center in Heidelberg states that the metabolism as well as

the acute toxic effects of nitrosamines are similar or identical in man and experimental animals and concludes: "I do not hesitate to say that N-nitroso compounds are carcinogens also in man with a probability being close to certainty."

When scientists learned that nitrosamines could be formed through the interaction of nitrites and secondary amines, they saw a danger of human exposure from two sources—the possible formation of nitrosamines in food and in the human stomach. Both dangers were strictly theoretical. Then in August, 1971, a scientist at USDA's Eastern Regional Research Laboratory in Wyndmoor, Pennsylvania, made a shattering discovery. In two of ten samples of hot dogs obtained from a local supermarket, he discovered dimethylnitrosamine (DMN) at eighty parts per billion and forty-eight parts per billion, respectively, the highest levels of DMN ever found in meat up to that time. No safe level of DMN has been established and it is the opinion of many scientists that any levels of DMN and certainly levels in excess of ten parts per billion pose carcinogenic hazards for man.

These findings caused a great stir in USDA. Dr. Leo Friedman, director of FDA's Division of Toxicology, and Dr. Harry Mussman, director of USDA's Laboratory Services Division, both considered the levels "significant," and Mussman in a memo dated September 13, 1971, urged that the findings be announced in a press release. The release, although prepared, never left USDA, and the DMN findings remained a closely held secret for three months. One explanation for the delay is that FDA's nitrosamine analysts apparently questioned the reliability of USDA's August tests, while USDA stood behind them.

Nitrosamines have subsequently been found in a few samples of other meat products, including bacon (after frying) up to 106 parts per billion and drippings up to 207 parts per billion, dried beef and cured pork products up to 48 parts per billion, ham up to 5 parts per billion, and fish up to 26 parts per billion. There is still some doubt among scientists as to whether these analyses are valid, however. Until more tests are run on retail hot dogs and other cured meat products and until USDA and FDA resolve their differences over test methodology, the amount of DMN and other nitrosamines in meat products will remain a mystery. The interim findings do make it imperative to find out how much nitrosamine is getting into meat and to eliminate its causes to the maximum possible degree. In any case, the concern about DES having led to a partial ban on its use, the stage is now set for an even fiercer fight over the complex issue of nitrites, with the forces arrayed much as they were in the DES controversy. The most basic dilemma of food protection therefore remains unresolved: how much of a carcinogen in our food supply is too much? □

The Curious Legend of La Dame Blanche

Long, long ago, in the Bordeaux region of France, there lived a handsome young Count.

The estate on which he lived had a truly remarkable vineyard, from which came one of the finest wines in all of France. This wine was treasured throughout the land and was a source of great pride to the young aristocrat.

The people all loved him, for he was very good to them, and the fine wine he produced brought prosperity to them all.

However, they were concerned about one thing.

He had not yet found a wife.

One day, the Count decided to take a holiday, and he journeyed to Morocco. There he met a beautiful Moorish princess with dark mysterious eyes and black silken hair.

And skin the color of dark topaz.

She was, he thought, the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, and he fell hopelessly in love with her. And she with him. And so they were married.

When the news of the beloved Count's

marriage to a dark-skinned woman reached the people, they were dismayed. And when he brought her home, they turned their backs on her. Why couldn't he have married one of his own kind?

Despite this, the pair lived happily together until the Count died. Then, his loving wife did something that shocked everyone.

She came to the funeral dressed in white...the color of mourning of her native land.

No one in France had ever worn anything but black for mourning. Oh, she had strange ways, this dark foreign woman.

The bereaved Countess wore nothing but white for the rest of her life, for she had loved her husband very much. So much so that, in his tradition, she continued caring for the vineyard. Which, in turn, continued to produce the superb wine.

She was really a very kind woman, and, like her husband, treated the people well. Slowly, they began to accept her. And they learned to love her as much as they had the Count.

Later, when she died, they all came to her funeral to honor her.

And they came dressed in white.

Now, here is the curious part of the story.

Ever since the death of the Countess, on certain mornings at dawn, a strange white mist drifts across the meadow and surrounds the Chateau.

And the people seeing this phenomenon, say, "La Dame Blanche has returned". So when the white mist appears, the people are happy to be reminded that La Dame Blanche remembers them.

Today, the famous Cruse family occupies the Chateau. And their wine, now called Chateau La Dame Blanche, is still among the finest in all of France. As is every wine that bears the Cruse crescent. Each with its own special story to tell.

Happily, the spirit of La Dame Blanche still prevails.

At the Chateau near Bordeaux.

And on some of the finest tables in the world.



Every Cruse wine has its own story to tell...it begins when you open the bottle.

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Cruse



Michelangelo
started with superb
marble.
We start with superb
grapes.

I NEVER HOLLERED CHEEZIT THE COPS

A story by Nelson Algren

You don't have to sneak around a grandstand booking bets to become a "Known Hoodlum" at a racetrack. You don't have to pick a pocket or forge a check. You don't have to get caught with a piece of sponge that would fit nicely into a nostril of a short-price horse. You don't have to collect somebody else's bad debt with a Little League baseball bat. All I ever done to become one was to be an agent for race-riders—and that ain't even illegal. Until I handled Rusty de John I never had a trouble, neither with riders or owners.

How he got a name like that I have no idea, as he couldn't read English, far less French. When he had to write his folks in New Iberia, Louisiana, he'd send a postcard saying "Come" or "Don't" and get somebody else to address it. Believe me when I tell you, when that boy said "Howdy" he'd already told you everything he knew.

He *could* ride. I give him that. If he saw a hole he could get a horse's nose through, he'd pull the whole horse through it. And he could make a hole in the wind.

Then he brought in something called Popcorn Bummy, off at 23 to 1, and as soon as the number went up the inquiry sign begun flashing: stewards' inquiry. They hadn't even waited for a rider to protest; they'd entered the claim of foul themselves. Down comes the number and the horse is placed last.

The next morning I had to fetch Rusty to the projection room so he could see for himself what he'd done. And to give him a chance to defend himself against suspension.

"Now, if you'll just keep your mouth shut," I warned the boy, "you won't get more than five days. Tell them you realize your mistake and you're sorry. Then promise that, in the future, you're going to be more careful. *Whatever* they give you, *don't argue*."

He nodded as though he understood.

The stewards sat up in front of the screen. Rusty and I sat in the back. The film began with the horses in the gate and the flag up. Then they broke and Rusty, big as life on Number 6, cut diagonally across the field, block-and-tackling the whole pack, bumping the Number 5 into the flank of the Number 4 till he had the rail and then began pulling away. The film cut off.

"You're a dirty liar!" Rusty stands up shouting at the screen, "a dirty liar! I never done it!"

"The boy hasn't had much education," I pleaded privately with the stewards. "Riding racehorses is the only way he has of making a living. Give the kid a break."

"Will you take thirty days?" the Chief Steward asks me, just as if I had a choice.

"Yes, sir," I thanked him. "Thank you, sir." I was glad he hadn't made it sixty.

"I got you off with thirty days," I reported to Rusty.

"You sonofabitch," he jumped right at me, "if you'd kept your big mouth shut they wouldn't of give me a day!"

"Rusty," I made up my mind, "I can't handle you. You're too ignorant. Just pay me the twenty you borrowed off me last week and we'll call it quits. No hard feelings."

"*Pay you twenty bucks after you get me a thirty-day suspension?*"—he stuck that little pug mug of his, more like that of a Pekingese than that of a man, so close to mine that it came right up to my shoulder—"*that's ut-rage-us!*"

"If you want to beat me out of twenty," I told him, "just beat me. Don't use your suspension as an excuse."

"Ut-rage-us!" he repeated.

"Rusty," I said, "if you were the size of a man I'd knock you onto your ignorant ass right here."

As soon as I'd said it I was sorry I had. I'm a full head higher and sixty pounds heavier than Rusty. Yet he didn't back off an inch.

"*Here?*" he asks me, "and get me *another* suspension when I'm on track parole? No, *sir*—but you just step behind that tote board with me, where we'll be out of sight, and we'll settle this man to man. We'll see who's ignorant."

I just turned and walked off. But he followed right at my elbow—"I *knew* you'd lose your nerve, I *knew* you'd show yellow!"

So I swung right through the gate toward the tote board to pretend I really was going to take him on man to man. He came right behind me, shadow-boxing and slamming his little fists together.

"Oh, *boy!*" he begins hollering, "I can hardly wait!" And starts spitting on his fists.

He was too much. I turned about and shot him a short jolt to the jaw just hard enough to set him down in the dust. The fight was over.

He got up and dusted himself off.

"Somebody's going to pay for this," he warned me quietly. "You wait till my folks hear about this." And walked back to the shed area.

I didn't see him for several days. I figured he'd gone back to New Iberia to wait out his suspension for thirty days. If he didn't come back for thirty years that was fine with me.

On Sunday morning I came around a corner of a shed-row and run right into him and two little helpers. Both approximately four foot eleven and looking more like Pekingese than people. They couldn't be anything but a brother and a father. I judged Dad to weigh in at ninety-nine pounds, and Brother couldn't have gone over ninety-six.

"Don't take fright," Dad told me, "us-uns ain't goin' to jump you all three. Us-uns don't fight thataway. But you'll have to take us-uns on one at a time."

"Where?" I asked, not wanting to take that long walk out to the tote board.

"Right *heah!*" Brother stepped up, so I knocked him down with the same hand I'd knocked down Rusty. He just sat there looking up at his pa.

"Your turn, Dad," he tells him. So I reached over and knocked the old man down.

"Where's your mother?" I asked Rusty; and knocked him down too.

Then I waited till the whole family got to its feet. The old man gave me his hand. "The better man won," he told me, and I took it. Then I shook Brother's hand.

"Now that we got that settled satisfactorily," Rusty decided, "you can come back to work for me anytime." And offers me his hand also.

I didn't take it. "Not till you pay me the thirty you owe me," I told him.

"Thirty?"—he starts getting hot all over again—"all I took off you was twenty!"

"You owe me an extra ten for the embarrassment you've caused me in having to knock down your whole family," I explained.

Rusty grabbed his wallet and took out three tens. "Here, you cheap bastard," he tells me, "but I'll tell you *this* much—from now on you're my *swore enemy!* I'll never borrow another nickel off you as long as I live!"

I took the money.

Three nights later I was leaning on the grandstand rail, waiting for the horses to come out on the track, when I saw him coming. But he wasn't coming like a Swore Enemy.

He was wearing slacks, jacket, and half-boots zipped on the side, all very sharp and all of it right out of the store. I began marking my programs so he could take me by surprise.

"Got anything good, old buddy?" he asks, leaning over my program.

I took no note of his sharp frame. I just encircled Number 10. Popcorn Bummy.

Rusty leaped straight up in the air waving his hands like he's flagging down a train.

"Sam! I won't let you bet that lame dog! I won't let you go to the window! I won't let you throw your money away!"

He was protecting me from myself.

Actually I hadn't made up my mind to bet Popcorn Bummy until that moment. When people try to tout me off a horse, I bet it just to show them.

"Nobody, but *nobody* is going to talk me off Popcorn," I filled the boy in; although I hadn't even looked at the *Form*. And he saw I meant it because he quieted down.

"If you're going to throw your money away, Sam," he changed his tune, "why not give me your action?"

"I didn't know you were running bets," I told him.

"Just till they lift my suspension."

"If you run a bet for a security man, your suspension will be for life."

"No danger, Sam," he assured me. "I know every security man around this bullring."

"You *can't* know them all," I warned him, "they keep changing. They send them to other tracks where they aren't known and the ones from other tracks come here."

"I don't have to know the man's *face*, for God's sake," he told me irritably. "Don't you think I can tell a cop just by the way he *looks?*"

"Don't get overconfident," I tried warning him once more.

"Look, Sam," he reproached me, "if you don't want to give me your action it's all right with me. But just tell me so to my face instead of beating around the bush. Or are you scared I'll book the bet myself?"

"I know the people you're running bets for, Rusty," I let him know, "and as ignorant as you are, I don't think you're *that* ignorant."

And I handed him a fifty.

"On the nose," I told him.

He looked at the fifty with some surprise, but he was no more surprised than I was. All I'd been considering, when he'd come up, was a six-dollar across-the-board bet. Let's say I overreacted and let it go at that.

Popcorn Bummy was off at 11 to 1. He broke in front of the field, held a three-length lead into the turn for home, and was so far in front at the wire that the other horses thought he'd run off and hid somewhere. He paid \$24.60. Rusty owed me six hundred and fifteen dollars, American.

His left eyebrow was doing a curious twitch when he came up and he kept pulling on a fresh cigar he'd forgotten to light. I'd never heard him stammer before but he was stammering now.



"B-buddy. The f-f-first t-time you g-give me ac-action—"

I took a guess that he'd booked the bet himself. I guessed right.

"I'm tired of knocking you down myself," I told him. "I'm going to let the people you're running for take a turn."

Actually I wouldn't have gotten the boy smashed up. Not even for six hundred and fifteen dollars. Besides, how would that get me the money? At the same time I didn't want him to think he could run out on me that easy.

"Give me till tomorrow to get it up, old buddy," he pleaded.

"I'll be waiting for you right here at post-time," I warned him as sternly as I was able, "and that don't mean a down payment. I want it *all*." And I walked away.

I saw him later, at the bar across the highway, with a pair of his new buddies. I didn't go near them; I stay away from those groups. But, by the way they were buying, one on either side of him, it hadn't yet entered their minds that he might be double-crossing them. Rusty was so confident that he was smarter than anybody, while all the time he was dumber than anybody, it made me feel just a little sorry for him.

I didn't stay even a little sorry long. When he met me at the rail the following evening he really began getting to me.

"If you don't have the bread don't give me a story," I told him the moment he came up.

"Sam, it's *not* a story. It's the truth, so help me."

"I don't want to hear it."

"It don't have anything to do with Popcorn," he promised, "it's about hot stuff."

"Is that a horse?" I made the mistake of asking.

"No, it's mink stoles," he jumped right in, "six of them worth a G apiece. 'N' I got a buyer lined up who'll give me fifteen hundred for the lot."

"You can't lose money that way," I perceived quickly.

"But I got to put up five hundred to get holt of them," he explained very fast—"so you let me have the five bills 'n' that way I pay you back the five plus the six-fifteen I owe you 'n' that's eleven-fifteen only I make it twelve hundred as a token of appreciation of—"

"Count me out," I cut him short.

"Count you *out*?"—those Pekingese eyes stared up at me in utter amazement—"count you *out*? Man, you're *in*. I already told the man you were letting me have the cash. You *can't* let me down *now*!"

"Out," I repeated. "Out. That's spelled O-U-T. It means not 'In.' That's spelled I-N."

Rusty just didn't seem able to take it in. He shook his head incredulously.

"I'll *never* understand you, Sam. Try as I may. And Lord knows I *hev* tried. Here I am doin' everything in my power to pay off an honorable debt and what do

you do?" He stuck a finger in my chest. He *dug* it in. "What do *you* do?" He jumped back and began that arm-waving routine. "I'll *tell* you what *you* do," he hollered, "*you* let me down! That's what *you* do!"

"I appreciate your trying to pay me off, Rusty," I told him quietly to calm him down. "Pay me off when you get lucky. I'll wait."

"All right," he suddenly resigned himself to my view, "and I really appreciate your going along with me. Now just let me have a few bucks so I can get started again."

Even while I was reaching for my wallet everything in me was telling me to stop. Everything in me kept saying don't and yet I didn't know *how* to stop. All I had the strength for was to leave the twenty inside, take out a fiver and four singles, and then to palm the five.

Rusty just stood looking at the four singles: he couldn't believe it.

"Is that *all*?" he asked incredulously.

I unpalmed the five and said weakly, "Yes, that's all."

"Sam," he told me in a voice too sorrowful to believe, and making no move to take the bills, "Sam, I always knew you were cheap. But when other people said so I always defended you. I never dreamed, until this minute, that everything everybody ever said about you was true. You really *are* cheap, Sam. It hurts me to say it. But when a man shortchanges his best friend, what else *is* there to say?"

Then he took the bills, stuffed them in his pocket, and walked slowly away.

There was no use telling myself he'd conned me out of being his creditor into being his debtor. I *realized* that. But I felt awful all the same.

So awful that I stayed away from the grandstand rail so he couldn't find me. I just couldn't go through another one of his mindless deals.

How he knew where I was I'll never know. But he spent a dollar-fifty to get into the clubhouse so he must have been sure. Between the 5th and 6th races I was in the Clubhouse Bar; and that was where he found me. And sat down beside me with the kind of look only a dog whose master has given him a bone and then snatched it out of his mouth can give.

"Have a drink, Rusty?" I asked him resignedly.

"You think I'd have a drink with my Swore Enemy?" he put it to me. "Don't you think I have any pride at *all*?"

"If you have any pride at all, Rusty," I filled him in, "you'll pay me off the bet you booked."

"Sam"—he was using his confessional tone—"Sam, if you only knew the lengths you've forced me to in hitting that bet."

I waited.

"Sam"—and suddenly he looked genuinely frightened—"Sam, I'm in a trouble. I need your advice." And he drew three C notes out of his lapel pocket as though he were afraid of them.

"Booked a big one, I see," was all I could say.

"A hundred across on the Number 4—and it's off at 11 to 1, same as Popcorn. What do I *do*, Sam? Tell me, what do I *do*?"

I glanced at the tote board. The Number 4 had jumped to 14 to 1. The horses were out on the track.

"Simple," I told him, "you've got ten minutes to get to the hundred-dollar window and put the man's bet down. Or you can play it straight and give it to your own man and let *him* worry."

"Either way I wind up with nothing," he complained.

"Rusty," I tried to explain, "if the horse even gets up for show money, you're through. You'll be lucky to get back to New Iberia alive, for God's sake. Don't you see you've got more riding than *money*? You got your *livelihood* riding, man."

He saw it at last. He just sat there looking so young, yet so old, I realized I'd never seen anyone look that frightened.

"Bet it for me, Sam," he asked me like a child, "I can't make it to the window."

"Have a drink while I'm gone," I told him, and took the bills. I was going through the door with the bills in my hand when the two security men came through, and then they weren't in my hand at all. The one was blocking the door, and I heard Rusty cry out "Cheezit the cops!" and start racing blindly around the bar. The other security man didn't even chase him. He just waited for him at the door.

That was a long walk down to the Security Office. I was afraid that Rusty would make a run for it and I'd be part of the scene. The security man must have had a firm grip on him. But he didn't let it show; and the one who'd taken me in charge didn't put a hand on me. But it was all over before we got to the office. The bills were marked, of course. And they had been in my hand.

Rusty, as I was not surprised to find, tried to get out of it the same way that he'd tried to get out of a suspension: by jumping up and hollering at me, "You're a dirty liar!"

It didn't do him any good. But it didn't do me any good either. I didn't even mention the bet he'd booked for me. What good would *that* have done either of us?

Leave it to Rusty. *He* brought it up!

What could I say? Even though I'd somehow been able to prove that I hadn't booked that hundred-across-the-board bet, it remained that I *had* placed a fifty-dollar bet with an off-the-track bookie.

"Tell me one thing, Rusty," the Chief of Security wanted to know out of nothing but simple curiosity, "what made you holler 'Cheezit the cops'?"

"I never hollered 'Cheezit the cops.'" Rusty flat denied the charge. "What I said was, 'Gentlemen, the law is present.'"

Of all the ways there are to become a "Known Hoodlum"—just look at the route *I* took. □

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Around the 1st Century B.C., a unique yeast started to materialize from the Spanish air quite suddenly, at vintage time. A snowy, whipped-cream-like surface bloomed over some, but not all wines. It looked like an enormous, white lily. So the Spanish called it *Flor* for flower. Gradually, all the lighter, finer wines thus began to flower...their bouquet changed, and their character deepened...they became dryer, crisper, and acquired more nose...the first Sherry was happening.



And now, 2000 years later at Almadén, this miracle is happening beautifully in California. Here's how it developed.

The Sherry grape

The golden Palomino grape—the essential start of the best Sherry, was brought over from Jerez, Spain and planted in the rich soil of California. It was a perfect fit. At this point, two essential ingredients for fine Sherry had been brought to Almadén: *Flor* yeast and the Palomino grape. Next we swung our attention to method, and realized that the Solera system—that process used originally in Spain—was the only way to produce high-

est quality Sherry. And that required special barrels.

White oak from Tennessee

The best wood for aging Sherry is white oak from Tennessee; even the Spaniards haven't found another oak as good. So we arranged to have white oak cut down and shipped regularly to Spain; there, with skilled hands, Spanish coopers shape it into butts or casks. These are returned to Almadén where they hold the wine in two important stages. The first is in what the Spaniards call a *Criadera* (literally, a nursery) where the dry, young Palomino wine takes on the *Flor* flavor. Next is the *Solera*.

The Solera System —2000 years old.

A vast, dim room holds tier over tier of small oak barrels—some 20,000 in all. The young wine is poured into the topmost tier. What is drawn off for Sherry comes from the bottom tier—and never more than a third of a barrel at a time; this is replenished from the barrel above, and that barrel from a still higher barrel. This is the Solera System: through the years, the young Palomino wine blends with the older wines, moving slowly, from barrel to barrel, until it takes on the richness and quality of its ancestors. It's easily the most expensive but definitely the best way to make Sherry. There are three Almadén Sherries, all made in this painstaking way, for you to try: *Cocktail Sherry*—as a dry aperitif

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North Carolina

Outdoor drama

ENCOUNTERS WITH ARTISTS

by Alexander Eliot

“Guard your naïveté. It will be all you’ve got, someday.”

“*Maître*, I am aware that you can make whatever shapes you like appear out of the air. They flow down into your fingers and out again. But how do you invite them down? I am trying to ask something simple, and not succeeding at all. When you begin a drawing, what is your first principle?”

Pablo Picasso sat very still there on the beach, and seemed to gaze unblinkingly at the question. He resembled some anthropomorphic, powerfully molded bronze cauldron. But his old face, profiled against the sapphire Mediterranean, was pure Red Indian.

Poking his right thumb into the sand, he drew a straight line. The sun struck sparkles from the suddenly tumbled sand grains. With a sort of happy humility, Picasso regarded that effect.

Rousing himself again, he traced a curve like a rainbow across the straight line. Then, sitting back, he fixed me with an owl-like look as if to say: “That’s all there is to it!”

The problem is to combine the curve and the straight line in one gesture; that is, to draw something which seems direct and virile as a cast-iron rail and yet at the same time appears as lightly sinuous as silk loosened upon the wind. In other words, to marry thrust and sweet responsiveness in one and the

same stroke of the brush. A few Zen artists of China and Japan managed to do that. Picasso also achieved it, now and then. So did Matisse, but he did it with scissors, strangely enough.

Can the same thing be done in life, or not? Is it at all possible to follow a straight and narrow path while wandering free as air? This must be so. Otherwise, how is the spirit to arrive anywhere?

* * *

Old Alfred Stieglitz, the pioneer art dealer and photographer, spread a sheaf of his own works out upon an enameled tabletop for me to see. Then, wordlessly, he slipped away to his office at the back of the gallery.

Not even a Rembrandt etching could match those prints for suppleness of tone. Stieglitz, dark in the darkroom, must have poured alchemical fluids through the tips of his own phosphorescent fingers, I imagined, to make the pictures gleam.

As in some ethereal mirror, the images seemed to reflect one another. There were photographs of apples, first of all, and family porches and a baptism, and thighs parting and long hands tangled in shadow, and sunlight undulating like an otter down a cloud gully.

Lake George, in upper New York State, had been this master’s personal River Jordan. Georgia O’Keeffe was his frosty and burning prairie queen. Sex and the sky were north and south to him, obviously.

I went to his office to say thanks and good-bye. Stieglitz was asleep on the couch. With his black cape casually draped across his body, his white hair stirring and delicate hands motionless, he resembled a torn cloud . . .

* * *

"Vich of you children can draw a straight line?"

That was Josef Albers' opening gun, at Black Mountain College. A few students dared to raise their hands. "Zo!" Albers beamed. "Please do as I do." With that he faced around to the blackboard and started walking sideways, chalk in hand. *Skreeeeek!* He had drawn an absolutely level line some ten feet in length.

The raised hands drifted down again, and sighs arose instead. This course would not be easy, we could see. But still we had no glimmering of the trials to come. Albers would put us to drawing letters and numbers in parallel perspective, backwards, with the pencil gripped between the toes, before very long. What for? To learn that control is freedom.

Albers' own line drawings keep involuting and popping out again as you look at them. They bring to mind impossibilities so far as the actual physical world is concerned. Flexible crystals, for instance, or cups running oval. Albers turns tables on themselves, and stirs the sea with skew pencils. His drawings are the children of a deliberately wayward pen. They appear as astonished as they are astonishing. "Vich of you," they demand, cross-eyed, without a word, "can see crooked?"

Effect-Making. That was the rather mysterious name for the seminar course which Albers gave at Black Mountain. Each student was required to produce a few provocative objects for group discussion. It seemed simple enough, at first.

My initial contribution was a cream-colored toilet seat dressed in a stocking of white net. Dada but dull, and just a bit obscene as well, the class judged it to be. Albers said nothing; he remained aloof. The mystically inclined are often somewhat puritanical.

Next I offered an ancient broken boot from the trash dump. This I had polished and polished and polished, until it glistened like the enigmatic subject of Edgar Allan Poe's poem, "The Raven." But the group howled my surrealist bird or boot or devil out of court.

Finally one morning I came bearing what appeared to be prismatic cotton on a tray. Rather proudly, I set it down on the floor in the midst of the circle. Complete silence greeted my offering. The secret glimmer which I had imparted to the cotton seemed to leave everyone cold. A fellow student nudged the cotton with his toe. Nothing happened, of course. A second student got up, stretched, and casually stooped to flip the cotton over. This exposed the bits of colored paper I had used. Still bending down, the youth started to say something. I kicked his interfering tail, and he tumbled flat.

"*Jawohl!*" Albers murmured. It seemed I had made an effect.

* * *

"I do not believe in God, yet I believe in Picasso. I have a taste for modern art, naturally. But this the working man has not. He'd throw Picasso's *canard faisandé*—all that delicious rotten duck—right out; or in your face, perhaps. So now you see why I myself must stick to firm, precise representation. I paint for the masses . . ."

Breaking off his monologue for a moment, Diego Rivera stood back to load a fat paintbrush with viridian green. The calla lilies on his easel began growing stems downwards from their blossoms.

"Crazy capitalist dupes," Diego went on, "have dared to mutilate my fresco at the Alameda Hotel. But not because they failed to understand it! No, they got my message very well. I put three words in that fresco: *Dios No Existe!* God does not exist. Those words alone drove my enemies mad. They went too far this time. Tomorrow you will see ten thousand Red Indian atheists come marching into Mexico City. My friends are coming from hundreds of miles around to demonstrate for me!"

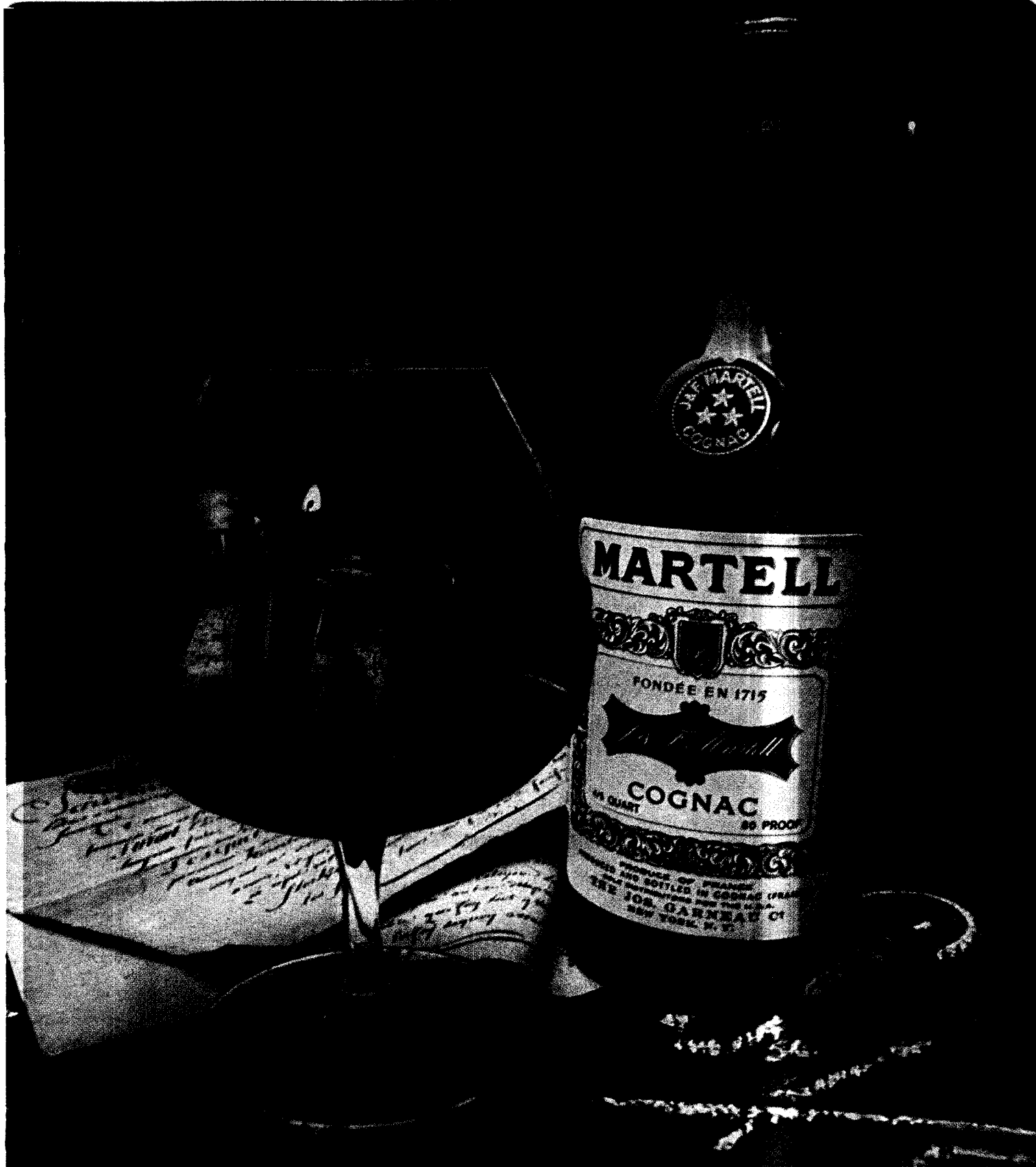
For half a heartbeat, I was taken in by that beautiful prophecy. Diego knew, of course, that there was to be no demonstration at all. He lied, but in a wonderfully unspoiled way—like a believing child.

While in the first bloom of his painting powers, Diego had unequivocally transformed a Christian chapel into a Communist shrine. His model for his masterpiece must have been Giotto's Arena Chapel at Padua. At Chapingo, however, the polemics are plainly modern. These figures have no halos, for example. Instead, they flaunt red banners. The milk which blessed the breasts of the all-holy Mother of God seems to be gone. Instead, the walls ooze blood of execution. But this is also "Blood of the Lamb." I am not talking about illustration . . .

At Chapingo, an olive-colored Earth Mother lies dozing, nude, upon the ground. Between the brown earth and her hand, a single small green sprout flames coolly up. Diego's first great love, Lupe Marin, posed for that earth-bare deity. He also put himself in the painting, I think, as the green-blooded flame which stands naked to the curl of Lupe's hand.

"You are the Giotto of the modern age," I told him once. But Diego hotly denied that charge—or honor, as the case may be. Frowning down his belly, he explained:

"Giotto made propaganda for the sake of the priests and others whose purpose was to keep the proletariat enslaved. He was paid by the people at the top. They had few illusions concerning the content of Giotto's art, but even so the beauty of its forms appealed to them. As for the proletariat, they could not care less about beauty, but they did appreciate Giotto's storytelling quality. High and low alike, you see, enjoyed Giotto. But such a thing is no



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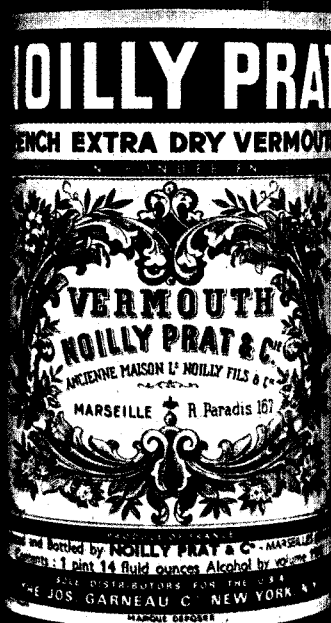
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**34 words on the
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by W. Somerset Maugham.**



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make a side car,
a gimlet, a white
lady, or a gin
and bitters, but you
cannot make a
dry martini."*

"Points of View", 1958

Don't stir without Noilly Prat

longer possible. Society has split down the middle."

"Do you reflect the split?" I asked.

He stood swaying hugely in his thick boots: "No. No, that doesn't follow."

Later that day, Diego took me out to view the "monument" which he was erecting at the edge of a lava field. Was that rough building of his own design ever completed? Were the bones of Diego actually buried there according to his secret wish? When I saw it, only two towers had been built. In the Tower of the Wind a chill draft spiraled around me until I sneezed. In the Tower of the Water was a small reflecting pool. Kneeling on its flagstone rim, I peered into the pool. My own face glimmered up at me. Through that, I saw a second image which was formed of shells and glittering stones. This image seemed to writhe upon itself; it was a pair of serpents coupling. And now slowly the serpents formed a face, not my face but something very different. Their glittering loops outlined eye sockets, rooted teeth, the cranium of a skull.

The giant figure of Diego, at my back, filled the doorway and the pool with shadow.

* * *

"Skin!" the surrealist painter Yves Tanguy exclaimed. Stretching his clever hands in my direction, he spread the fingers wide as if to demonstrate a pair of neat but too tight-fitting gloves. "How I yearn," he went on, "to spring out of my skin and drop the whole thing forever!"

The cocktails had made us both expansive. "Which skin do you mean?" I asked coarsely. "Your epidermis? That would leave a whole lot more still zipped up as before. A human being is a regular Chinese nest of skins. If you like, think of your gut. That's a skin you derive by evolution from the lowly worm. But you can escape all your skins at once, perfectly well. Just close your eyes and think of something far off, such as the Andromeda Nebula. You'll find you're there right away."

"No, but I wish I were." Swallowing the last of his dry martini, Tanguy got up from his chair. "Let's walk in the garden, shall we? Summer came early to Connecticut this year. I keep telling myself it's lovely here."

Strolling about Tanguy's estate, we heard a faint pathetic cheeping sound which came from the grass at our feet. Tanguy, barely breaking stride, brought his crepe-soled boot neatly down upon a robin chick. Its little gut protruded from its pleading beak, and popped. "Too bad," the painter said as we passed on. "I have to do that all the time."

I asked him why, but Tanguy disdained to reply. The sun was warm; I shivered all the same.

* * *

One evening, the sculptor Len Lye appeared with a five-foot rod of shimmering high-tensile steel. He set this upright in the socket of a boxlike pedestal

which made a humming sound. Stooping, expressionless, Len threw a switch or two. The rod tilted slowly to one side and back again. It repeated the same gesture ten, twenty, a hundred times, faster and faster, until we could see nothing but the left and right boundaries of its arc glimmering like the up-lifted arms of an Egyptian ka.

The rod slowed into view again, and now it started trembling apprehensively. It shivered, shook itself, speeded straight up to transparency—and bloomed. It became nothing but unfolding light waves and prismatic petals of emptiness.

Returning into actual vision a second time, the rod seemed red and angry with internal stress. Seething, it lunged at us. The circle of watchers abruptly fell back. Some of us pressed flat against the walls, while others crouched and covered their faces.

Fortunately, the rod recollected itself in time. It nodded once or twice, bowed low before the company, and finally swayed into perfect stillness. Poised, upright, it stood; the same rod as at first.

Len clicked off the machine. Coolly unsocketing his nerveless dancer, he laid it aside. I touched the steel with my fingers, and distant things came wriggling into my mind . . .

Pharaoh Semti was wont to dance with rod in hand before the nameless God at the Top of the Stairs. Aaron, the brother of Moses, carried a rod which turned into a serpent when he cast it down. Tiresias, the blind Greek seer, twirled a scepter as spindle for his dire prophecies. Like the Siberian shamans of recent times, Abaris rode an arrow up to spiritland. Nectanebo the Magus, you may remember, manipulated his ebony baton to drown an ancient armada. And he it was who caused Zeus-Ammon to enter Queen Olympias in serpent form . . .

Such sorceries surely impress; yet perhaps emptiness is best.

* * *

Everyone builds his own tomb, which may become a womb of future happenings. But this is seldom so obvious as in the case of Frederick Kiesler. While he lived, Kiesler endlessly designed an "Endless House," as he called it. This was never built, I believe, and yet it stands in the imagination at least.

It is a shelter which consists entirely of sparkling white curves, like an immense piece of popcorn suspended in midair. You reach it by means of a slender rope ladder. Once safely in, you will find soft columns and crystal pools and deeply curved bowers upholstered in raw silks. Light from a giant prism or navel-stone in the dim central dome flows all around the inside of this home, washing down different colors hour by hour and season by season in strict accordance with the angle of the sun.

Kiesler was tiny, physically. No matter where he chose to sit, his feet could seldom reach the floor. His accent and his courtesy were Viennese; his flesh was as pale as candle wax; his lips resembled a letter slot;

his glance was level, and his mind was set. He had phallic intensity; no doubt of that.

"You must always continue strrrraight!" he counseled me. I asked what I should do if I happened to meet with a stone wall, whereupon Kiesler tilted his trembling face to the heavens, pointed one pale fire-cracker forefinger aloft, and trilled: "Go op!"

* * *

Henri Matisse was sitting up in bed. "Picasso sent you his love," I said. The master nodded slightly. After a minute or two he said:

"We have no need of actual contact. The last time we saw each other was at Picasso's studio in Vallauris. He offered me whatever I liked that was there. I chose the little oil painting of an owl which you see on the wall. Next day, I sent a dress to Picasso."

I laughed. Matisse continued unperturbed. "It was a rather special dress," he explained. "So heavily embroidered and frilled with feathers that it could stand erect all by itself. I thought he might enjoy painting one of his girls in that. He needed cheering up."

A strange thought crept into my mind. It seemed to me that God could easily create several glorious Sun Kings—not to mention Napoleons—from the mere excrement of a Picasso or Matisse.

"That dress was sheer color," Matisse went on. "Picasso's owl, you notice, is somber line. Some say that I'm really a colorist, and that Picasso is a sculptor at heart. But it is all one and the same."

Dozens of paper cutouts hung pinned to the walls around the room. These crowning works were for his *Jazz* series. One seemed to show a saxophone sliced from an ice-fall playing crystallized Sidney Bechet. In another, a feathery cortege clip-clopped from velvet onto stone and back again. A third celebrated a cinder Icarus drifting from the blaze of noon to nowhere, with its heart alight.

"Do works like these begin," I asked, "with color or with line?"

"Neither. In the old days I would sometimes begin with lines but then the colors I put in always forced changes later on. If I began with colors, they would change the contours as I went along. It was like a game, you see, first a little on this side and then a little on that side. The object being to achieve a living balance. But now that process is no longer necessary for me. Now I create with color and line simultaneously. Look here . . ." He swung his bedside table toward me. It was equipped with narrow drawers holding colored papers, scissors, and pins.

"You see my tools," Matisse continued. "Here in my bed I concentrate all my remaining strength upon collage. I carve color directly with my scissors, don't you see? I do this in the same spirit that Michelan-

gelo brought to stone-carving. It makes me very happy. Somehow, since the cancer operation on my rectum, I am free."

"*Maître*," I said, and swallowed nervously, "I have a final question for you."

Matisse was resting with the pillows plumped up in back of his pasty head. Behind his bifocals, his chill, keen eyes glinted invitingly. Smoothing the linen counterpane over his belly, he said: "Ask away."

"Your own battles lie behind you," I said, "but you know from personal experience how artists have to struggle to survive at all. Why do we do it? What are we fighting for?"

"*Naïveté!*" Matisse shot that word hard at me.

"*Naïveté*," he repeated after a moment, "is the chief cause of every artist's sufferings. It is also the source of anything good that we may do. Remember that. Study as hard as you like, but guard your naïveté. It will be all you've got, someday. And now, my friend, we have to say good-bye. I am packing my bags for the next world."

* * *

Her face appeared to waver in the deepening gloom, passing from full to hollow and from hollow to full. Watchful, dimly glittering like a reflection in a stream, it kept part of my heart between its lips.

"Do you recall the evening," I asked, "when you wrote something with a fountain pen in the palm of my hand? You were no more than fourteen then. I was seventeen."

Softly, the photographer Diane Arbus spoke out of the dusk: "What did I write? *Bone*, that was it. Because you were like that. You did a lot more talking in those days than you do now, yet what you had to say seemed like a crying of the bones. And I myself felt really sad, for no reason that I could guess. Our bodies were unquiet, I suppose."

She had it right, I thought.

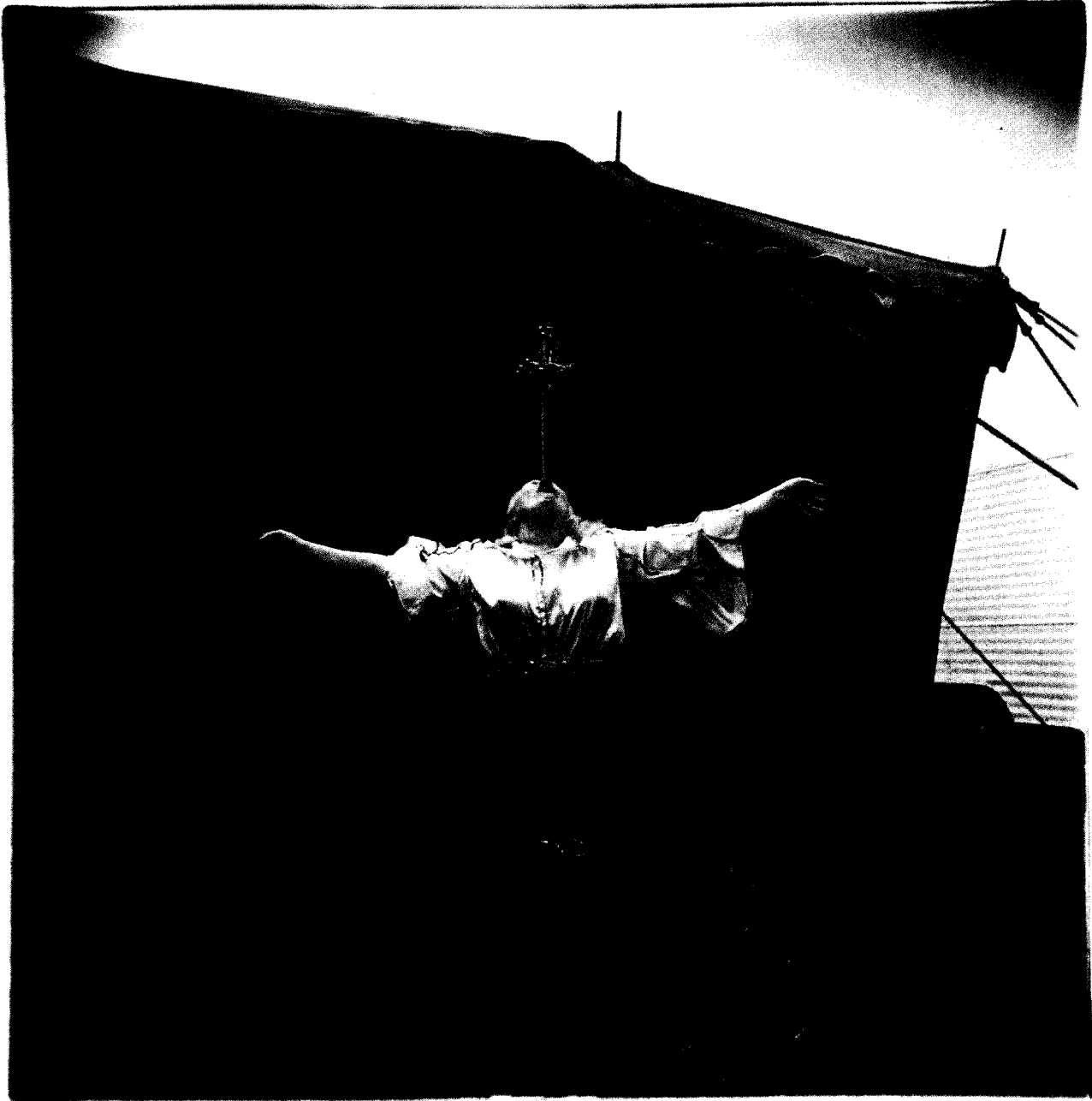
Aloud, I said nothing. Her shadow-pocked face glimmered silver-distant in the dusk, like some small private moon.

Now finally (I told her in my heart) we know that there are infinite realities which the body never fathoms. Small fish like you and me, Diane, are frightened by the shadow of Leviathan. His vast jaws open and he rushes up at us, out of the void. We dart back, terrified, toward the deltas of home. We shiver after freshwater rivers and running brooks and quiet pools in the shelter of trees—for childhood, is it?

I swear that I had spoken not one word, and yet she frowned at my question, murmuring: "No, I don't think so. It has to be for something else; something we're not aware of." □

PORTFOLIO

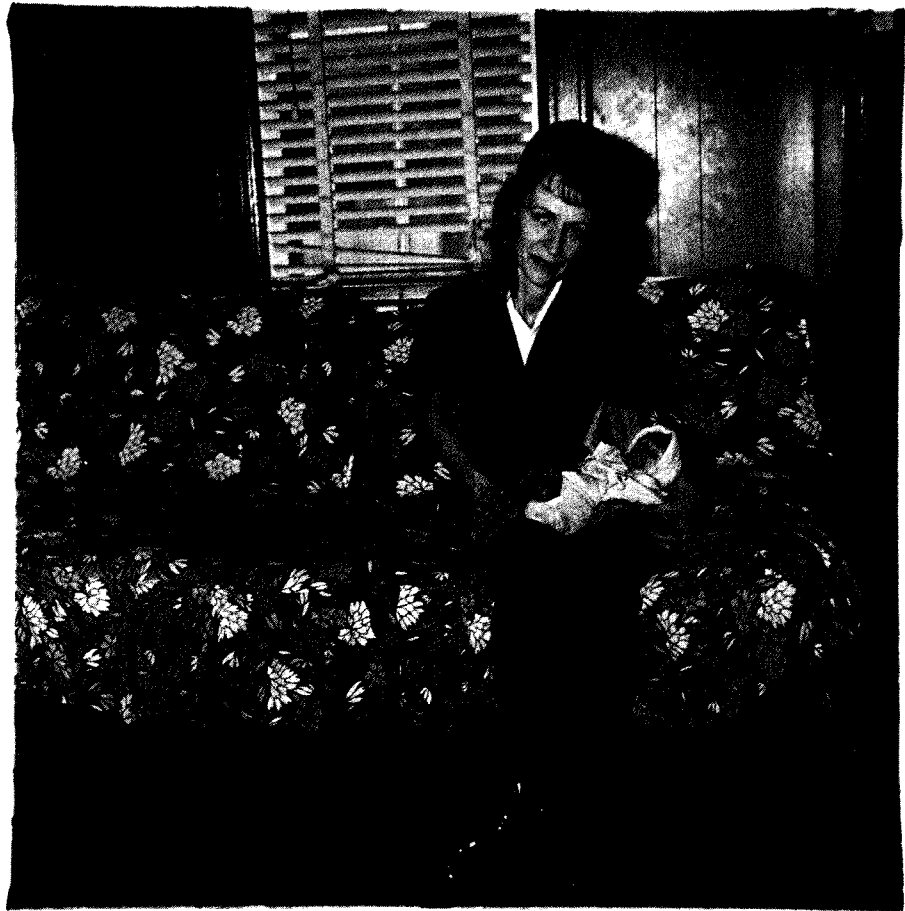
Four photographs by Diane Arbus

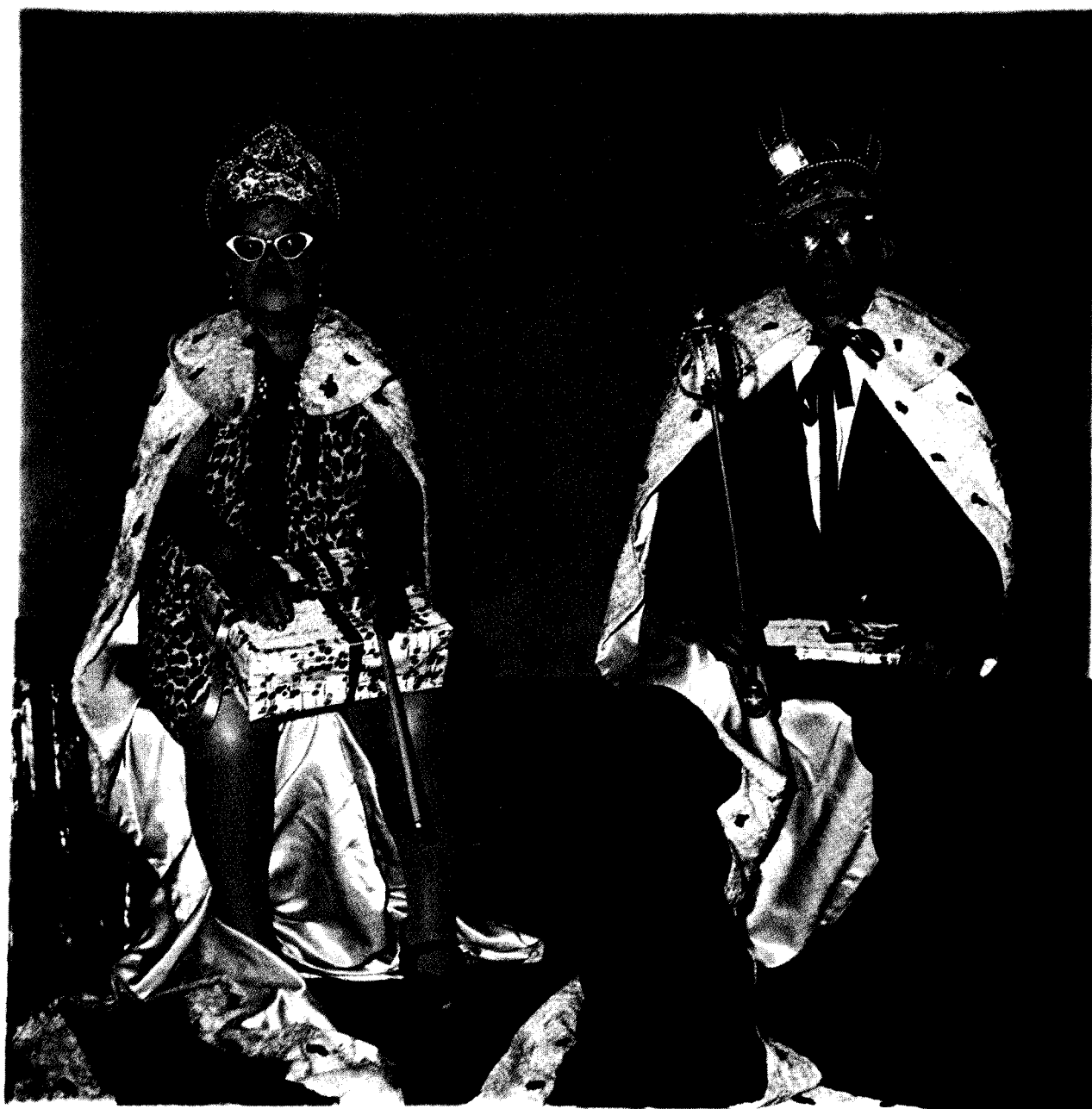


Photographer Diane Arbus was born in 1923. She began in fashion photography and, in the 1950s, writes her daughter Doon Arbus, worked "in a portrait tradition. Later Diane discovered a subject matter that was completely her own and which included all sorts of people that others had turned their backs on, dwarfs, giants, twins, circus performers, transvestites. But it was not only her subject matter that made her work unique, it was her relationship with the subjects which involved a mysterious cooperation and demanded their complicity in the taking of the picture. They presented her with what they believed themselves

to be and she, in a sense, confirmed their beliefs, took them upon herself, and in that sense, they were both taking equal risks. . . ."

Diane Arbus committed suicide in June, 1971. In November, New York's Museum of Modern Art will hold an exhibition of her work. In April and May of 1973 the exhibition will appear at the Museum of Contemporary Art in Chicago; in October, 1973, at the Baltimore Museum of Art, and in early 1974 at the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis. A collection of eighty photographs entitled Diane Arbus will be published in book form in November.







The Midnight Brunch.

Some of us would rather spend the morning sleeping than eating. So why not have brunch at midnight? We tried it at the end of a recent happy evening and discovered there's something deliciously crazy about having breakfast before bed.

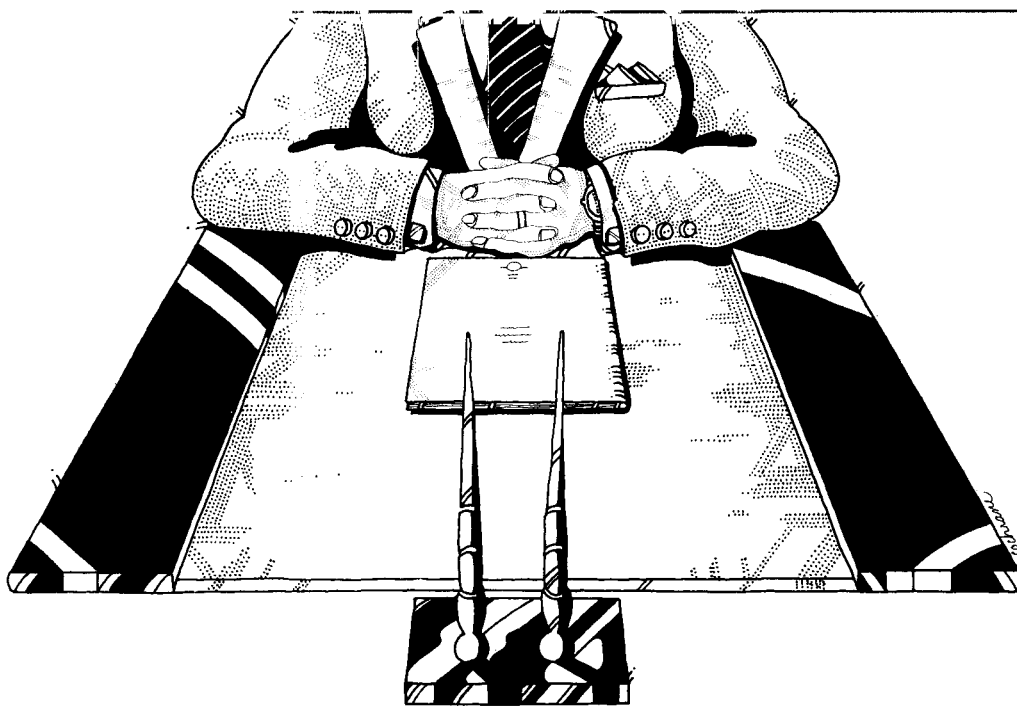
If you're the kind of person who never gets hungry in the morning, you might like to try a Midnight Brunch. Screwdrivers and all.



To make a Screwdriver, put 2 or 3 ice cubes in a glass, add 1½ oz. Smirnoff. Fill with orange juice and stir.

Smirnoff
leaves you breathless.®

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THE CONGRESSMAN WHO LOVED FLAUBERT

A story by Ward Just

The deputation was there: twelve men in his outer office and he would have to see them. His own fault, if "fault" was the word. They'd called every day for a week, trying to arrange an appointment. Finally his assistant, Annette, put it to him: Please see them. Do it for me. Wein is an old friend, she'd said. It meant a lot to Wein to get his group before a congressman whose name was known, whose words had weight. LaRuth stood and stretched; his long arms reached for the ceiling. He was his statuesque best that day: dark suit, dark tie, white shirt, black beard neatly trimmed. No jewelry of any kind. He rang his secretary and told her to show them in, to give them thirty minutes and then ring again: the committee meeting was at eleven.

"What do they look like?"

"Scientists," she said. "They look just as you'd expect scientists to look. They're all thin. And none of them are smoking." LaRuth laughed. "They're pretty intense, Lou."

"Well, let's get on with it."

He met them at the door, as they shyly filed in. Wein and his committee were scientists against imperialism. They were physicists, biologists, linguists, and philosophers. They introduced themselves, and LaRuth wondered again what it was that a philosopher did in these times. It had to be a grim year for philosophy. The introductions done, LaRuth leaned

back, a long leg hooked over the arm of his chair, and told them to go ahead.

They had prepared a congressional resolution, a sense-of-the-Congress resolution, which they wanted LaRuth to introduce. It was a message denouncing imperialism, and as LaRuth read it he was impressed by its eloquence. They had assembled hard facts: so many tons of bombs dropped in Indochina, so many "facilities" built in Africa, so many American soldiers based in Europe, so many billions in corporate investment in Latin America. It was an excellent statement, not windy as so many of them are. He finished reading it, and turned to Wein.

"Congressman, we believe this is a matter of simple morality. Decency, if you will. There are parallels elsewhere, the most compelling being the extermination of American Indians. Try not to look on the war and the bombing from the perspective of a Westerner looking East but of an Easterner facing West." LaRuth nodded. He recognized that it was the war that truly interested them. "The only place the analogy breaks down is that the Communists in Asia appear to be a good deal more resourceful and resilient than the Indians in America. Perhaps that is because there are so many more of them." Wein paused to smile. "But it is genocide either way. It is a stain on the American Congress not to raise a specific voice of protest, not only in Asia but in the other places where American policy is doing violence . . ."

LaRuth wondered if they knew the mechanics of moving a congressional resolution. They probably did; there was no need for a civics lecture. Wein was looking at him, waiting for a response. An intervention. "It's a very fine statement," LaRuth said.

"Everybody says that. And then they tell us to get the signatures and come back. We think this ought to be undertaken from the inside. In that way, when and if the resolution is passed, it will have more force. We think that a member of Congress should get out front on it."

An admirable toughness there, LaRuth thought. If he were Wein, that would be just about the way he'd put it.

"We've all the people you'd expect us to have." Very rapidly, Wein ticked off two dozen names, the regular antiwar contingent on the Democratic left. "What we need to move with this is not the traditional dove, but a more moderate man. A moderate man with a conscience." Wein smiled.

"Yes," LaRuth said.

"Someone like you."

LaRuth was silent a moment, then spoke rapidly. "My position is this. I'm not a member of the Foreign Affairs Committee or the Appropriations Committee or Armed Services or any of the others where . . . war legislation or defense matters are considered. I'm not involved in foreign relations, I'm in education. It's the Education and Labor Committee. No particular reason why those two subjects should be linked, but they are." LaRuth smiled. "That's Congress for you."

"It seems to us, Congressman, that the war—the leading edge of imperialism and violence—is tied to everything. Education is a mess because of the war. So is labor. And so forth. It's all part of the war. Avoid the war and you avoid all the other problems. The damn thing is like the Spanish Inquisition, if you lived in Torquemada's time, fifteenth-century Spain. If you did try to avoid it you were either a coward or a fool. That is meant respectfully."

"Well, it is nicely put. Respectfully."

"But you won't do it."

LaRuth shook his head. "You get more names, and I'll think about cosponsoring. But I won't front for it. I'm trying to pass an education bill right now. I can't get out front on the war, too. Important as it is. Eloquent as you are. There are other men in this House who can do the job better than I can."

"We're disappointed," Wein said.

"I could make you a long impressive speech." His eyes took in the others, sitting in chilly silence. "I could list all the reasons. But you know what they are, and it wouldn't do either of us any good. I wish you success."

"Spare us any more successes," Wein said. "Everyone wishes us success, but no one helps. We're like the troops in the trenches. The Administration tells them to go out and win the war. You five hundred thousand American boys, you teach the dirty Com-

mies a lesson. Storm the hill, the Administration says. But the Administration is far away from the shooting. We're right behind you, they say. Safe in Washington."

"I don't deny it," LaRuth said mildly.

"I think there are special places in hell reserved for those who see the truth but will not act," LaRuth stiffened, but stayed silent. "These people are worse than the ones who love the war. You are more dangerous than the generals in the Pentagon, who at least are doing what they believe in. It is because of people like you that we are where we are."

Never justify, never explain, LaRuth thought; it was pointless anyway. They were pleased to think of him as a war criminal. A picture of a lurching tumble in Pennsylvania Avenue flashed through his mind, and was gone, an oddly comical image. LaRuth touched his beard and sat upright. "I'm sorry you feel that way. It isn't true, you know." One more number like that one, he thought suddenly, and he'd throw the lot of them out of his office.

But Wein would not let go. "We're beyond subtle distinctions, Mr. LaRuth. That is one of the delightful perceptions that the war has brought us. We can mumble all day. You can tell me about your responsibilities and your effectiveness, and how you don't want to damage it. You can talk politics and I can talk morals. But I took moral philosophy in college. An interesting academic exercise." LaRuth nodded; Wein was no fool. "Is it true you wrote your Ph.D. thesis on Flaubert?"

"I wrote it at the Sorbonne," LaRuth replied. "But that was almost twenty years ago. Before politics." LaRuth wanted to give them something to hang on to. They would appreciate the irony, and then they could see him as a fallen angel, a victim of the process; it was more interesting than seeing him as a war criminal.

"Well, it figures."

LaRuth was surprised. He turned to Wein. "How does it figure?"

"Flaubert was just as pessimistic and cynical as you are."

LaRuth had thirty minutes to review his presentation to the committee. This was the most important vote in his twelve years in Congress, a measure which, if they could steer it through the House, would release a billion dollars over three years' time to elementary schools throughout the country. The measure was based on a hellishly complicated formula which several legal experts regarded as unconstitutional; but one expert is always opposed by another when a billion dollars is involved. LaRuth had to nurse along the chairman, a volatile personality, a natural skeptic. Today he had to put his presentation in exquisite balance, giving here, taking there, assuring the committee that the Constitution would be observed, and that all regions would share equally.

The Congressman Who Loved Flaubert

It was not something that could be understood in a university, but LaRuth's twelve years in the House of Representatives would be justified if he could pass this bill. Twelve years, through three Presidents. He'd avoided philosophy and concentrated on detail, his own time in a third-rate grade school in a Southern mill town never far from his mind: that was the reference point. Not often that a man was privileged to witness the methodical destruction of children before the age of thirteen, before they had encountered genuinely soulless and terrible events: the war, for one. His bill would begin the process of revivifying education. It was one billion dollars' worth of life, and he'd see to it that some of the money leaked down to his own school. LaRuth was lucky, an escapee on scholarships, first to Tulane and then to Paris, his world widened beyond measure; Flaubert gave him a taste for politics. *Madame Bovary* and *A Sentimental Education* were political novels, or so he'd argued at the Sorbonne; politics was nothing more or less than an understanding of ambition, and the moral and social conditions that produced it in its various forms. The House of Representatives: *un stade des arrivistes*. And now the press talked him up as a Southern liberal, and the Northern Democrats came to him for help. Sometimes he gave it, sometimes he didn't. They could not understand the refusals—Lou, you won with 65 percent of the vote the last time out. What do you want, a coronation? They were critical that he would not get out front on the war, and would not vote against bills vital to Southern interests. (Whatever they were, now that the entire region was dominated by industrial combines whose headquarters were in New York or Chicago—and how's that for imperialism, Herr Wein?) They didn't, or couldn't, grasp the paper-thin depth of his support. The Birchers and the segs were everywhere, and each time he voted with the liberals in the House he'd hear from a few of them. *You are being watched*. He preferred a low silhouette. All those big liberals didn't understand that a man with enough money could still buy an election in his district; he told them that LaRuth compromised was better than no LaRuth at all. That line had worked well the first four or five years he'd been in Washington; it worked no longer. In these times, caution and realism were the refuge of a scoundrel.

The war, so remote in its details, poisoned everything. He read about it every day, and through a friend on the Foreign Affairs Committee saw some classified material. But he could not truly engage himself in it, because he hadn't seen it firsthand. He did not know it intimately. It was clear enough that it was a bad war, everyone knew that; but knowing it and feeling it were two different things. The year before he'd worked to promote a junket, a special subcommittee to investigate expenditures for education. There was plenty of scandalous rumor to justify the investigation. He tried to promote it in order to get a look at the place firsthand, on the ground. He wanted

to look at the faces and the villages, to see the countryside which had been destroyed by the war, to observe the actual manner in which the war was being fought. But the chairman refused, he wanted no part of it; scandal or no scandal, it was not part of the committee's business. So the trip never happened. What the congressman knew about the war he read in newspapers and magazines and saw on television. But that did not help. LaRuth had done time as an infantryman in Korea, and knew what killing was about; the box did not make it as horrible as it was. The box romanticized it, cleansed it of pain; one more false detail. Even the blood deceived, coming up pink and pretty on the television set. One night he spent half of Cronkite fiddling with the color knob to get a perfect red, to insist the blood look like *blood*.

More: early in his congressional career, LaRuth took pains to explain his positions. He wanted his constituents to know what he was doing and why, and two newsletters went out before the leader of his state's delegation took him aside one day in the hall. Huge arms around his shoulders, a whispered conference. Christ, you are going to get killed, the man said. *Don't do that*. Don't get yourself down on paper on every raggedy-ass bill that comes before Congress. It makes you a few friends, who don't remember, and a lot of enemies, who do. Particularly in your district: you are way ahead of those people in a lot of areas, but don't advertise it. You've a fine future here; don't ruin it before you've begun. LaRuth thought the advice was captious and irresponsible and disregarded it. And very nearly lost reelection, after some indiscretions to a newspaperman. *That son of a bitch*, who violated every rule of confidence held sacred in the House of Representatives.

His telephone rang. The secretary said it was Annette.

"How did it go?" Her voice was low, cautious.

"Like a dream," he said. "And thanks lots. I'm up there with the generals as a war criminal. They think I make lampshades in my spare time."

Coolly: "I take it you refused to help them."

"You take it right."

"They're very good people. Bill Wein is one of the most distinguished botanists in the country."

"Yes, he speaks very well. A sincere, intelligent, dedicated provocateur. Got off some very nice lines, at least one reference to Dante. A special place in hell is reserved for people like me, who are worse than army generals."

"Well, that's one point of view."

"You know, I'm tired of arguing about the war. If Wein is so goddamned concerned about the war and the corruption of the American system, then why doesn't he give up the fat government contracts at that think tank he works for . . ."

"That's unfair, Lou!"

" . . . why do they think that anyone who deals in the real world is an automatic sellout? Creep. A resolution like that one, *even if passed*, would have no ef-

fect. Zero effect. It would not be binding, the thing's too vague. They'd sit up there and everyone would have a good gooey warm feeling, *and nothing would happen*. It's meaningless, except of course for the virtue. Virtue everywhere. Virtue triumphant. So I am supposed to put my neck on the line for something that's meaningless. . . ." LaRuth realized he was near shouting, so he lowered his voice. "Meaningless," he said.

"You're so hostile," she said angrily. "Filled with hate. Contempt. Why do you hate everybody? You should've done what Wein wanted you to do."

He counted to five and was calm now, reasonable. His congressional baritone: "It's always helpful to have your political advice, Annette. Very helpful. I value it. Too bad you're not a politician yourself." She said nothing, he could hear her breathing. "I'll see you later," he said, and hung up.

LaRuth left his office, bound for the committee room. He'd gone off the handle, and was not sorry. But sometimes he indulged in just a bit much introspection and self-justification, endemic diseases in politicians. There were certain basic facts: his constituency supported the war, at the same time permitting him to oppose it so long as he did it quietly and in such a way that "the boys" were supported. Oppose the war, support the troops. A high-wire act—very Flaubertian, that situation; it put him in the absurd position of voting for military appropriations and speaking out against the war. Sorry, Annette; that's the way we think on Capitol Hill. It's a question of what you *vote* for. Forget the fancy words and phrases, it's a question of votes. Up, down, or "present." Vote against the appropriations and sly opponents at home would accuse him of "tying the hands" of American troops and thereby comforting the enemy. Blood on his fingers.

2.

LaRuth was forty; he had been in the House since the age of twenty-eight. Some of his colleagues had been there before he was born, moving now around the halls and the committee rooms as if they were extensions of antebellum county courthouses. They smelled of tobacco and whiskey and old wool, their faces dry as parchment. LaRuth was amused to watch them on the floor; they behaved as they would at a board meeting of a family business, attentive if they felt like it, disruptive if their mood was playful. They were forgiven; it was a question of age. The House was filled with old men, and its atmosphere was one of very great age. Deference was a way of life. LaRuth recalled a friend who aspired to a position of leadership. They put him through his paces, and for some reason he did not measure up; the friend was told he'd have to wait, it was not yet time. He'd been there eighteen

years, and was only fifty-two. Fifty-two! Jack Kennedy was President at forty-three, and Thomas Jefferson had written the preamble when under thirty-five. But then, as one of the senior men put it, this particular fifty-two-year-old man had none of the durable qualities of Kennedy or Jefferson. That is, he did not have Kennedy's money or Jefferson's brains. Not that money counted for very much in the House of Representatives; plutocrats belonged in the other body.

It was not a place for lost causes. There were too many conflicting interests, too much confusion, too many turns to the labyrinth. Too many *people*: four hundred and thirty-five representatives and about a quarter of them quite bright. Quite bright enough and knowledgeable enough to strangle embarrassing proposals, and take revenge as well. Everyone was threatened if the eccentrics got out of hand. The political coloration of the eccentric didn't matter. This was one reason why it was so difficult to build an ideological record in the House. A man with ideology was wise to leave it before reaching a position of influence, because by then he'd mastered the art of compromise, which had nothing to do with dogma or public acts of conscience. It had to do with simple effectiveness, the tact and strength with which a man dealt with legislation, inside committees, behind closed doors. That was where the work got done, and the credit passed around.

LaRuth, at forty, was on a knife's edge. Another two years and he'd be a man of influence, and therefore ineligible for any politics outside the House—or not ineligible, but shopworn, no longer new, no longer fresh. He would be ill-suited, and there were other practical considerations as well, because who wanted to be a servant for twelve or fourteen years and then surrender an opportunity to be master? Not LaRuth. So the time for temporizing was nearly past. If he was going to forsake the House and reach for the Senate (a glamorous possibility), he had to do it soon.

LaRuth's closest friend in Congress was a man about his own age from a neighboring state. They'd come to the Hill in the same year, and for a time enjoyed publicity in the national press, where they could least afford it. *Two Young Liberals from the South*, that sort of thing. Winston was then a bachelor, too, and for the first few years they shared a house in Cleveland Park. But it was awkward, there were too many women in and out of the place, and one groggy morning Winston had come upon LaRuth and a friend taking a shower together and that had torn it. They flipped for the house and LaRuth won, and Winston moved to grander quarters in Georgetown. They saw each other frequently, and laughed together about the curiosities of the American political system; Winston, a gentleman farmer from the plantation South, was a ranking member of

The Congressman Who Loved Flaubert

the House Foreign Affairs Committee. The friendship was complicated because they were occasional rivals: who would represent the New South? They took to kidding each other's press notices: LaRuth was the "attractive liberal," Winston the "wealthy liberal." Thus, LaRuth became Liberal Lou and Winston was Wealthy Warren. To the extent that either of them had a national reputation, they were in the same category: they voted their consciences, but were not incautious.

It was natural for Wein and his committee of scientists to go directly to Winston after leaving LaRuth. The inevitable telephone call came the next day, Winston inviting LaRuth by for a drink around six; "small problem to discuss." Since leaving Cleveland Park, Warren Winston's life had become plump and graceful. Politically secure now, he had sold his big house back home and bought a small jewel of a place on Dumbarton Avenue, three bedrooms and a patio in back, a mirrored bar, and a sauna in the basement. Winston was drinking a gin and tonic by the pool when LaRuth walked in. The place was more elegant than he'd remembered; the patio was now decorated with tiny boxbushes and a magnolia tree was in full cry.

They joked a bit, laughing over the new Southern manifesto floating around the floor of the House. They were trying to find a way to spike it without seeming to spike it. Winston mentioned the "small problem" after about thirty minutes of small talk.

"Lou, do you know a guy named Wein?"

"He's a friend of Annette's."

"He was in to see you, then."

"Yeah."

"And?"

"We didn't see eye to eye."

"You're being tight-lipped, Liberal Lou."

"I told him to piss off," LaRuth said. "He called me a war criminal, and then he called me a cynic. A pessimist, a cynic, and a war criminal. All this for some cream-puff resolution that will keep them damp in Cambridge and won't change a goddamned thing."

"You think it's *that* bad."

"Worse, maybe."

"I'm not sure. Not sure at all."

"Warren, *Christ*."

"Look, doesn't it make any sense at all to get the position of the House on record? That can't fail to have some effect downtown, and it can't fail to have an effect in the country. It probably doesn't stand a chance of being passed, but the effort will cause some commotion. The coon'll be treed. Some attention paid. It's a good thing to get on the record, and I can see some points being made."

"What points? Where?"

"The newspapers, the box. Other places. It'd show that at least some of us are not content with things as they are. That we want to change . . ."

LaRuth listened carefully. It was obvious to him

that Winston was trying out a speech; like a new suit of clothes, he took it out and tried it on, asking his friend about the color, the fit, the cut of it.

" . . . the idea that change can come from within the system . . ."

"Aaaaaah," LaRuth groaned.

"No?" Innocently.

"How about, *and so, my fellow Americans, ask not what you can do for Wein, but what Wein can do for you*. That thing is loose as a hound dog's tongue. Now tell me the true gen."

"Bettger's retiring."

"You don't say." LaRuth was surprised. Bettger was the state's senior senator, a living Southern legend.

"Cancer. No one knows about it. He'll announce retirement at the end of the month. It's my only chance for the next four years, maybe *ever*. There'll be half a dozen guys in the primary, but my chances are good. If I'm going to go for the Senate, it's got to be now. This thing of Wein's is a possible vehicle. I say possible. One way in. People want a national politician as a senator. It's not enough to've been a good congressman, or even a good governor. You need something more: when people see your face on the box they want to think *senatorial*, somehow. You don't agree?"

LaRuth was careful now. Winston was saying many of the things he himself had said. Of course he was right, a senator needed a national gloss. The old bulls didn't need it, but they were operating from a different tradition, pushing different buttons. But if you were a young man running statewide for the first time, you needed a different base. Out there in television land were all those followers without leaders. People were pulled by different strings now. The point was to identify which strings pulled strongest.

"I think Wein's crowd is a mistake. That resolution is a mistake. They'll kill you at home if you put your name to that thing."

"No, Lou. You do it a different way. With a little rewording, that resolution becomes a whole lot less scary; it becomes something straight out of Robert A. Taft. You *e-liminate* the fancy words and phrases. You steer *clear* of words like corrupt or genocide or violence. You and I, Lou, we know: our people *like* violence, it's part of our way of life. So you don't talk about violence, you talk about American traditions, like 'the American tradition of independence and individuality. Noninterference!' Now you are saying a couple of *other* things, when you're saying that, Lou. You dig? That's the way you get at imperialism. You don't call it imperialism because that word's got a bad sound. A foreign sound."

LaRuth laughed. Winston had it figured out. He had to get Wein to agree to the changes, but that should present no problem. Wealthy Warren was a persuasive man.

"Point is, I've got to look to people down there like I can make a difference . . ."

"I think you've just said the magic words."

"Like it?"

"I think so. Yeah, I think I do."

"*To make the difference. Winston for Senator.* A double line on the billboards, like this." Winston described two lines with his finger, and mulled the slogan again. "*To make the difference, Winston for Senator.* See, it doesn't matter what kind of difference. All people know is that they're fed to the teeth. *Fed up and mad at the way things are.* And they've got to believe that if they vote for you, in some unspecified way things will get better. Now I think the line about interference can do double duty. People are tired of being hassled, in all ways. Indochina, down home." Winston was a gifted mimic, and now he adopted a toothless expression, and hooked his thumbs into imaginary galluses. "Ah think I'll vote for that-there Winston. Prob'ly won't do any harm. Mot do some good. Mot mek a diff'rence."

"Shit, Warren."

"You give me a little help?"

"Sure."

"Sign the Wein thing?"

LaRuth thought a moment. "No," he said.

"What the hell, Lou? Why not? If it's rearranged the way I said. Look, Wein will be out of it. It'll be strictly a congressional thing."

"It doesn't mean anything."

"Means a whole lot to me."

"Well, that's different. That's political."

"If you went in too, it'd look a safer bet."

"All there'd be out of that is more gold-dust-twins copy. You don't want that."

"No, it'd be made clear that I'm managing it. I'm out front. I make all the statements, you're back in the woodwork. Far from harm's way, Lou." Winston took his glass and refilled it with gin and tonic. He carefully cut a lime and squeezed it into the glass. Winston looked the part, no doubt about that. Athlete's build, big, with sandy hair beginning to thin; he could pass for an astronaut.

"You've got to find some new names for the statement."

"Right on, brother. Too many Jews, too many foreigners. Why are there no scientists named Robert E. Lee or Thomas Jefferson? Talmadge, Bilbo." Winston sighed, and answered his own question. "The decline of the WASP. Look, Lou. The statement will be forgotten in six weeks, and that's fine with me. I just need it for a little national coverage at the beginning. Hell, it's not decisive. But it could make a difference."

"You're going to *open* the campaign with the statement?"

"You bet. Considerably revised. It'd be a help, Lou, if you'd go along. It would give them a chance to crank out some updated New South pieces. The networks would be giving that a run just as I announce for the Senate and my campaign begins. See, it's a natural. Bettger is Old South, I'm New. But

we're friends and neighbors, and that's a fact. It gives them a dozen pegs to hang it on, and those bastards love *you*, with the black suits and the beard and that cracker accent. It's a natural, and it would mean a hell of a lot, a couple of minutes on national right at the beginning. I wouldn't forget it. I'd owe you a favor."

LaRuth was always startled by Winston's extensive knowledge of the press. He spoke of "pieces" and "pegs," A.M. and P.M. cycles, facts "cranked out" or "folded in," who was up and who was down at CBS, who was analyzing Congress for the editorial board of the *Washington Post*. Warren Winston was always accessible, good for a quote, day or night; and he was visible in Georgetown.

"Can you think about it by the end of the week?"

"Sure," LaRuth said.

He returned to the Hill, knowing that he thought better in his office. When there was any serious thinking to be done, he did it there, and often stayed late, after midnight. He'd mix a drink at the small bar in his office, and work. Sometimes Annette stayed with him, sometimes not. When LaRuth walked into his office she was still there, catching up, she said; but she knew he'd been with Winston.

"He's going to run for the Senate," LaRuth said.

"Warren?"

"That's what he says. He's going to front for Wein as well. That statement of Wein's—Warren's going to sign it. Wants me to sign it, too."

"Why you?"

"United front. It would help him out. No doubt about that. But it's a bad statement. Something tells me not to do it."

"Are you as mad as you look?"

He glanced at her and laughed. "Does it show?"

"To me it shows."

It was true; there was no way to avoid competition in politics. Politics was a matter of measurements, luck, and ambition, and he and Warren had run as an entry for so long that it disconcerted him to think of Senator Winston; Winston up one rung on the ladder. He was irritated that Winston had made the first move and made it effortlessly. It had nothing to do with his own career, but suddenly he felt a shadow on the future. Winston had seized the day all right, and the fact of it depressed him. His friend was clever and self-assured in his movements; he took risks; he relished the public part of politics. Winston was expert at delivering memorable speeches on the floor of the House; they were evidence of passion. For Winston, there was no confusion between the private and the public; it was all one. LaRuth thought that he had broadened and deepened in twelve years in the House, a man of realism, but not really a part of the apparatus. Now Winston had stolen the march, he was a decisive step ahead.

LaRuth may have made a mistake. He liked and

The Congressman Who Loved Flaubert

understood the legislative process, transactions which were only briefly political. That is, they were not public. If a man kept himself straight at home, he could do what he liked in the House. So LaRuth had become a fixture in his district, announcing election plans every two years from the front porch of his family's small farmhouse, where he was born, where his mother lived still. The house was filled with political memorabilia; the parlor walls resembled huge bulletin boards, with framed photographs, testimonials, parchments, diplomas. His mother was so proud. His life seemed to vindicate her own, his successes hers; she'd told him so. His position in the U.S. Congress was precious, and not lightly discarded. The cold age of the place had given him a distrust of anything spectacular or . . . capricious. The House: no place for lost causes.

Annette was looking at him, hands on hips, smiling sardonically. He'd taken off his coat, and was now in shirt-sleeves. She told him lightly that he shouldn't feel badly, that if *he* ran for the Senate he'd have to shave off his beard. Buy new clothes. Become prolix, and professionally optimistic. But, as a purchase on the future, his signature . . .

"Might. Might not," he said.

"Why not?"

"I've never done that here."

"Are you refusing to sign because you don't want to, or because you're piqued at Warren? I mean, Senator Winston."

He looked at her. "A little of both."

"Well, that's foolish. You ought to sort out your motives."

"That can come later. That's my business."

"No. Warren's going to want to know why you're not down the line with him. You're pretty good friends. He's going to want to know *why*."

"It's taken me twelve years to build what credit I've got in this place. I'm trusted. The speaker trusts me. The chairman trusts me."

". . . little children see you on the street. Glo-ryosky! There goes trustworthy Lou LaRuth . . ."

"Attractive, liberal," he said, laughing. "Well, it's true. This resolution, if it ever gets that far, is a ball-buster. It could distract the House for a month and revive the whole issue. Because it's been quiet we've been able to get on with our work, I mean the serious business. Not to get pompous about it."

"War's pretty important," she said.

"Well, is it now? You tell me how important it is." He put his drink on the desk blotter, and loomed over her. "Better yet, you tell me how this resolution will solve the problem. God forbid there should be any solutions, though. Moral commitments. Statements. Resolutions. They're the great things, aren't they? Fuck solutions." Thoroughly angry now, he turned away and filled the glasses. He put some ice and whiskey in hers, and a premixed martini in his own.

"What harm would it do?"

"Divert a lot of energy. Big play to the galleries for

a week or two. Until everyone got tired. The statement itself? No harm at all. Good statement, well done. No harm, unless you consider perpetuating an illusion some kind of harm."

"A lot of people live by illusions, *and what's wrong with getting this House on record?*"

"But it won't be gotten on record. That's the point. The thing will be killed. It'll just make everybody nervous and divide the place more than it's divided already."

"I'd think about it," she said.

"Yeah, I will. I'll tell you something. I'll probably end up signing the goddamned thing. It'll do Warren some good. Then I'll do what I can to see that it's buried, although God knows we won't lack for gravediggers. And then go back to my own work on the school bill."

"I think that's better." She smiled. "One call, by the way. The chairman. He wants you to call first thing in the morning."

"What did he say it's about?"

"The school bill, dear."

Oh shit, LaRuth thought.

"There's a snag," she said.

"Did he say what it was?"

"I don't think he wants to vote for it anymore."

3.

Winston was after him, trying to force a commitment, but LaRuth was preoccupied with the school bill, which was becoming unstuck. It was one of the unpredictable things that happen; there was no explanation for it. But the atmosphere had subtly changed and support was evaporating. The members wavered, the chairman was suddenly morose and uncertain; he thought it might be better to delay. LaRuth convinced him that was an unwise course, and had set about repairing damage. This was plumbing, pure and simple; talking with members, speaking to their fears. LaRuth called it negative advocacy, but it often worked. Between conferences the next day, LaRuth found time to see a high-school history class, students from his alma mater. They were touring Washington and wanted to talk to him about Congress. The teacher, sloe-eyed, stringy-haired, twenty-five, wanted to talk about the war; the students were indifferent. They crowded into his outer office, thirty of them; the secretaries stood aside, amused, as the teacher opened the conversation with a long preface on the role of the House, most of it inaccurate. Then she asked LaRuth about the war. What was the congressional role in the war?

"Not enough," LaRuth replied, and went on in some detail, addressing the students.

"Why not a congressional resolution demanding an end to this terrible immoral war?" the teacher demanded. "Congressman, why can't the House of Representatives take matters into its own hands?"

"Because"—LaRuth was icy, at once angry, tired, and bored—"because a majority of the members of this House do not want to lose Asia to the Communists. Irrelevant, perhaps. You may think it is a bad argument. I think it is a bad argument. But it is the way the members feel."

"But why can't that be *tested*? In votes."

The students came reluctantly awake, and were listening with little flickers of interest. The teacher was obviously a favorite, their mod pedagogue. LaRuth was watching a girl in the back of the room. She resembled the girls he'd known at home, short-haired, light summer dress, full-bodied; it was a body that would soon go heavy. He abruptly steered the conversation to his school bill, winding into it, giving them a stump speech, some flavor of home. He felt the students with him for a minute or two, then they drifted away. In five minutes they were somewhere else altogether. He said good-bye to them then, and shook their hands on the way out. The short-haired girl lingered a minute; she was the last one to go.

"It would be good if you could do something about the war," she said.

"Well, I've explained."

"My brother was killed there."

LaRuth closed his eyes for a second, and stood without speaking.

"Any gesture at all," she said.

"Gestures." He shook his head sadly. "They never do any good."

"Well," she said. "Thank you for your time." LaRuth thought her very grown-up, a well-spoken girl. She stood in the doorway, very pretty. The others had moved off down the hall; he could hear the teacher's high whine.

"How old was he?"

"Nineteen," she said. "Would've been twenty next birthday."

"Where?"

"They said it was an airplane."

"I'm so sorry."

"You wrote us a letter, don't you remember?"

"I don't know your name," LaRuth said gently.

"Ecker," she said. "My brother's name was Howard."

"I remember," he said. "It was . . . some time ago."

"Late last year," she said, looking at him.

"Yes, that would be just about it. I'm very sorry."

"So am I," she said, smiling brightly. Then she walked off to join the rest of her class. LaRuth stood in the doorway a moment, feeling the eyes of his secretary on his back. It had happened before; the South seemed to bear the brunt of the war. He'd written more than two hundred letters, to the families of poor boys, black and white. The deaths were disproportionate, poor to rich, black to white, South to North. Oh well, he thought. Oh hell. He walked back into his office and called Winston and told him he'd go along. In a limited way. For a limited period.

Later:

"It's rolling," Winston said.

"Have you talked to Wein?"

"I've talked to Wein."

"And what did Wein say?"

"Wein agrees to the revisions."

"Complaining?"

"The contrary. Wein sees himself as the spearhead of a great national movement. He sees scientists moving into political positions, cockpits of influence. His conscience is as clear as rainwater. He is very damp."

LaRuth laughed; it was a private joke.

"Wein is damp in Cambridge, then."

"I think that is a fair statement, Uncle Lou."

"How wonderful for him."

"He was pleased that you are with us. He said he misjudged you. He offers apologies. He fears he was a speck . . . harsh."

"Bully for Wein."

"I told everyone that you would be on board. I knew that when the chips were down you would not fail. I knew that you would examine your conscience and your heart and determine where the truth lay. I knew you would not be cynical or pessimistic. I know you want to see your old friend in the Senate."

They were laughing together. Winston was in one of his dry, mordant moods. He was very salty. He rattled off a dozen names, and cited the sources of each member's conscience: money and influence. "But to be fair—always be fair, Liberal Lou—there are a dozen more who are doing it because they want to do it. They think it's *right*."

"*Faute de mieux*."

"I am not schooled in the French language, Louis. You are always flinging French at me."

"It means, 'in the absence of anything better.'"

Winston grinned, then shrugged. LaRuth was depressed, the shadow lengthened, became darker.

"I've set up a press conference, a half dozen of us. All moderate men. Men of science, men of government. I'll be out front, doing all the talking. OK?"

"Sure." LaRuth was thinking about his school bill.

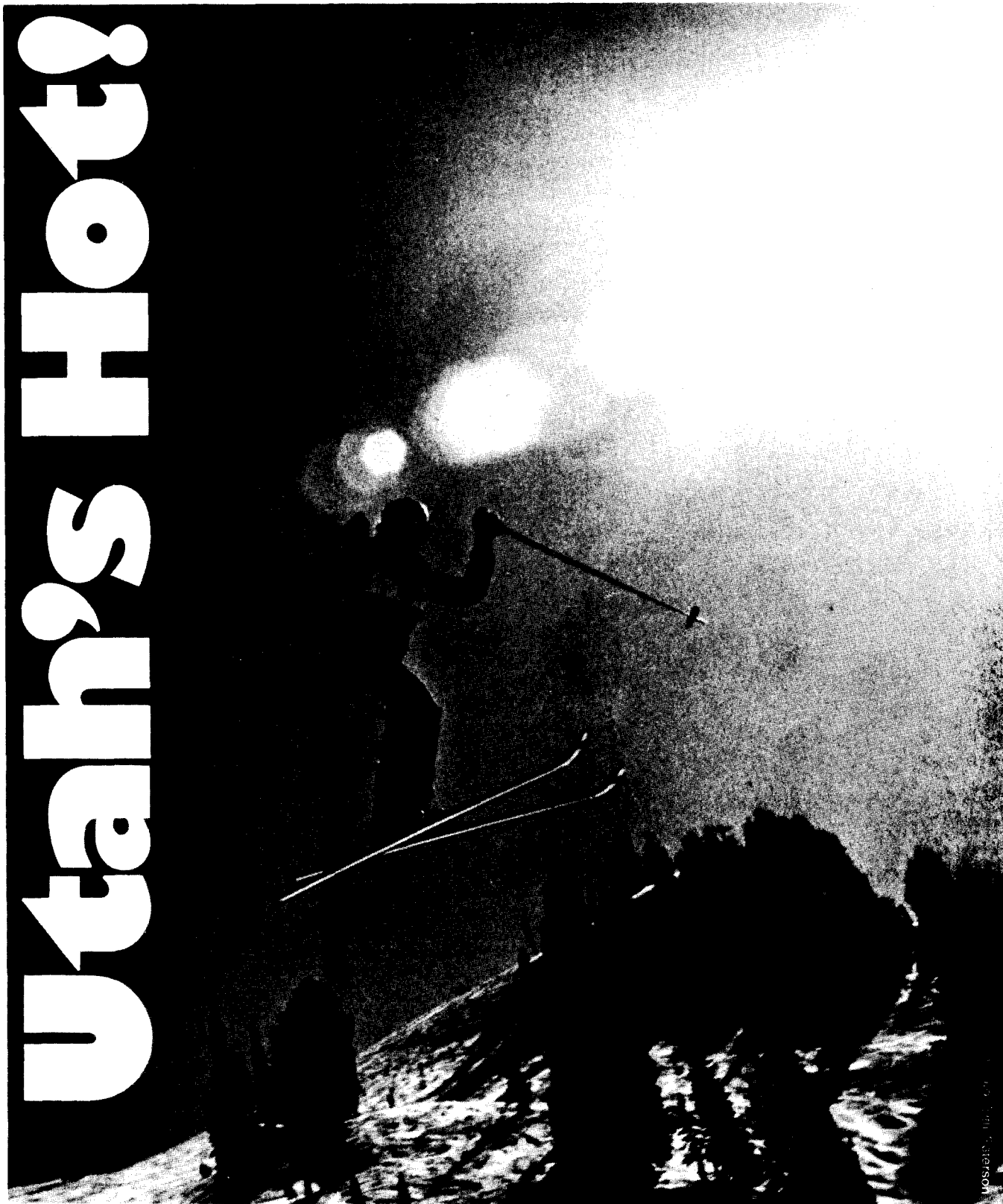
"It's going to be jim-dandy."

"Swell. But I want to see the statement beforehand, music man."

Winston smiled broadly, and spread his hands wide. Your friendly neighborhood legislator, concealing nothing; merely your average, open, honest fellow trying to do the right thing, trying to do his level best. "But of course," Winston said.

Some politicians have it; most don't. Winston has it, a fabulous sense of timing. Everything in politics is timing. For a fortnight, the resolution dominates congressional reportage. "An idea whose time has come," coinciding with a coup in Latin America and a surge of fighting in Indochina. The leadership is agitated, but forced to adopt a conciliatory line; the

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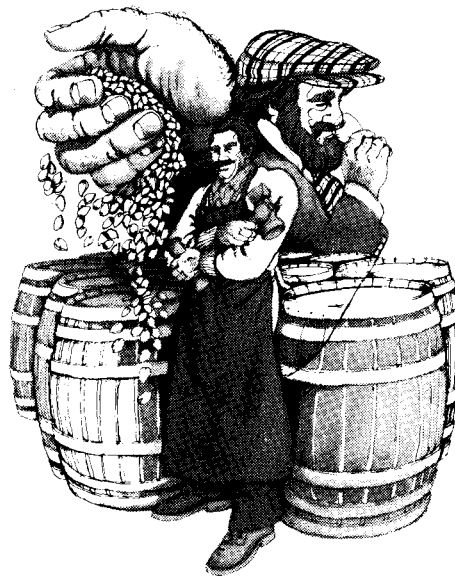
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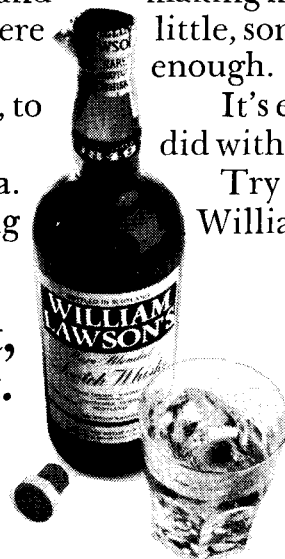
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The Congressman Who Loved Flaubert

doves are in war paint. Winston appears regularly on the television evening news. There are hearings before the Foreign Affairs Committee, and these produce pictures and newsprint. Winston, a sober legislator, intones *feet to the fire*. There are flattering articles in the newsmagazines, and editorial support from the major newspapers, including the most influential paper in Winston's state. He and LaRuth are to appear on the cover of *Life*, but the cover is scrapped at the last minute. Amazing to LaRuth, the mail from his district runs about even. An old woman, a woman his mother has known for years, writes to tell him that he should run for President. Incredible, really: the Junior Chamber of Commerce composes a certificate of appreciation, commending his enterprise and spirit, "an example of the indestructible moral fiber of America." When the networks and the newspapers cannot find Winston, they fasten on LaRuth. He becomes something of a celebrity, and wary as a man entering darkness from daylight. He tailors his remarks in such a way as to force questions about his school bill. He finds his words have effect, although this is measurable in no definite way. His older colleagues are amused; they needle him gently about his new blue shirts.

He projects well on television, his appearance is striking; the black suits, the beard. So low-voiced, modest, diffident; no hysteria or hyperbole (an intuitive reporter would grasp that he has contempt for "the Winston Resolution," but intuition is in short supply). When an interviewer mentions his reticent manner, LaRuth smiles and says that he is not modest or diffident, he is pessimistic. But his mother is ecstatic. His secretary looks on him with new respect. Annette thinks he is one in a million.

No harm done. The resolution is redrafted into harmless form and is permitted to languish. The language incomprehensible, at the end it becomes an umbrella under which anyone could huddle. Wein is disillusioned, the media looks elsewhere for its news, and LaRuth returns to the House Education and La-

bor Committee. The work is backed up; the school bill has lost its momentum. One month of work lost, and now LaRuth is forced to redouble his energies. He speaks often of challenge and commitment. At length the bill is cleared from committee, and forwarded to the floor of the House, where it is passed; many members vote aye as a favor, either to LaRuth or to the chairman. The chairman is quite good about it, burying his reservations, grumbling a little, but going along. The bill has been, in the climactic phrase of the newspapers, watered down. The three years are now five. The billion is reduced to five hundred million. Amendments are written, and they are mostly restrictive. But the bill is better than nothing. The President signs it in formal ceremony, LaRuth at his elbow. The thing is now law.

The congressman, contemplating all of it, is both angry and sad. He has been a legislator too long to draw obvious morals, even if they were there to be drawn. He thinks that everything in his life is meant to end in irony and contradiction. LaRuth, at forty, has no secret answers. Nor any illusions. The House of Representatives is no simple place, neither innocent nor straightforward. Appearances there are as appearances elsewhere: deceptive. One is entitled to remain fastidious as to detail, realistic in approach.

Congratulations followed. In his hour of maximum triumph, the author of a law, LaRuth resolved to stay inside the belly of the whale, to become neither distracted nor moved. Of the world outside, he was weary and finally unconvinced. He knew who he was. He'd stick with what he had, and take comfort from a favorite line, a passage toward the end of *Madame Bovary*. It was a description of a minor character, and the line had stuck with him, lodged in the back of his head. Seductive and attractive, in a pessimistic way. *He grew thin, his figure became taller, his face took on a saddened look that made it nearly interesting.* □

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by Robert Graves

LIFE & LETTERS

TOWARD A NEW SOCIETY

by Ross Terrill

SOCIALISM

by Michael Harrington
Saturday Review Press, \$12.50

REFLECTIONS ON THE CAUSES OF HUMAN MISERY

by Barrington Moore, Jr.
Beacon Press, \$7.95

Here is a fine pair of books about the fundamentals of politics that will put roots beneath the debates of an election year. Socialism is the topic, but the issues are broad: what is wrong with American society; would alternative social systems be better or worse? Michael Harrington is optimistic, Barrington Moore less so, yet both urge upon us a kind of democratic socialism.

Moore, a Harvard academic, now less left-wing than he used to be, is sober in tone because he is addressing revolutionaries and telling them they are wrong in basic ways. Harrington, who will surprise some people by how socialist he is in this book, is buoyant in tone because he is proclaiming to those who are sour on socialism (by dint of identifying it with Communism) that there is a worthier socialism which has no more in common with Soviet Communism than with unbridled capitalism. Harrington beckons us to another country. Moore warns that we should not hastily jettison all we have for what we might have; this former Russian specialist's upturning of Marx's famous call to action betrays a streak of disillusion: "Philosophers have tried to change the world," Moore tells us; "now it

is time to try and understand it."

Other striking differences mark these two authors who have taken on the big job of showing that capitalism is not a fact of nature but a choice to which there are alternatives. Harrington is an activist in the Socialist Party (he says he owes the book to Norman Thomas and "other comrades") with a strong interest in theory. Moore works in an armchair ("sheer activism is merely a narcotic"), but he has an acute sense of responsibility, if not always of reality, about political action.

So we get from Harrington's lively and argumentative pages many policy suggestions. In Moore's more self-conscious essays, policy is barely broached but the human condition is laboriously and ably dissected. Harrington, who slings off at academics every few pages and has a picture of himself on the back jacket in workman's clothes, is bidding for political relevance—and McGovern's candidacy lends him an ideal moment for his social democratic appeal. Moore, who thinks the scholar's pursuits are "the finest flower of human civilization," casts his seed in less direct fashion. If Harrington tosses an appeal to political people, the labor unions especially, Moore asks the ear of the intellectuals, his beloved students especially.

The books differ in structure as well as in tone, for Harrington excavates the socialist tradition—and concludes that its best day is yet to be—while Moore poses certain problems about the causes of "human misery"—and argues by process of

elimination for the least evil means of stemming the misery, which he perhaps misleadingly labels "liberalism-with-a-difference."

Yet Harrington and Moore have a lot in common. They are learned, which is not always true of contemporary American partisans of the left, and they prefer arguments to automatic, back-slapping gestures, which is even rarer. They do not write throbbingly, as if the case against capitalism is clear as day and all that is now required is apt tactics to bring it down and loyalty from the comrades during the demolition; between them they carefully meet most objections ever raised against democratic socialism.

They have also digested the student revolt of recent years. Harrington treats it gingerly, for he distrusts its middle-class character, its asceticism, and "hippie style." He criticizes some revolutionaries for twisting the past (especially denigrating the New Deal) out of zeal to serve present political needs. But his own view of American history, too, is now and then at the mercy of his passionate desire to see labor and the intellectual left consummate a social democratic marriage. Moore confronts the student uprising squarely—not a few of his disciples from Harvard now tread the apocalyptic path—though his conclusion, which is to oppose them intellectually but support them emotionally, seems a bit odd.

The pearl of great price in both books is that socialism is rescued from equation with Russian-type

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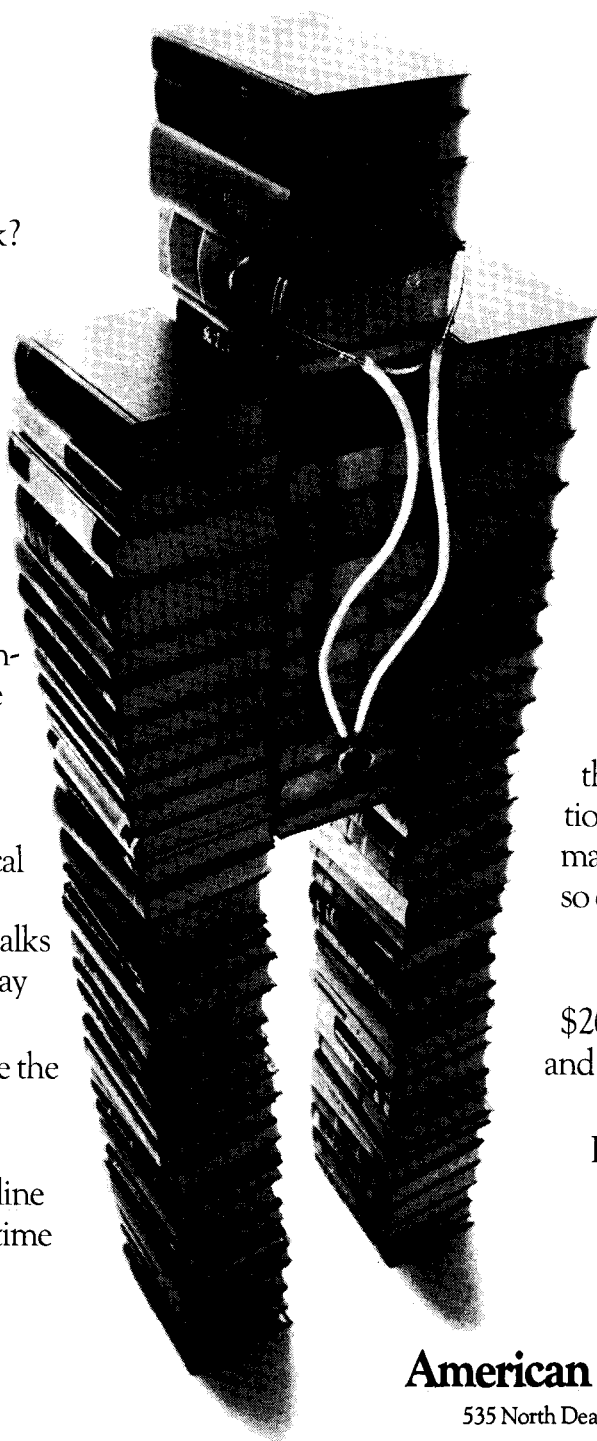
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LITTLE, BROWN

Communism. Harrington rightly reminds us that “Communism could well be the model of the inhuman status quo of the twenty-first century”—though he cosmeticizes Marx at times, goes astray on China, and is in general less shrewd than Moore about Communism. Both authors believe that a society where you cannot say what you like is not worthy of the name socialism. Both see that socialism can never come by leaps of mere fervor or by prior transformation of man’s nature, but only if ordinary people can be persuaded to demand new social structures. Both refreshingly insist that the desire for a new kind of society must be matched, each inch of the way, by a painstaking attention to facts, votes, and moral consistency.

They are not afraid to point out that the ordinary American has more to lose than his chains, nor to say that half a loaf is better than none. Harrington underlines the human benefits brought about by social democratic governments. He quotes André Philip’s remembrance of the joy of the first paid holidays for French workers which Léon Blum’s government introduced in 1936: “Those who lived through that period will never forget the emotion of old workers going on vacation, discovering the sea and the mountains which they had never known.”

One other thing both authors share: neither is very internationalist in outlook—a healthy corrective, no doubt, to the abstractionism of some higher reaches of the left, and to the rather posed worship of distant heroes. But Harrington, especially, looks down his nose at the non-Western world, and underestimates the greatest evil of American capitalism today: its tendency to make war and stock the world with the weapons of war.

Looking closer at Harrington’s arguments, I find him selective in quoting from the “masterpieces” of Marx. He is so pro Marx and anti everything Marxists have ever done that the reader suspects he is manipulating the Communist issue to suit his recipe for America. I am not persuaded that Marx “regarded democracy as the essence of socialism”; even less that Lenin can be marshaled to show that Marx was a democratic socialist. Harrington confuses democracy, as a system where the

opinions of men determine what can and cannot be done by the government, with the idea of the proletariat as the *bearer* of revolution. When Marx opposed conspiratorialism in favor of waiting until the development of industry had produced a strong, organized working class, he had the latter, not the former, idea in mind. Similarly, in bending over steeply to find democratic sentiments in Engels, Harrington quotes Engels’ approval of the struggle for the Ten Hours Bill in England, but does not remind us that Engels later scorned the British working class for its gradualism, denouncing, for example, its slogan “A Fair Day’s Wage for a Fair Day’s Work,” and urging instead the slogan “Possession of the Means of Work by the Working People Themselves.”

When Harrington’s analyses of the “unknown Marx” are sound—as in arguing that in the phrase “dictatorship of the proletariat” Marx used the word dictatorship to define the class basis of society, not its political forms—he still does not really “rescue” Marx. The important thing is to explain why Marxist parties in office (or out) have never been able to practice democracy in a sustained way. Economic backwardness is the reason, explains Harrington, but if so—and there are strong grounds for doubting it—a grave problem falls into Harrington’s lap: is Marxism decisively appealing only when there is backwardness? Again, the resilient Harrington has an answer: the masses are more inclined to be radical when their standard of living is on the upswing than when it is at rock bottom. But in America there is little evidence that worker militance rises with standard of living. Moore is more persuasive when he says that the revolutionaries in America are crippled not by the impossibility of revolutionary change but by the *absence of demand* for revolutionary change. And I suppose it is the absence of demand for the kind of change they want that has kept Western Marxists nondemocratic.

Harrington is at his best when he examines the welfare state achievements of the British Labour Party and similar parties, marks their limitations, and then in his last three chapters sketches first the “middle distance,” later the “far future,” of what democratic socialism could

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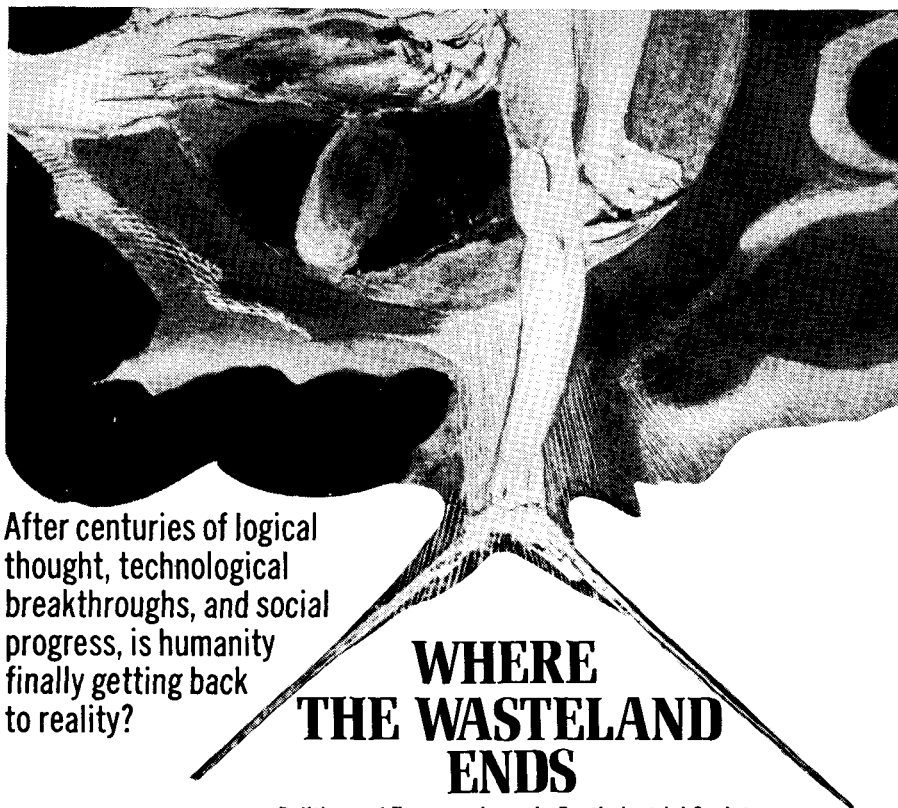
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mean in America. In three respects he finds the welfare state lacking. The class structure of society repeatedly subverts measures taken to enhance equality. Thus with agricultural subsidies: the richest one-sixth of farmers are receiving two-thirds of the subsidies; U.S. government promotion of agriculture amounts to intervention on behalf of the richest farmers. Second, the movement toward democratic planning comes flat up against corporate power. The issue here is simple: a democratic government cannot plan the priorities indicated by popular wishes (cheap housing, education, more money on health care and less on guns) if it does not have more effective power over the corporations than it has today. Third, Harrington believes—here is perhaps his starkest argument—that a capitalist society is unable to control the perils that spring from affluence itself.

An illustration is the automobile, lethal cockroach of city life. President Nixon lamented in a Message on the Environment: "Based on present trends it is quite possible that by 1980 the increase in the sheer number of cars in densely populated areas will begin outrunning the technological limits of our capacity to reduce pollution from the internal combustion engine." Yet one week before making these grave remarks, he offered a budget which assigned to mass transportation only 6 percent of the money assigned to building highways. How can America take hold of environmental problems if the government will not take hold of the (automobile and other) corporations?

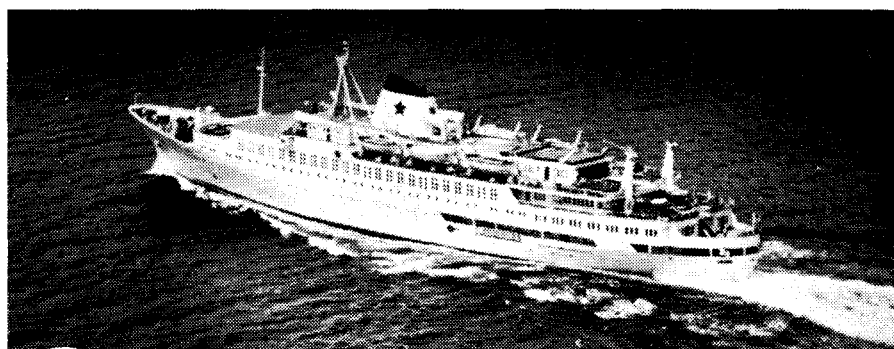
Among Harrington's rich array of arguments, two major ones seem weak. There is a "hidden social democracy" in America, he insists; it coalesced during the New Deal and began to take on institutional form during World War II. He puzzles that this "invisible mass movement" has been overlooked by "so many intellectuals." Yet George Meany—whom Harrington absurdly hints is a socialist—has apparently overlooked it too, for in spurning George McGovern he tramples on history's best chance so far of crystallizing this "invisible mass movement" and sweeping it into office—even into power.

Harrington thinks the "best hope" for socialism in the Third World lies in a prior victory of socialism in the advanced world. But maybe Harrington

ton clings too rigidly to his two preconditions for socialism—abundance and a mass working-class movement—and underestimates the force of nationalism. In fact, nationalism may prove a substitute for one or both of Harrington's preconditions. Harrington wants to tie the Third World even more closely to the West than at present, but I think the path of self-reliance, even of autarchy, may be the best hope, and also the trend.

At any rate, Harrington's proposals are based on not much more than hope. What can it mean to allocate world resources "on the basis of international usefulness," and to arrive at "democratically determined public priorities," when the world of nations is still (as Moore never forgets) a jungle of separate sovereignties? I will draw a veil over Harrington's detailed treatment of China because it is poorly based, but I think he ought at least to leave open the possibility (as Moore does) that the Chinese will achieve something important. Drawing up the shutters against the outside world, basing a socialist movement on the peasants, putting all-round development ahead of rapid industrialization, making a socialism of new social relationships even before it is possible to reach for a socialism of abundance—this may be the "best hope" for some countries. Harrington is unlikely to convince many readers otherwise by equating Mao with Frantz Fanon and Ché Guevara, as a "romantic" intoxicated by "fantasies."

Sometimes Moore illumines the path which Harrington wants to follow—and claims to reveal sobering obstacles. He is less sure than Harrington that Americans want socialism (and he is too punctilious a libertarian to push anyone where he does not want to go). Moore puts the problem of the perils of abundance in the wider perspective of the problem of order. Civilization itself, and not just capitalism, alarms him, and repeated warnings about the danger of things getting out of control in big and complex societies make him sound at times like Thomas Hobbes. "All human society," he reminds himself sadly, "amounts to manipulation of human beings by each other." No believer in social perfection, and vigilant for liberty, Moore holds that "societies should be judged by how



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much and about what it is possible to complain, and whether the complaints do any good." It is a good point, and I think Harrington, who shares Moore's concern for a humane socialism, would agree with it.

Both Harrington and Moore are intellectual tigers worth wrestling with. Moore convinces me on particular points, and he has integrated his thoughts about liberal societies and communist societies better than Harrington, but so far as our own society is concerned my sympathies are with the vision of Harrington. Moore's pessimism gets a little heavy. "The essence of science," he remarks, "is the refusal to believe on the basis of hope or ethical conviction." One cannot fault it, but it is typical of the negative cast of almost every major proposition in *Reflections on the Causes of Human Misery*. (Misery is objective, Moore says by way of explaining his negative posture, while happiness is subjective.) Is it not also of the essence of science to try every door which beckons, and to doubt that the present contains the last word that can be said?

Moore cautions: "A very precious part of human freedom is that *not* to make decisions." Yes; but there is also care for one's neighbor, and its political expression, which require solidaristic purpose and action. At a crucial point in his analysis, Moore falls back on intellectual freedom as the one solid good he can see. Reminiscent of the later and grouzier Orwell, this is too elitist, too much redolent of a political universe fashioned to suit intellectuals. Moore has a brilliant essay on intellectual freedom, but it does not throw much light on socialist politics. "It is impossible," he avers, "for fallible human mortals to seek truth and beauty with the passion they require and deserve and still maintain the conviction that a person who thinks and acts differently is neither a knave nor a fool." That may be true of scientific knowledge, but not of political knowledge.

It is political knowledge that Harrington's book offers. In the world of political knowledge, truth's currency is the opinions of men. That is a limitation. Also a strength; for given ideas and leadership, human purposes can periodically be lifted to new heights. Democratic socialism seems to stand or fall upon such a faith. Is the power that men gain by

being wealthy to be sovereign; is the power that men get by force of arms to be sovereign; or is the power of men's freely mobilized opinion to be sovereign?

Both these books are weighty pleas for the third reply. Harrington tells us more about how to get to such a society; Moore tells us what not to do on the way. But why does Harrington

think only a rich society can make socialism (and that work and money must totally disappear before socialism can display her full, resplendent garments)? Another wise democratic socialist, R. H. Tawney, put a contrary view: "A poor society cannot be too poor to find a right order of life, nor a rich society too rich to have need to seek it."

THE FLOATING WORLD

by Melvin Maddocks

There is a fascinatingly mysterious print by Hiroshige called *The Cave at Enoshima*. At the left, three figures are shown entering the island's grotto, a famous shrine. Dwarfs frozen in awe, they are blind to the enormous white-capped wave that seems to be reaching in after them like a dragon's tongue. A gnarled tree worthy of Samuel Beckett stands watch above the mouth of the cave like a crippled sentry. But the background is a bland denial of the foreground motif. A flat blue sea stretches off vaguely into the distance, and three motionless white sails add a touch of postcard lyricism. It is as if two different artists were at work here: a complacent copier of pretty conventions and a recorder of demonic nightmares.

The paradox of Hiroshige's cave runs through Japanese art, through Japanese life. There are ultimates of disclosure and ultimates of concealment. One hides the body beneath kimonos and parasols; one hides the face under ritualistic smiles. Then one gives the body away in the grotesque (and often comic) exaggerations of Japanese erotica; one gives the face away in the Kabuki actor's grimacing caricature of jealousy or vengeance. Nature is suppressed by the absolute control of a Japanese garden or revised into an artifact: a toylike bird arranged on a branch of idealized plum blossoms. But then one takes a look at those stones in that garden—petrified force, as sobering as the monoliths of Stonehenge. And one turns one's beguiled eyes from those flawlessly dainty finches to, say, the Tokoyuni print, *Revenge at Mount Fuji*, with the peak—aloof, icy, as white as Moby Dick—looking

down upon the Soga brothers' massacre.

What accounts for these profound self-contradictions? The amateur Japanese-watcher—and all Westerners are amateurs—will have to take the long way around to the mystery of Hiroshige's cave. For he must deal first with the general inclination to explain the phenomenon of "Enoshima double-image" historically. The premise goes like this: Japan, due to the accident of its brief, intense modernity, still contains within itself irreconcilable elements of pure medievalism and late-twentieth-century supercivilization. The "black ships" of Commodore Perry steamed their dotted course like a moral dividing line across the Japanese cosmos; and as a consequence, the great-grandsons of samurai warriors are destined, as it were, to wear double-knit suits and ride their Hondas to jobs in public relations. When a Japanese intellectual sorts out his confusions, his impulse—his temptation—is to label them "Westernization."

In the case of a number of Japanese writers, like the 1968 Nobel Prizewinner Yasunari Kawabata, this historical theory has also become an artist's theme. Shortly after World War II, the supreme disaster in Japan's Westernization, Kawabata announced that he would write only "elegies." *Thousand Cranes*, *The Sound of the Mountain*, and now *The Master of Go* (Knopf, \$5.95), written in 1954 but just published in the United States, fulfill their author's prophecy. In this last novel—really a novella—Kawabata has composed a kind of parable which could be read as an extension of the Japanese poem:

If only the world
Would always remain this way,
Some fishermen
Drawing a little rowboat
Up the river bank.

What can compare in persistent subtlety with a Japanese love song to the Old Ways—to the moment of perfect taste arrested forever? In *Thousand Cranes*, Kawabata virtually set the tea ceremony to plot, like an Oriental Henry James manipulating a four-hundred-year-old teabowl as his elegiac symbol. In *The Master of Go*, the ritual is the ancient game of black and white stones, loosely described as the Japanese equivalent of chess. Requiring infinitely patient turns of strategy—there are 361 intersections on a board—Go must appear to the Westerner as a nice metaphor of the Japanese soul.

The Master is Honnimbo Shusai. The novella, based on a Go match Kawabata covered for Tokyo and Osaka newspapers in 1938, details the Master's defeat, an event which with Old Japan leisureliness takes nearly six months to consummate. Kawabata carefully loads his contest. Otaké, the challenger, is a perfectly likable young man but fretty. At thirty, he is a bit of a hypochondriac. He carries with him a small clinic's supply of medicines, yet continually fusses from eye and throat ailments as well as from apparently chronic indigestion. In addition, he suffers from a kidney weakness, which, combined with his compulsive tea-drinking, forces him to gather up his kimono and rush from the Go board at annoyingly frequent intervals.

By contrast, the Master bears his grave illness—a heart condition—with stoic equanimity. Weighing less than seventy pounds, only five feet tall, a frail old man with tufted eyebrows, the Master is the epitome of tradition. Otaké, on the other hand, stands for “modern rationalism,” for “science and regulation,” for “this new equality” that simply is tone-deaf to the Old Ways. Otaké is the technologist of Go who plays to win. The Master, redolent with “grace and elegance,” is the artist who plays toward that mystical moment when the conscious intent of style is imposed upon the unconscious intent of life. At the critical instant, Otaké makes the ruthless, slightly treacherous move that wins him the match while at the same time spoiling it—in the Master's words,



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At first, the Western reader may find *The Master of Go* charming; that fatal adjective by which the Occident simultaneously praises and dismisses Japanese art. But behind the charm of Kawabata—as behind the charm of Hiroshige and behind all that quaintness described as "*Japonaise*"—lies a hidden darkness. Kawabata refers to the Master's "addiction," his "obsession." Day and night he "gave himself" to games—Mah-Jongg, billiards, and chess as well as Go—as if, Kawabata writes, he were giving himself to "devils." Do those Go stones he holds so authoritatively in his hands end up possessing him?

In his introduction to *The Master of Go*, the translator, Edward G. Seidensticker, writes: "One was puzzled to know why the flamboyant Mishima and the quiet, austere Kawabata should have felt so close to each other." Yet for all his spokesman-for-the-new-generation swagger, Yukio Mishima turned out to be a traditionalist, indeed a fanatical traditionalist. *Spring Snow* (Knopf, \$7.95), the first novel of a posthumous tetralogy entitled *The Sea of Fertility*, reveals a Mishima who is more of a Japanese purist than Kawabata.

Spring Snow is a historical novel, set in 1912, about a very rich, very precious seventeen-year-old named Kiyoaki, an all-too-beautiful, all-too-sensitive young man, born jaded. He devotes himself rather languidly to "the cultivation of his anxiety." Perhaps Kiyoaki can best be defined as the sort of adolescent who keeps a diary of his *dreams*.

Only "the beauty of the unattainable" can excite Kiyoaki, and so he falls in love with Satoko, once she is made properly unattainable by her engagement to the third son of an imperial prince. At least it is stipulated that Kiyoaki has fallen in love. He is, in fact, so narcissistic that Satoko's first kiss leaves him "gazing over her head at the cherry trees"—the pink "made him think of an undertaker's cosmetics."

As a doomed love story, *Spring Snow* might qualify as Far East Erich Segal. But Mishima intended—and achieved—far more. Kiyoaki is his symbol of "a plant without roots," a samurai descendant with the instincts for heroism but no model to follow. The novel is finally about fathers who

fail. Kiyoaki's father, the Marquis, represents "the new ascendancy of money." In his Western-style house the oak paneling is English, the marble is Italian, the steam heating is from Chicago. At parties in the Marquis' set, an air of "'English' absent-mindedness" is cultivated, along with gold-tipped Westminister cigarettes. European phonograph records are played, and the *pièce de résistance* is likely to be a British silent-film version of Dickens. At this point, the Far East Erich Segal turns into something like a Japanese Proust. With what mocking pleasure Mishima satirizes his bourgeois sons of samurai. With what sentimental reverence he treats Kiyoaki's old-fashioned grandmother.

"Purely Japanese literature died out completely around the year 1897," the late novelist Kafu Nogai observed a little bitterly. "The literature written after then is not Japanese literature. It is Western literature written in the Japanese language." With a young novelist like Kenzaburo Oë citing *Huckleberry Finn* as his favorite work, and even Kawabata acknowledging the influence of Flaubert, European and American readers have felt free to criticize Japanese novels as failed Western fiction. The "faults" (by Western standards) in both Kawabata and Mishima are obvious:

Everything tends to turn into a symbol. Mishima in particular goes in heavily for snapping turtles, black dogs, and the like. Worse, everybody tends to turn into a symbol, too. Few Japanese novelists have a gift for what Western readers think of as "character"; their characters fuzz at the edges into representative myths, leaving passions without their proper focus. Even the most aroused passages of love or hate or lyricism seem to float like clouds above the novel, self-contained if not detached exercises. The words go on and on—elegant diffusions of haze, "interminable sentences" (in Donald Keene's comment) "left incomplete, at the end of the twentieth or fortieth subtle turn of phrase."

But these "faults" may finally suggest a failure on the part of the reader. The Western reader, insisting upon his much admired conciseness, his crisp narrative rhythms, his sharp definition of person, is positing the book he is used to reading rather than

the one he is given. He is camouflaging under criticisms of style a criticism—or rather a puzzlement—in the face of Japanese attitudes. For whatever the Japanese novel becomes in the future, *The Master of Go* and *Spring Snow* indicate that the Westernization of Japanese literature has been overestimated.

To understand the Japanese novel—that is, to understand what one does not understand—the Western reader must return to Hiroshige at Enoshima. The Hiroshige print, like *The Master of Go* and *Spring Snow*, gives off to the Westerner unmistakable intimations of damnation. But just when the poor Western moralist, confronted by the specter of death if not apocalypse, prepares his climactic shudder, the Japanese artist drifts off into anticlimactic frivolity: white sails off Enoshima.

Perhaps the Japanese word *ukiyo* provides the clue. In its origins it was roughly the Buddhist equivalent of Christian "vanity." Meaning "this fleeting, floating world," *ukiyo* marked off all that was transient and illusory in mortal life: not worth a serious man's attention. But by a kind of linguistic, if not moral, detour, *ukiyo* came to take on hedonistic connotations: this pleasant, delightful "floating world," full of what Mishima once called absolutely "useless beauty."

A brilliant short story by Ryunosuke Akutagawa (better known for *Rashomon*) postulates a painting, a masterpiece, that two connoisseurs devote a considerable portion of their lives and their hopes to discovering and verifying. Each sees it once, but upon comparing impressions they begin to wonder if they have seen the same painting, or if the painting even exists. By a Westerner's values, this should be a moment of agony, when faith disintegrates into doubt, meaning into meaninglessness. Instead, a curious exhilaration enters Akutagawa's story: a total joy at the point of total indifference, what a Japanese poet called "the bliss of nothingness." One masterpiece-lover turns to the other and concludes: "Even if it never existed, there is not really much cause for regret."

Here is "floating" for a fact. This sudden cool at the temperature of hellfire—a phenomenon in almost every Japanese novel—can attract a Westerner or it can frighten him. He

may find it unspeakably cruel or an admirable case of poise. No matter. At that moment he has taken one step too many into Hiroshige's cave. Charmed or terrorized, aghast or en-

vious, he is, above all, *lost*. Like the Master of Go, he is cut off from "the better part of reality," or at least his kind of reality, and that is his peculiar pleasure. That is his nightmare.

NEWS FROM THE CASTLE

by John Ormond

Reading again that jewel of a poem, "They Are All Gone into the World of Light," by Henry Vaughan, I noticed that had the Welsh doctor-poet somehow managed to go on living he would have been 350 years old this year. In 1954, a letter had come addressed to him in care of the *South Wales Evening Post*, Castle Bailey Street, Swansea, Glamorganshire. The editor of the newspaper, Harold Powell, rushed up to me at the sub-editors' desk with the letter in his hand. "This is your fault," he said.

I knew at once what it was all about. The previous week I had helped Mr. Powell with his pride and joy, the Saturday Arts Page, in which there was always an odd corner that needed filling, and I had hit on the idea of printing short poems on which there was no copyright, but the poet's dates of birth and death were printed on a separate line under his name. The previous week the poem had had one line too many for the space available; and somebody on the printing staff, without consulting Mr. Powell or me, had taken out the line "1622-1695."

"What can we do with it?" Mr. Powell shook the letter at me, in a right quandary. He was a big, round, huffing and puffing man, genial most of the time but alarmed in even small crises; as when he believed the paper had missed some story. He'd come rushing back from lunch, purple from the steep stairs and his heavy tweed suit, waving the noon edition. "There's a tug sinking in the Bristol Channel," he'd cry, "and we haven't got a word about it. Mrs. Powell heard it on the one o'clock bulletin." He would have read everything in the paper except the main story on the front page. There the tug was sinking across nine columns in black capital letters as thick as his fist.

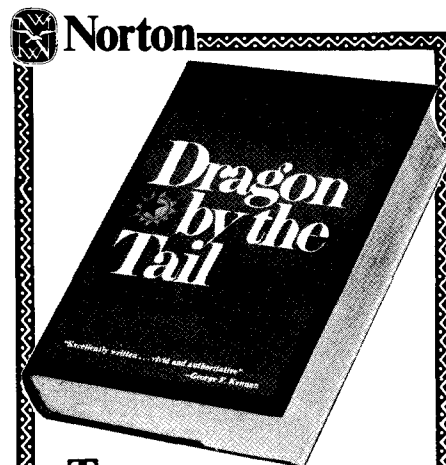
"What are we going to do with this letter?" he repeated; and got even more flustered when I suggested we open it. "But it's not addressed to us," he said. Finally, open it we did. "Dear Mr. Vaughan," it began,

I am the Secretary of the Swansea Poetry Society and I am writing to tell you how much I enjoyed your poem "They Are All Gone into the World of Light" which appeared in last Saturday's edition of the *South Wales Evening Post*.

It seemed to me that your work shows great promise, and I wonder whether you would be interested in joining our Poetry Circle? Members meet on the third Thursday of every month to read and discuss each other's work. The discussions often prove useful to the development of members' Technique in Writing. Light refreshments are served for which a nominal charge is made.

* * *

Castle Bailey Street was properly named. The newspaper office took in part of what remained of an old Norman castle. There was a tower that bore, on the inside wall away from the High Street, a demonstrably unnecessary notice that read *Dangerous, Keep Out*. Well, even that notice was falling down. Back numbers of the paper, baled with rough string, were kept in what had once been the castle dungeons, with empty acid carboys, and rats. Some held that there was a secret passageway that went under the castle wall and came up in the Posada, a dark public house with narrow corridors that smelled of carbolic, where Herschel, the chief subeditor, drank alone in whatever number of short lunchtimes he took every day. Nobody ever joined him because everybody hated him. He ate his sandwiches in the office and went out at least three times between noon and three o'clock for his trouser-load of beer. One day, back in the office from his third trip to the Posada, pre-



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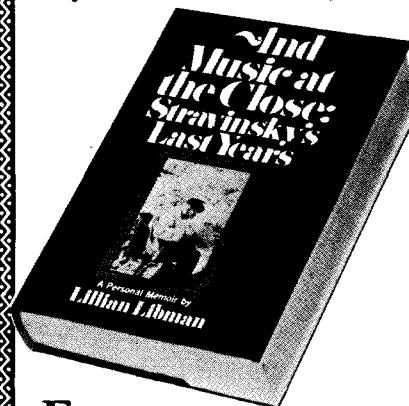
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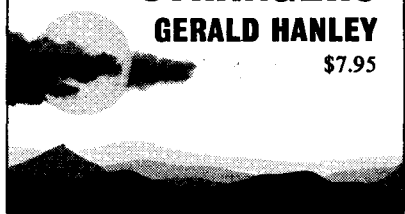
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occupied with a pile of Reuter's foreign news he was sorting out, he pressed a ham and cucumber sandwich on his "Rejected" spike. Nobody laughed. He unspiked the sandwich and ate it. Waste not, want not: it was very much the slogan at the *Evening Post* office.

* * *

The *Tawe News*, Dylan Thomas called it in his *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Dog*, recalling his time as a reporter there. I suppose it was the only newspaper office in the country that owned a three-legged typewriter. The rubber pad on one of this typewriter's corners had fallen off many years ago and it had never been replaced. The machine was used by Jim John, the lead-article writer. As a young reporter for the paper, Jim John had been present at the last hanging in Swansea Jail to which journalists were invited to witness the due process of the law. It might even have been that sight that had affected his vision in the first place. It was on my third day as a sub-editor at the *Post* that I realized just how myopic he was.

Two days' work had worn down my soft black subbing pencil until only two inches of it remained, and I threw it, with a tiny clatter, into the wastepaper bin near Jim John's desk. Like a dog at the sound of biscuits, he was alert in a second. Without turning his head he reached down and rummaged through the wastepaper until the stub came to his hand. Then from a pocket of his jacket he took a small knife, unfolded it, and laying the pencil on his desk, he rattled the blade backwards and forwards over his find until its brevity divided in two minute parts. Then, cutting away carefully, he proceeded to give a writing point to each of the pieces. His eyes were so close to his desk that he might have been repairing a tiny pencil-shaped watch. Straightening up, he wiped the knife on his sleeve, refolded the blade, and replaced it in his pocket. Then he put the two midget pencils in the corner of the center drawer of his desk.

The need for economy was one thing, but I began to believe that this man must have shares in the paper. A little later, from the corner of my eye, I watched him at work. His eyes were so bad that as he typed, bending down over the keyboard, he actually beat his own face with the backs of his hands. The rocking three-legged

typewriter bucked and seesawed. When he leaned a little to one side to refer to some book, or speech, or government report, he often forgot to move back; so that he would go on typing with his fingers over the wrong keys. A politician's new slogan, "People Must Save," would become "1/8rp 1/8; r idy Dsbr"; and, understandably, the latest figures for the import of Polish coal would be millions of tons out.

Aware of this kind of error, and of the way it crept in, Jim would remedy matters as best he could, correcting with a pencil. But any pencil longer than an inch or—at the outside—an inch and a quarter would stick in his eye as he wrote. As he corrected some errors he compounded others. The texts of his articles would be pocked all over with letters added above and below lines.

How his articles ever got set up in lead baffled me until I discovered that one particular compositor named Jack Morgan claimed to be able to decipher, decode, and generally realign Jim's mess of pottage into some kind of typographical order. Whether or not he had been working at Jim's stuff for so long that, over the years, he had kept alongside the deterioration, like swimming the breaststroke backwards, I cannot be sure. But he sat at his machine out in the printing works, in that rather lounging posture that compositors acquire, their white aprons falling between their knees in deep U-shaped folds like the garments on the Henry Moore sculptures that praise motherhood, and, without hesitation, tapped away, nearly straight-fingered, at his shallow bank of keys. The text came plopping out at the side of his machine like thin, silver, chocolate bars. Sometimes we wondered whether Jack Morgan invented, or at least improvised out of a half-guessing, Jim's articles. There was a nasty row once over some comment about a local alderman, who was no friend of Jack Morgan's. But Harold Powell hushed it up.

Powell was proud of the fact that Dylan Thomas, straight from the local grammar school, had started his career as a reporter on the paper. But that had been before his time. Others, who had actually known the poet, did not go exactly glassy-eyed at the mention of his name. I once asked Jim John what he recalled of Dylan. "Dylan Thomas?" he said, and thought for a moment. Then he gave

out a long monosyllabic sound—with-out vowels—that might have been the voiced statement of one of his own mistypings.

* * *

Most of the news-gathering for the *South Wales Evening Post* stopped short at the boundaries of the circulation area. We were concerned with that balance of news summed up in the Irish headline, CORK MAN DROWNS: TITANIC ALSO SINKS. One day, for the hell of it, I wrote the headline:

SWANSEA MAN
WEDS SWANSEA WOMAN
IN SWANSEA

"We don't want any of your smart London tricks here," said Herschel. With a flourish of one of his many fountain pens, and a shudder of his body—for he wrote not with his fingers but out of his shoulder—he struck out the last of the three lines. "Here, boy," he shouted at the top of his gross voice. "Get this set for the last edition."

In living memory, Herschel had been known to laugh only once—when he discovered what he took to be a grammatical error in a rather proud reporter's work. The laugh so surprised his jaw that his top denture shot out, in a pink and white arc, over the length of the long subeditors' desk. The false teeth landed in front of H. O. Smith like a grotesquely iced pastry. Smith hated Herschel even more than the rest of us. "What headline do you want me to put on these?" he asked. "MYSTERY OF SWANSEA MAN'S TEETH FLIGHT BID?"

But Jim John sailed through such problems. Apart from writing the lead article, he edited a column called "Post-Bag," with odds and ends of tittle-tattle. When he chose, he could be, fittingly, prince of the "Post-Bag." His contributions had the true *South Wales Evening Post* look and tang, as unmistakable as bananas. He'd collect a bundle of names of areas that hadn't had much mention for a while and string them together like pearls. "An Uplands lady," he'd write, "travelling on a Skewen bus, was overheard to say to her Morriston friend that the price of cauliflower in Brynhyfryd as compared with the price in Gowerton . . ." and so on. He showed his complete mastery when he dealt in the geography of conditional comparatives. He wrote,

"If, as has been claimed, Swansea Bay is the Naples of Wales, then it might be said that Aberdyberthi Street is the Left Bank of Hafod." He was superb when he conjured, from nothing, facts which linked Swansea with many distant corners of the earth. His high spot in this genre came when he wrote, "It has just come to our notice that Swansea and Turin have one thing in common. Neither has its complete complement of policewomen."

* * *

I suppose my own achievement reached its high-water mark when, in addition to looking after the stocks and shares column where I must have lost many a widow her mite, I was put in charge of the paper's crossword puzzle. These were reprinted from the *Evening News*, our parent newspaper in London. They came in a great pile, and all I had to do was to see that the day's puzzle was suitably accompanied by the solution of the puzzle that had appeared the previous day. I did the job with a mammoth show of reluctance, working to the sequence of numbers, never checking anything more than the figures.

One hot Saturday afternoon in August Herschel handed me the phone. "Here," he said. "This is for you. Something to do with the crossword."

"I am speaking," said a man's voice, pleasant on the line, "from Langland Bay. I'm standing here in my bathing trunks."

"Lucky you," I said. "I'm glad the weather's nice."

"It's so hot," said the man, "I've got to keep the door of the phone kiosk open, or I'd suffocate. There are some kids lining up at an ice-cream barrow about twenty yards down the beach. I'm going to have one myself in a minute. The tide's on the turn, and with a bit of luck I'll be in the water two or three times before I go home."

"Don't leave it too late," I said. "The traffic's bound to be heavy on the coast road this evening." We were getting along fine.

"I'm ringing to ask you something about the crossword in this evening's paper," said the man. "Have you checked today's solution?"

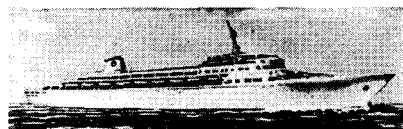
"I don't normally do that until the following day," I lied. "But since today is Saturday, I'll be doing it on Monday."

"Well," said the man, "that's rea-

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sonable on a nice day like this. But I thought you might like to know that the solution to the first eight clues Across in today's puzzle carries a message."

"Really?" I said.

"Yes," he said. "They say 'A Very Merry Christmas To All Our Readers.'"

They are all gone into the world of light, most of those old *South Wales Evening Post* writers—Henry Vaughan, Dylan Thomas, Jim John, Herschel, Mr. Powell, H. O. Smith, and too many of the others. Ah well, Rest in Peace. Or as Jim John might have put it: Trdy om ½rsvr, inclining, as he often did, slightly to the right.

THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

by Edward Weeks

HERSELF, an autobiography
STANDARD DREAMING, a novel
by Hortense Calisher
Arbor House, \$10.00; \$5.95

There is an air of candor and aspiration in *Herself* which attracts me from the first. Miss Calisher, whose short stories in the *New Yorker* established her before she went on to her novels, has braided together her public and her private life with an honesty which makes me appreciate the difficulties, real or imaginary, which confront a woman writer.

Born and bred in New York City, she grew up in the Depression, which she calls "the era of the Big Apple," and although her middle-class Jewish family moved from ten rooms to four with Ma doing the housework and the family business bankrupt, Hortense scrabbled her way through Barnard, earning what she could in a restaurant or as a sales girl. After graduation she was taken on at twenty-five dollars a week in the Department of Public Welfare, where she visited 175 families a month, "all of them, it seemed, on the top fifth floor," and where she discovered the slum fear of city hospitals.

Tall, dark, and sexy, she was married early to an engineer and packed and unpacked for him in the industrial cities to which he was assigned. She had always intended to write, but in this "house-and-child life" she had time only for poems, tossed off "in trances of regret for the intellectual life she thought she had lost." But she had not lost it, and in time began to dramatize in short stories the familiar situations back in New York. Her first published short story she wrote in her mind as she walked to and from the nursery school with her son

Peter. By her late thirties, she had outgrown the autobiographical story and was ready to take on the world.

Few readers have ever had put to them so succinctly the difficulties which Miss Calisher confronted. She was determined not to be classified as "a woman writer," and equally determined to write with detachment (and in her novels with pride) about her Jewish antecedents. In 1950 the *New Yorker* accepted a story of hers called "Old Stock," about a young girl whose first encounter with anti-Semitism "outside" occurs at a Jewish summer resort in the Catskills. The editor warned her that she and the magazine would get a lot of protest mail "from Anti-Semitic Jews who don't know they are." He was right but it did not deter her. "I have dared to imply that Jews are not impeccable," and she continued to do so in a story entitled, "Hun" Forty-Fifth They Gotta Get Out," a period piece about how some Jews felt about the Blacks in New York City. This story the *New Yorker* would not print, and when she submitted it to a Jewish periodical, the answer came back that the subject was not within their scope.

Miss Calisher is imaginative in showing how her fiction has its seeds in her private life and how it grows and fructifies in her daily living, which is not sheltered. When her premonition tells her that her early marriage will not sustain her, she faces the bleak struggle for divorce unaware, of course, of the lasting wound it will inflict upon her daughter, but knowing that she cannot do otherwise. She finds relief in her year in England made possible by a Guggenheim Fellowship. On her own and with the children to care for, she wonders about the "lovehunt" which her

being craves. Fortunately for her, it is a short one, for at the University of Iowa she meets and falls in love with Curt, a writer and teacher, with whom she is intellectually and physically happy. "Serenity," she writes, "is good for the work you already have in mind, or for summoning it," and since her new marriage so far have come four novels, two novellas, prose, and poetry.

Not every reader will wish to delve so intensely in her self-analysis, but for the nonwriter there are delightful interludes in London, in Washington, and in her long flight through the Far East, where she is alternately teaching and being entertained, and at the end of which she hopes will be her marriage to Curt in Iran. I find myself skipping through her travel journal—for once started Miss Calisher seldom uses her brakes—but there are bright spots in it: her meeting with Ambassador Bohlen in the Philippines, her frankness in answering questions in the Jesuit school, her silk and tinsel days in Thailand where she saw much of Jim Thompson and altogether too much of Curt's first wife. "A memoir," writes Miss Calisher, "is your own trembling review of what you did and do—what you can bear to say of it." I say she has spoken with courage and with that tincture of humor which eliminates self-pity.

Pity is the prevailing theme of her new novel, *Standard Dreaming*, which reaches out for sympathy, far beyond the capacity of so short a book. It is the story of middle-aged parents in New York, each of whom has been rejected by a favorite child. The Society of the Child Dr. Niels Berners calls them, and it is he who brings them together to talk and touch; he is their wailing wall and in his comforting presence one never blames the child. Niels is himself being punished by his only son, Raoul, who after a promising start at Harvard turns into a holier-than-thou prig. The children, mostly offstage, are eccentric misfits and we are left to imagine the cause of their hatred. The flaw of the book lies in the parents, for with the exception of the doctor they are all one-note characters who elliptically or in outbursts repeat their distress until their pathos becomes tedious. Dr. Berners in his Swiss boyhood had rebelled against his mother and the Church and there is the vague infer-

ence that Christianity is to blame. But what he is trying to say in his murky, closing soliloquy I do not understand. I wish Miss Calisher had given us a better Q.E.D.

FORECAST FOR OVERLORD

by J. M. Stagg
Norton, \$5.95

In October of 1943, early in the preparation of the assault on Europe, and before the appointment of General Eisenhower to the Supreme Command, J. M. Stagg, a meteorologist who in civilian capacity had been directing the weather service for the British Army, was informed that an independent forecaster was wanted "to advise the Allied Commander at the time of the invasion," and that he was it. Stagg, "a dour but canny Scot," as Ike came to describe him, was a diffident scientist, long familiar with the unpredictable nature of the British Isles and the Channel, and he accepted with misgivings. They were increased by the changes in the plan for Overlord which Eisenhower asked for shortly after his arrival from North Africa: to extend the beachhead, both eastward and westward, and increase the first waves from three to five army divisions, a change which automatically postponed the invasion from May to June. As for the weather, if God was good, what Ike wanted was a full moon and cloudless sky for the bombing, with a low tide at 5 A.M. so that two landings could be made on the beachhead on the same day. To ensure success he hoped that his weatherman could provide a favorable forecast on D-Day minus 4 with a reasonable prediction of what to expect for the rest of that week. When Mr. Stagg fully realized the implications of this wish, he contained his pessimism and decided to do his best.

There were other complications. As a civilian, he had to be appropriately commissioned if he was to gain the confidence of American colonels; secondly, and more sensitive, he had to unify as closely as possible the weather reports coming in from the various sources: the Admiralty, the Royal Air Force, the United States Army Air Force, and the Meteorological Office which made its own independent findings in Dunstable. The Americans had compiled records of the British and French coasts going

back for half a century, but the men who interpreted them had had no experience with how swiftly conditions may change. Not the least of his troubles was to avoid the inevitable rivalry and to keep tempers cool.

It was known that the tidal conditions would be about right on June 5 and 6, and on May 17 General Eisenhower set the launching of his armada for June 5. As the fine days of May go by, one feels again the tension mount. It is a matter of history that if the Allied landings had been made at any time in May, they would have encountered far stiffer resistance, for the German weathermen had also done their homework and by their reckoning the blow must come in May. But as D-Day approached, Stagg and his team had warnings of trouble. The weather charts for June 3 were anything but reassuring—Force 5 winds to be expected on June 4 and 5 along the Channel coast with cloud covering most of the sky down to one thousand feet at times. The excerpts from Stagg's diary show how very human was the reaction in SHAEF as Admiral Creasy remarked, "There goes six foot two of Stagg and six feet one of gloom." When Stagg made his final negative forecast, General Eisenhower sat motionless, then put the final question. "Last night you left us, or at least you left me, with a gleam of hope. Isn't there just a chance that you might be a bit more optimistic again tomorrow?" "No, sir."

It should be left to the author to describe how the operation was suspended and of the momentous change discerned in the weather pattern in the mid-Atlantic, a change the Germans did not detect (Rommel driving home from Paris to Germany, the weather being so foul), a change which permitted Overlord to resume on that clear, fateful Tuesday.

PARIS WAS YESTERDAY, 1925-1939
by Janet Flanner
Viking, \$8.50

In September, 1925, Janet Flanner, under the signature of "Genêt," began her biweekly "Letter from Paris" in the *New Yorker*, guided by her editor's statement that "he wanted to know what the French thought was going on in France, not what I thought was going on." She had earlier settled in one of the small hotels

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on the Paris Left Bank within reach of a large corner café called Les Deux Magots and was already at ease with other American expatriates: Djuna Barnes; Ernest Hemingway, who took to her because his father like hers had committed suicide; Sylvia Beach, founder of that extraordinary bookstore, Shakespeare and Company, and the publisher of James Joyce; and Scott Fitzgerald. But her Letter was to be about the French, and she wished it to be "precisely accurate, highly personal, colorful, and ocularly descriptive . . . with a critical edge, indeed a double edge, if possible." How she spun her web so as to hear, see, and sense what was going on in Paris and in the provinces is her secret; what is certain is that what started out as journalism has turned into history with a spice and a style that delight the mind.

In *Paris Was Yesterday*, Genêt gives us the dazzle of the 1920s when Josephine Baker in *La Revue Nègre* made her entry entirely nude except for a pink flamingo feather, "being carried upside down and doing the split on the shoulder of a black giant." She identifies the four leading characters of *The Sun Also Rises*, depicts Sylvia Beach's selfless service to Joyce, which he rewarded by not one sou when Random House paid him a \$40,000 advance, and she portrays Isadora Duncan with all the extravagance and pathos of that independent spirit. The French make a fetish of funerals, and Genêt depicts them, from that of Claude Monet, who was pushed to his grave on a handcart, followed by two peasants and Clemenceau on foot, to that of Marshal Foch, whose procession was witnessed by three million people. I snort at her ridicule of the Paris critics, their absurdities about *Hamlet*, their raves about Mae West's (non-existent) literary performance, their exaggerated praise of William Faulkner's *Sanctuary*. Irving Drutman, the editor of this volume, has chosen well.

The 1930s opened with an epidemic of fantastic fancy-dress balls, as if the very rich did not care how they wasted their wealth; and as the Third Republic entered that final period of musical chairs when the government fell because of the Stavisky scandal, when to pacify the public Daladier "dismissed the Prefect of Police just at a moment when the city

most needed a prefect," and when the trail of corruption led up so high that no paper dared trace it, Genêt's edge becomes sardonic indeed. After "Bloody Tuesday," after the swindles perpetrated by Mme. Marthe Hanau, one realizes that order and common sense had been flung to the wind by the French establishment long before Hitler made such a mockery of the Maginot Line.

TRAVELS IN NIHILON
by Alan Sillitoe
Scribner's, \$6.95

In the vein of *Erewhon*, Mr. Sillitoe has written a novel in the form of a guidebook to that forbidding little country of Nihilon, where ever since the revolution led by President Nil the Nihilists have lived with a rudeness and disrespect for order which more docile people might envy.

Five correspondents—four men and one comely young woman—were sent in to gather this information and it is their adventure which composes the narrative. Each is subjected to rough handling by the border guards, and each has to adjust to this regimented chaos where passports are forged and stolen, where cheating is normal, and where currency is changed, and always upward, at the whim of the officials. Everyone drinks Nihilitz, especially before driving, for if the police stop you on the road and see that you haven't been drinking, you are likely to get ten years in prison. A marriage license is granted for only seven years and then comes up for renewal like a TV license, and the state-owned network is known as the Lies. On the road to Fludd, a huge sign in crimson letters says: DRINK NIHILITZ! KEEP DEATH ON THE ROAD! IT'S FUN! And in Fludd itself the people live on the verge of excitement and everything is dirt cheap because the huge dam which overtops the town has large cracks and is likely to go any day. Nihilon carries on a running war with its neighbor, mild and orderly Cronacia, which is stirred to extraordinary violence by Adam, the first of the correspondents to cross the border.

In his amusing, satirical way, Mr. Sillitoe leads his innocents on ever deeper in this land where people live as we think we don't, and the combustion they contrive before their departure is as funny as it is surprising.

SHORT REVIEWS: BOOKS

by Phoebe Adams

CHIMERA by John Barth. Random House, \$6.95. Mr. Barth's three interlocked novellas are based on the stories of Scheherazade, Perseus, and Bellerophon, combined in a way that suggests an attempt to present the artist as mythic hero. But the old tales are so overlaid with stylistic smart-aleckry, plus women's lib rhetoric and lumps from *Roget's Thesaurus* that their principal effect is to raise echoes of *Jurgen* and *The Private Life of Helen of Troy*—two works that nobody should be asked to remember.

FATHER FIGURE by Beverley Nichols. Simon and Schuster, \$6.95. Since he is normally anything but savage in his writing, Mr. Nichols' angry account of the miseries he suffered from a drunken father and a stupid mother (Mr. Nichols, who adored her, would dispute the adjective) is even more startling than most domestic horror stories. And it is a horror story, running to attempted murder, calculated revenge, and hate that sizzles on every page.

THE PLAYERS AND THE GAME by Julian Symons. Harper & Row, \$5.95. A suspense novel which adds to the requisite bloody puzzle a wicked description of social and business intrigue in a posh London suburb.

THE DARKENING LAND by William Longgood. Simon and Schuster, \$9.95. Mr. Longgood's extensive survey of the enormous damage being done to all aspects of the environment by modern industrial technology and the trifling or fraudulent measures being taken to control or lessen it is dismal reading. But it should be read by everyone with an interest in ecological sanity, or even with an interest in staying comfortably alive.

THE TOMB OF TUTANKHAMEN by Howard Carter. Dutton, \$10.95. Carter, the archaeologist who opened Tutankhamen's tomb, published his report of that extraordinary find in three volumes over a period of ten years. The present single volume is condensed from that work and con-

centrates on the suspense and excitement of the discovery and the difficulties of removing the invaluable tomb contents undamaged. Carter wrote well; he was also willing to exercise his imagination on unprovables and intangibles and amusing digressions. The book is illustrated with Harry Burton's expedition photographs and seventeen modern color plates.

THE BREAST by Philip Roth. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$4.95. Before his metamorphosis into a large, unattached, female breast, Mr. Roth's hero was bored with his mistress, bored with his psychoanalysis (quite a feat, that), and not much interested in his profession, which consisted of pumping the works of Kafka and Swift into sluggish undergraduate minds. His Kafkaesque disaster, described in a style faintly reminiscent of Swift, doesn't do a thing for him. It doesn't do much for the reader, either, because the target of Mr. Roth's experiment in fantasy is never discernible.

KINGS BEASTS & HEROES by Gwyn Jones. Oxford, \$9.50. Professor Jones surveys that misty quadrangle bounded by myth, folktale, legend, and dubious history. Basically, the enterprise is an excuse for writing about *Beowulf*, *The Saga of Hrolf Kraki*, and *Culhwch and Olwen*, but it leads as far afield as Melville and Faulkner. Any reader with a genuine interest in medieval literature will love it. One small complaint: would it really be unthinkable to provide pronunciation guides for those unschooled in Welsh?

THE GREEN FLAG by Robert Kee. Delacorte, \$15.00. Mr. Kee's history of Ireland is everything a history should be—well written, well organized, effectively documented, unsentimental, and thorough. It is also a tale of unremitting misjudgment and malice, and inspires the blackest pessimism.

TRIPLE CROSS by Carlos Fuentes, José Donoso, and Severo Sarduy. Dutton, \$8.95. Three short novels from Latin America, all remotely bizarre in subject matter and over-ornate in style. *Hell Has No Limits*, by José Donoso, is the most accessible of the lot. The translators, Suzanne

Jill Levine and Hallie D. Taylor, have clearly worked hard on this shaky cultural bridge.

HERBLOCK'S STATE OF THE UNION by Herbert Block. Simon and Schuster, \$6.95. It is Mr. Block's fanciful notion that the U.S. government should be operated intelligently by honest men, a position that enables him to lambaste, with shrewd cartoons and testy prose, virtually every aspect of national affairs.

WHO IS ANGELA DAVIS? by Regina Nadelson. Peter H. Wyden, \$5.95. This frankly sympathetic biography will probably be insufficiently idolatrous to please Miss Davis' friends, and certainly insufficiently critical to suit her enemies. For unpolarized readers (if there are any) it offers interesting information about the international scholarship circuit and the administrative practices of the University of California. The book stops short before Miss Davis' recent trial and it remains understandably vague about the shooting that led to her arrest.

DON'T PUT YOUR DAUGHTER ON THE STAGE by Margaret Webster. Knopf, \$10.00. Miss Webster has acted, directed both plays and operas, toured the sticks by station wagon, dabbled suspiciously with films, lectured, given a university course, and been investigated by Joe McCarthy. Her memoirs range from the then daring casting of Paul Robeson as Othello to the astounding backstage confusion at the Met to the ineffable silliness of academic drama departments. Altogether, a practical, justifiably opinionated running history of thirty years of theater.

Portions drawn from these recently published books appeared formerly in *The Atlantic*:

THE NEW CHASTITY AND OTHER ARGUMENTS AGAINST WOMEN'S LIBERATION by Midge Decter. Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, \$5.95.

WHERE THE WASTELAND ENDS by Theodore Roszak. Doubleday, \$10.00.

ENCOUNTERING DIRECTORS: A Casebook on Film by Charles Thomas Samuels. Putnam, \$12.50.

FISH IN A STREAM IN A CAVE by Ralph Maloney. Norton, \$5.95.

EPISTLE TO A GODSON by W. H. Auden. Random House, \$5.00.

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We spend a lot of time and money in the making of our wine. And once it passes out of our hands, we'd like to feel that it's being given the best possible treatment.

DON'T MAKE THIS COMMON MISTAKE.

Wine should always be stored lying down on its side, never standing up. That's so the cork will always be moist.



If the cork dries out, air will get to the wine and spoil it.

Keep wine in a cool, dark place. About 55-60 degrees is just right. But the

most important thing is that the temperature be constant. It should vary no more than a few degrees year 'round.

DECANTING WINE.

If you have wines five years old and older, they may have a little sediment in them. In order to serve the wine without the sediment getting mixed up in the wine, you should decant it.

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THE ROOM TEMPERATURE MYTH.

White wines and sparkling wines such as Champagne and rosé should be served cold. How cold is cold? 45 degrees is just right. If you don't have a thermometer, put the wine in the refrigerator for 2½ hours before serving. Or in a bucket with ice cubes and water for 15 minutes.

Red wines should be served at room temperature. But this doesn't mean 72 degrees. The "room temperature" standard was established in Europe long before the invention of central heating. At that time, rooms in Europe were about 65 to 68 degrees, which is the perfect temperature for serving red wines. You can bring a wine's temperature down to that level by placing it in the

refrigerator five minutes before serving. But never heat a bottle of red wine in order to get it up to the proper temperature. There's no quicker way to destroy a bottle of wine than to heat it up.

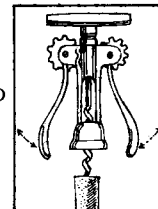
AVOIDING THAT METALLIC TASTE.



could pick up a metallic taste if it were to spill over the edge.

Now remove the cork, gently, so as not to disturb the wine. We recommend the wing-type corkscrew because you don't have to jerk it to get the cork out.

Remove the metal capsule from the top of the wine bottle below the lip. With a napkin, clean off the top between the cork and the glass. This is done because it's impossible to pour wine from a bottle without spilling a little on the lip. And since the metal cap is sometimes



A FINAL WORD OF CAUTION.

Now that you know the basics of how to treat wine, you should also know there aren't many wines around that deserve this kind of treatment.

Because there's nothing you can do at home to save a wine if it's been mishandled at the winery.

Which brings us to Inglenook.

We take elaborate precautions to make sure our wine is handled properly.

For instance, the walls of our wine cellar are 3 feet thick limestone, which keeps the temperature constant.

Our wine casks rest upon a dirt foundation, instead of concrete, the usual practice. This promotes fresh air circulation, and it also stabilizes the humidity.

If you look on the label of our wine, you'll see the words, "Produced and Bottled by Inglenook Vineyards".

This means we produce the wine from start to finish, in order to make sure that our wine is never mishandled.

Naturally, this kind of extra care costs extra money.

And we pass the extra cost right on to you.

Inglenook is the most expensive wine made in America. So when you pick up a bottle of it, take good care of it.

And it'll take good care of you.

ESTATE BOTTLED
Inglenook



Napa Valley
JOHANNISBERG RIESLING
1989

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ALCOHOL 14% BY VOLUME

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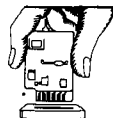
RCA XL-100 takes out
a major cause of TV repairs.
And offers the longest
color TV warranty in RCA history.



The XL-100s. 100% Solid State.

XL-100 model GR-802, "Royaltan" (25" diagonal). Simulated tv reception.

Chassis tubes are a major cause of TV repairs. So RCA presents more than 50 models without a single chassis tube.



RCA plug-in
AccuCircuit.

Tubes get hot and weaken with age. RCA XL-100s don't have chassis tube problems because they don't have chassis tubes. XL-100s are 100% solid state.

Most set functions are controlled

by RCA's 12 plug-in AccuCircuits. They're solid state—designed to keep cool, last longer, and be easy to service. Solid state color is the most advanced you can get. And RCA builds more, sells more, offers more models than anyone in America. All backed with...

A stronger guarantee because...

1. You get a full year on parts (picture tube—2 years) and labor. Most other color TV models are not 100% solid state—and give you only 90 days on labor.
2. You choose any serviceman you want. Most

other warranties limit you to an authorized list. 3. RCA encourages your serviceman to do his best work by paying him at his going rate. Most others set a maximum payment.

100% brighter picture.

XL-100s are 100% brighter than our comparable sets of 3 years ago. Every console and table model has RCA's black matrix picture tube. You get the kind of sharp, vivid color you'd expect from the people who pioneered color TV.

Simple automatic tuning.

RCA XL-100s have a fiddle-free tuning system—with a flexibility feature most other sets don't have. RCA's AccuMatic color monitor makes it simple to custom tune color to your individual preference... and keep it that way.

Your XL-100 guarantee.

Here are the basic provisions: If anything goes wrong with your new XL-100 within a year



RCA black matrix
picture tube.

from the day you buy it—and it's our fault—we'll pay to have it fixed. This includes regular labor charges plus parts (new or, at our option, rebuilt). Use any service shop in which you have confidence—no need to pick from an authorized list. If your set is a portable, you take it in for service. For larger sets, a serviceman will come to your home. Present the warranty registration your dealer provided when you bought your set, and RCA will pay the repair bill. If the picture tube becomes defective during the first two years, we will exchange it for a rebuilt tube. (We pay for installation during the first year—you pay for it in the second year.) RCA's "Purchaser Satisfaction" warranty covers every set defect. It doesn't cover installation, foreign use, antenna systems or adjustment of customer controls.

Color you can count on.



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